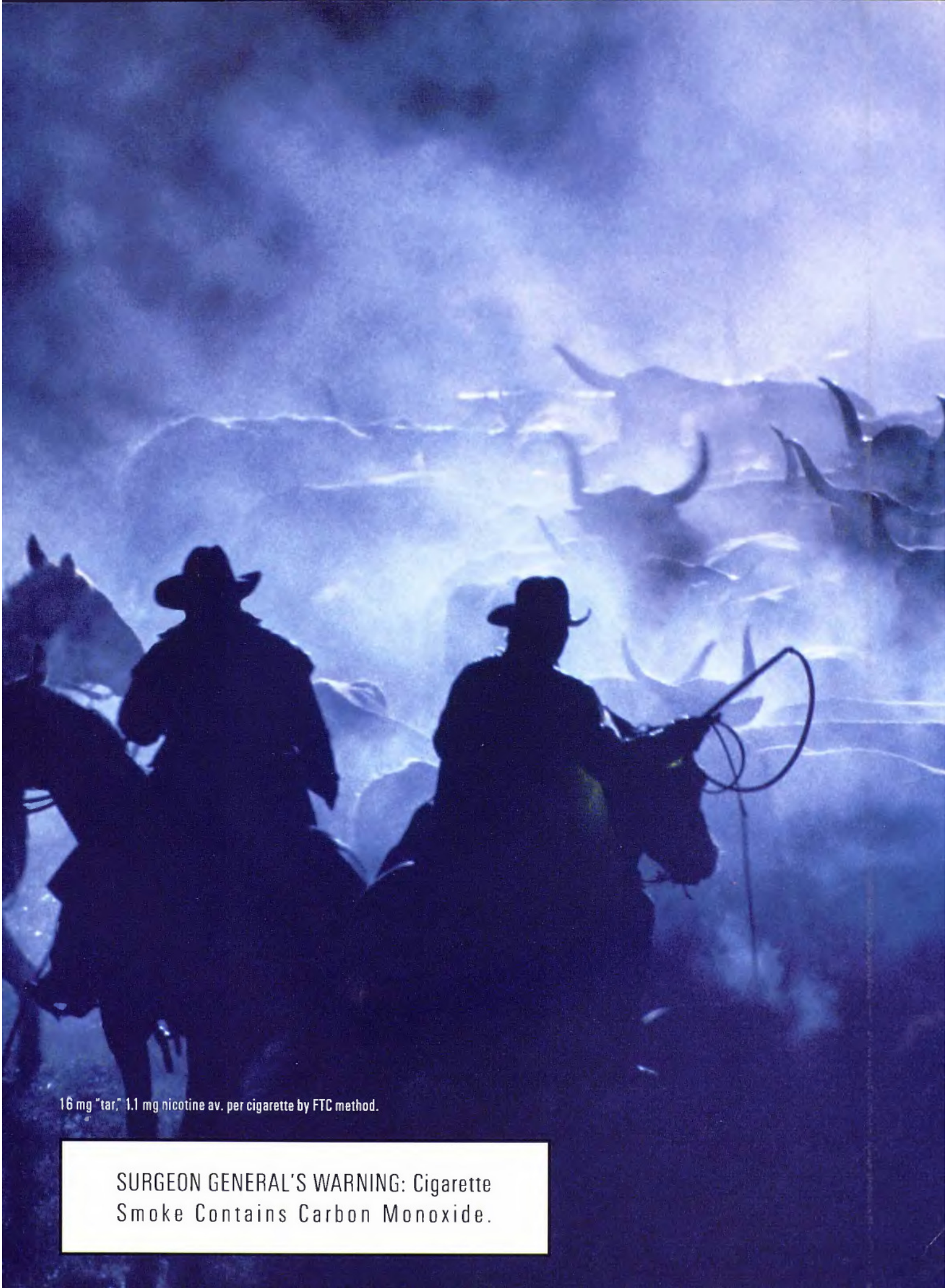
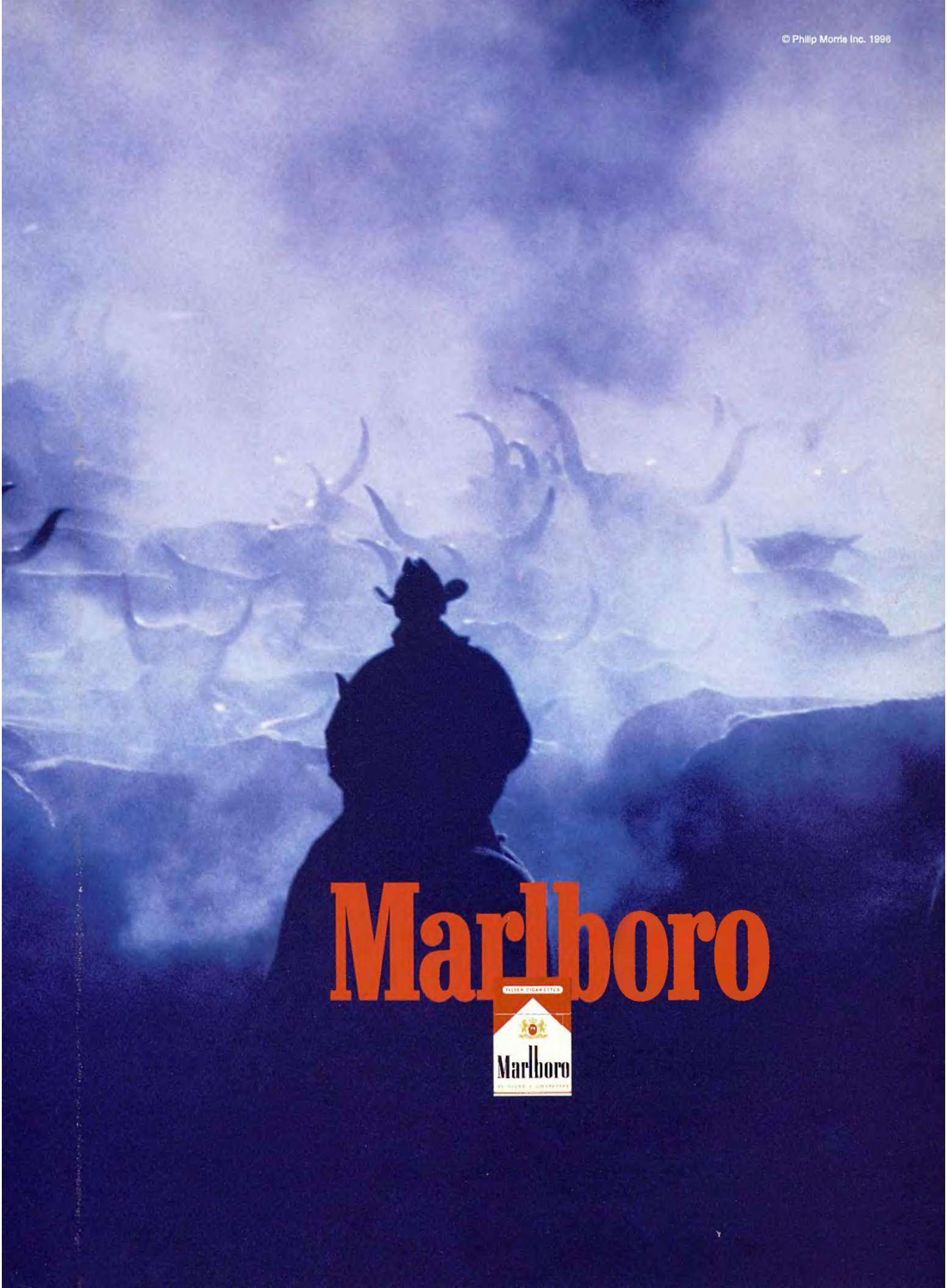
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
DECEMBER 1996 • $5.95
Gala Holiday Issue
JENNY MCCARTHY
SINGLES OUT SANTA
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
MIKE WALLACE
ON THE HOT SEAT
THE BOLD AND THE BARE
SEX STARS OF 1996
PLUS: AL PACINO
MICKEY SPILLANE'S MIKE HAMMER
LISA KUDROW
DONALD WESTLAKE
SHEL SILVERSTEIN
JOYCE CAROL OATES
THE COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW
AND MUCH MORE
PLAYBOY'S EPIC HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: PART ONE OF A SERIES
12 >
35270
0 300956 7



16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

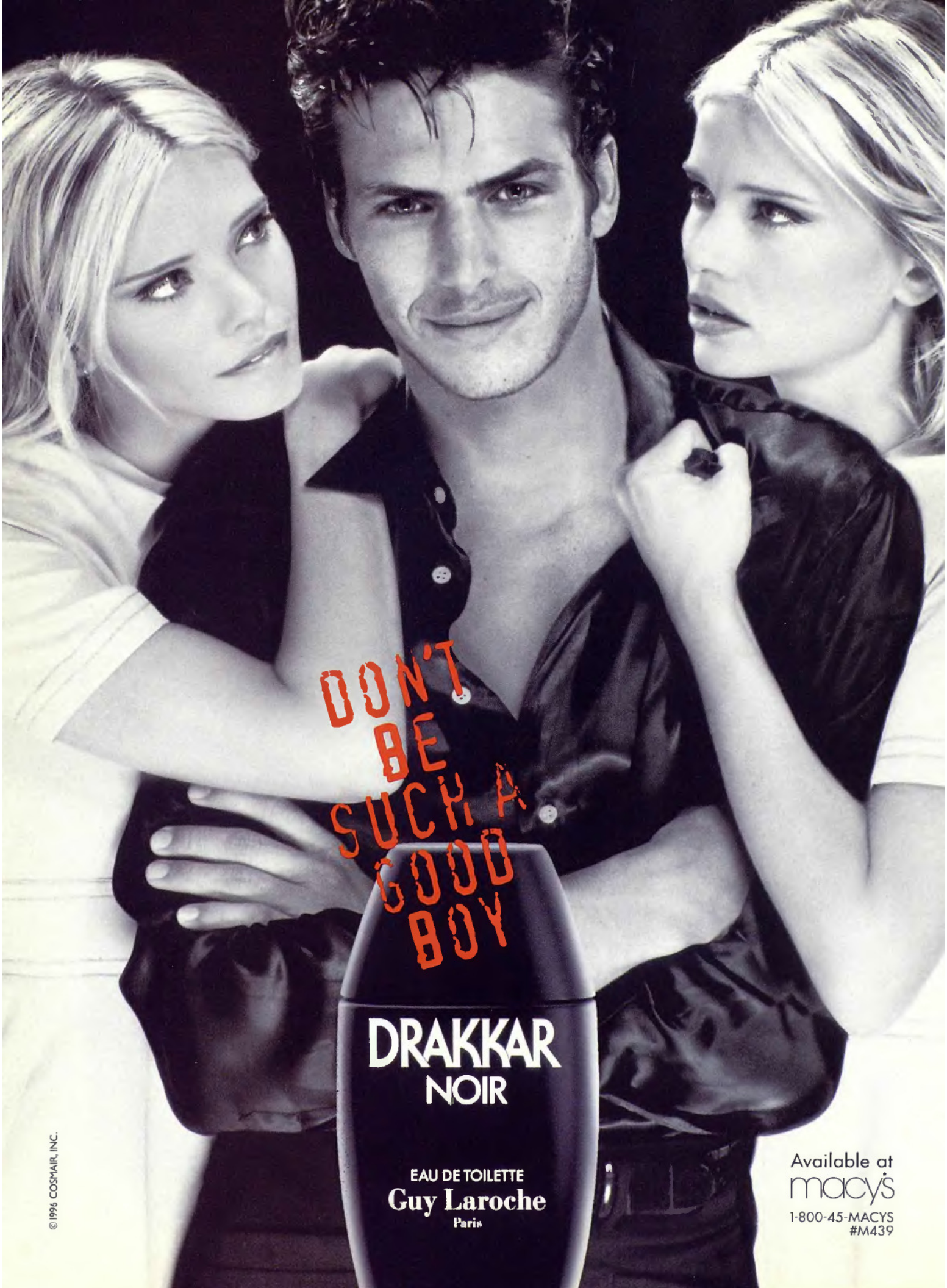
© Philip Morris Inc. 1996



You thought girls were yucky once too.

Dewar's®

You've got a real life. Enjoy it responsibly. Dewar's® White Label® Blended Scotch Whisky · 40% ALC./VOL. (80 Proof) · ©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY


DON'T BE SUCH A GOOD BOY
DRAKKAR NOIR
EAU DE TOILETTE
Guy Laroche
Paris
Available at
macy's
1-800-45-MACYS
#M439
© 1996 COSMAIR, INC.

PLAYBILL

WE LIKE to think of our December issue as a holiday family reunion. Far-flung relations come calling with stories of presidents and movie stars. Some bring friends, some send cards. The highly opinionated bring new arguments and the sexy next-door neighbors bring themselves. Our cover girl (and Miss October 1993) **Jenny McCarthy** even dragged in a naughty old dude in a red suit (see *When Jenny Met Santa*).

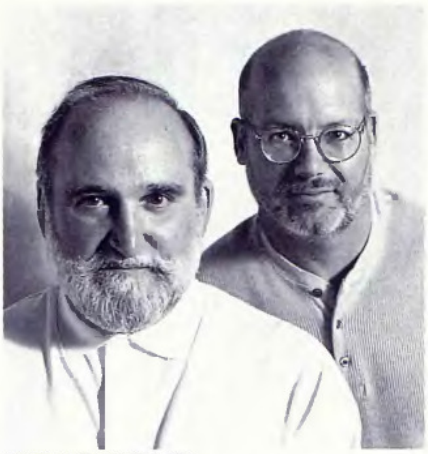
Leave it to the man at the head of the table to get the party started. As Editor-in-Chief and a reformed bachelor, **Hugh M. Hefner** knows a thing or two about sex. Now he has conceived our most ambitious project on the subject, *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*, and has deputized ex officio Playboy Advisor **James R. Petersen** to get it right. Petersen, who knows every trick in his book, *365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life*, starts with the turn of the century in this first installment. Ahead of her time, proto-supermodel Evelyn Nesbit transfixed the public while bluenose Anthony Comstock terrorized sexual pioneers. Sound familiar? Not surprisingly, the era's erotic images are testimonials to the constancy of human desire. Managing Art Director **Kerig Pope** delved into the vaults for the accompanying artwork. The opening spread is by the illustrious **Kinuko Y. Craft,** and **John Thompson,** professor at Syracuse University, did the closer.

From the sporting life to the sporting president: **George Plimpton** is editor of *The Paris Review*, a Brahman among belletrists who has willed himself into an ad hoc jock. In *Hangin' With the Prez*, he reports on a memorable trip he took with Bill Clinton to catch the Olympics. Through Plimpton's eyes, we see two sides of Clinton: the politician who glibs and glides through crowds, and the man we can all relate to, a sports fanatic who gets revved playing Hearts. (The artwork is by **Mark Ulriksen.**) Blood sport: As a proponent of pugilism and a premiere novelist, **Joyce Carol Oates** has developed a mean one-two punch. We're not just saying that because she's a frequent contributor, either. There is a wildlife explosion in Oates' home state of New Jersey. Sportsmen have stepped forward and offered to be part of the solution—but Oates sees a new target. In *Hunters' Harvest*, she turns into a literary Diana. Her ducks are in a row, and they all wear orange hunting vests.

If Walter Cronkite was the most presidential of newscasters, then surely **Mike Wallace** is our attorney general. His tenure on *60 Minutes* has lasted 28 years. Way back in 1963, he even snared a *Playboy Interview* with Jimmy Hoffa. This month, we turn the tables on Wallace for a prime-time grilling by **Peter Ross Range.** At a time when many distrust the media, believers in straight shooting will believe in Wallace. He speaks of his rifts with colleagues and feuds with network brass, and he even opens up about his bouts of depression.

Al Pacino won an Oscar for playing a blind marine colonel in *Scent of a Woman*, but when it comes to the press, he often plays mute. However, our interview with Pacino in 1979 was one of those uncommon occasions when the subject and interviewer (**Lawrence Grobel**) became close friends. So when Pacino wanted to talk about his provocative new film, *Looking for Richard*, he chose Grobel. Listen in on their freewheeling dialogue in *Looking for Al*—it's Pacino as you've never heard him.

Playboy's College Basketball Preview by **Gary Cole** is a different sort of give-and-take. Not because there's room for argument—Cole has a great winning percentage, as his stints on TV attest. (Want another reason to envy the guy? He's our Photography Director.) But tell a Big East fan that Kansas will dominate and she may kick you in the clicker. Be sure to check out our 1997 All-America Team photo with the guys in white


POPE AND PETERSEN

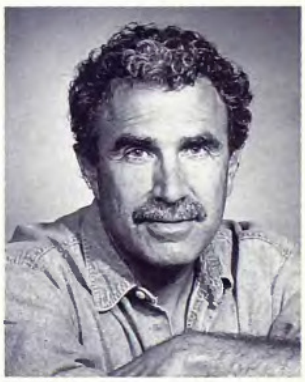
CRAFT

PLIMPTON

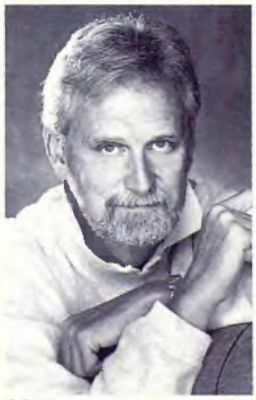
ULRIKSEN

THOMPSON

OATES


RANGE

GROBEL


COLE

SILVERSTEIN

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), December 1996, volume 43, number 12. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.

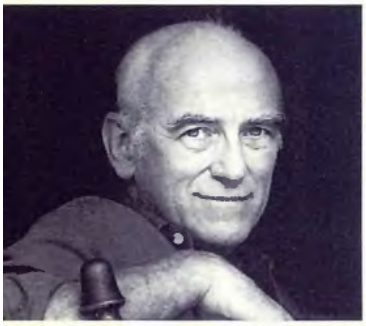
QUEENAN

BRODNER

CRANE

SPILLANE

WILLIAMS



WESTLAKE

FREYTAG

NAPOLITANO

ARMILLAS

SUSKI, EDGREN AND BEAUDET

tie and tails. "With so many familiar names gone," Cole explains, "we're staging a whole new act. It's basketball as show business."

Multimedia, buzzword for the season of giving, could have been coined to describe **Shel Silverstein.** He's a songwriter (*The Unicorn*), philosopher (*The Missing Piece* [Harper Collins]), cartoonist (*Different Dances*), playwright (*The Devil and Billy Markham*) and poet (this year's best-selling *Falling Up*). In his *New St. Nick*, Santa goes California, with amusing results. Not that we're cynical—no, ho-ho; we've just been reading *Christmas Cards From the Rich and Famous* by **Joe Queenan.** Queenan is a big-game humorist who likes to keep the wickedly successful in his crosshairs. This year he adds the heads of Michael Irvin, Heidi Fleiss and Bill Gates to his trophy room. **Steve Brodner** did the illustrations. You can keep laughing the red-green blues away with actress **Lisa Kudrow.** *Friends* is a hit and she is a missus—and a great-looking one at that. Like Stephen Hawking, she redefines our sense of space in ways only she understands. We sent frequent Californian **Robert Crane** to do a *20 Questions* with the vixen from Vassar, and he returned stumped and smitten.

When **Mickey Spillane** returned with a novel after a long absence from the typewriter, he previewed it in PLAYBOY. Now we have an excerpt from Spillane's latest, *Black Alley* (Dutton). Mike Hammer squares off against Mafia dons and the Mob's next generation in a desperate hunt for $89 billion. Easter may be a ways off, but it's never too early for hard-boiled fiction. (Painter **Kent Williams** rendered the action-packed artwork.) Mystery writer **Donald E. Westlake,** an old friend who penned the screenplays for *The Stepfather* and *The Grifters*, rounds out our fiction with a story that's more of a three-minute egg. *The Burglar and the Whatsit* is the shaggiest of shaggy dogs. It features a rogue Santa Claus who gets bamboozled on his rounds.

This Xmas, say ixnay to the eggnog. Instead, why not fly to the moon on the ring-a-ding wings of a martooni? Or maybe you'd like to round out your act in something splashy. You're in luck, pally. *The Look of Lounge*, with threads by Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** and text by Associate Editor **Christopher Napolitano,** brings together such retro elements as 'tinis, pinkie rings, sharkskin suits and Zippo lighters. Lounge is a fully dimensional trend. Our doyenne of the demimonde, **Carmen Armillas,** will help you spin some new and reissued CDs. Among all our Copy Department cats, Armillas is certainly the most kittenish. Her *Sounds of Lounge* charts the best discs for the perfect holiday cocktail party.

We'd be remiss if we presented the holidays without gifts. It's what the season is all about, giving and receiving. In this year's *Playboy Christmas Gift Guide* we have some whoppers, so prepare to be extravagant. There's everything from a beast of a motorcycle to JFK's humidor (OK, it's actually an expensive replica). Another thought: premium liquor in a rare bottle. In *The Spirits of Christmas* we offer drink that's as pleasing to the eye as it is to the palate. It's the perfect way to say *Cheers!* When it comes to celebrating, of course, nothing matches the *Playmate Book* (just out from General Publishing Group). It's the ultimate accolade to the 514 different women who've been Playmates over the years.

Ah, *Sex Stars 1996*. We've made our list of hunks and honeys and checked it not twice but three times. In a seamless and see-through collaboration, Associate Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet,** Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Contributing Editor **Gretchen Edgren** assembled the most enticing celluloid photos of the year. Edgren wrote just why **Jenny** and **Pam** and **Uma** got a rise out of us, and then she wrapped the whole thing with a bow. Yes, you can open it before Christmas. It's hard to believe we've covered a hundred years in two pages. For proof, look no further than our newest Playmate, **Victoria Silvstedt.** She grew up near the Arctic Circle and is a rare combination of fire and ice. Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** photographed this Scandinavian beauty for her first pictorial, *Victor Victoria*. Join us in wishing her many more.

THE NORELCO REFLEX ACTION RAZOR.

IF IT SHAVES LIKE A BLADE,

WE'LL GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY BACK.

The new Norelco Reflex Action Razor is clinically proven
to shave with less irritation than a blade.
Its Reflex Action follows the curves and contours of your face,
so you get a great-looking shave every time.
We'll even let you try it risk-free for 21 days.
Just to prove we're not speaking with a forked tongue.

ANYTHING CLOSER COULD BE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.

Norelco®

© 1996 Norelco Consumer Products Company. A Division of Philips Electronics North America Corporation, Stamford, CT 06912.

PHILIPS

Nothing fake on this page, fellas.

(yes, it's real gold.)

© The Paddington Corporation 1996. Swiss Tip #9: Be on time.
http://www.schlager.com

PLAYBOY®

vol. 43, no. 12—december 1996

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		17
STYLE		22
MUSIC		24
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	26
VIDEO		29
WIRED		30
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	34
MEN	ASA BABER	36
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE WALLACE—candid conversation		51
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION PART ONE (1900–1910): THE CITY ELECTRIC—article	JAMES R. PETERSEN	66
WHEN JENNY MET SANTA—pictorial		74
BLACK ALLEY—fiction	MICKEY SPILLANE	80
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE—modern living		85
HANGIN' WITH THE PREZ—orticle	GEORGE PLIMPTON	90
SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS—pictorial		94
THE LOOK OF LOUNGE—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE and CHRIS NAPOLITANO	102
THE SOUNDS OF LOUNGE	CARMEN ARMILLAS	198
HUNTERS' HARVEST—satire	JOYCE CAROL OATES	106
VICTOR VICTORIA—ployboy's playmate of the month		110
PARTY JOKES—humor		122
LOOKING FOR AL—playboy profile	LAWRENCE GROBEL	124
NEW ST. NICK—foble	SHEL SILVERSTEIN	128
PLAYMATE REVISITED: CHRISTA SPECK		133
THE BURGLAR AND THE WHATSIT—fiction	DONALD E. WESTLAKE	138
20 QUESTIONS: LISA KUDROW		140
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—sports	GARY COLE	143
THE SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS—drink		148
PLAYBOY GALLERY: RAQUEL WELCH		151
CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE RICH & FAMOUS—humor	JOE QUEENAN	152
SEX STARS 1996—pictorial	text by GRETCHEN EDGREN	154
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		206
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		229

Jenny Does Christmas P. 74

History of Sex P. 66

Victorious Victoria P. 110

Sporting Prez P. 90

COVER STORY

Sonta has more than visions of sugarplums dancing in his head. Forget Donner and Blitzen—thot little vixen on his lap is none other thon 1994 Playmate of the Year Jenny McCarthy. Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag shot this festive cover; Missy Garland produced it and styled Jenny's hair and makeup as well. Both Santa and our Rabbit, it wauld appear, have eyes for only Jenny.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: OCTOBER 1996. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1996 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 206. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. DAVE'S INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 178-179. PLAYERS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 178-179. BLACK VELVET INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 178-179 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. COOLWATER INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TITULO EN TRAMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Sure, your father wore it. If he didn't, you might not be here.

Get it on.

©1993 MEM COMPANY INC., NORTHVALE, NJ 07647

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *assistant editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER *senior editor;* CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* REMA SMITH *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, SARI WILSON *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS (*automotive*), CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* MAIRE KENNEDY *art assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, BETH MULLINS *assistant editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *manager, photo services;* ELIZABETH GEORGIOU *photo archivist;* GERALD SENN *correspondent—paris*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JUDY BERKOWITZ *national projects director;* KIM L. PINTO *sales director, eastern region;* JOE HOFFER *midwest ad sales manager;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *new media director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

Losing Your Hair? There Is A Solution.

Hundreds of hair products are out there vying for your attention, but one can effectively help reduce excessive daily hair loss. NIOXIN's essential bionutrients nourish your hair for healthy growth.

Thick healthy hair belongs on your scalp, not your brush. Keep it there and enjoy the benefits.

The Solution is NIOXIN.

Available only at finer Styling Salons

NIOXIN®

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING HAIR

Men and women of all ages enjoy fuller, thicker, healthier hair with NIOXIN's Complete Hair Care System.

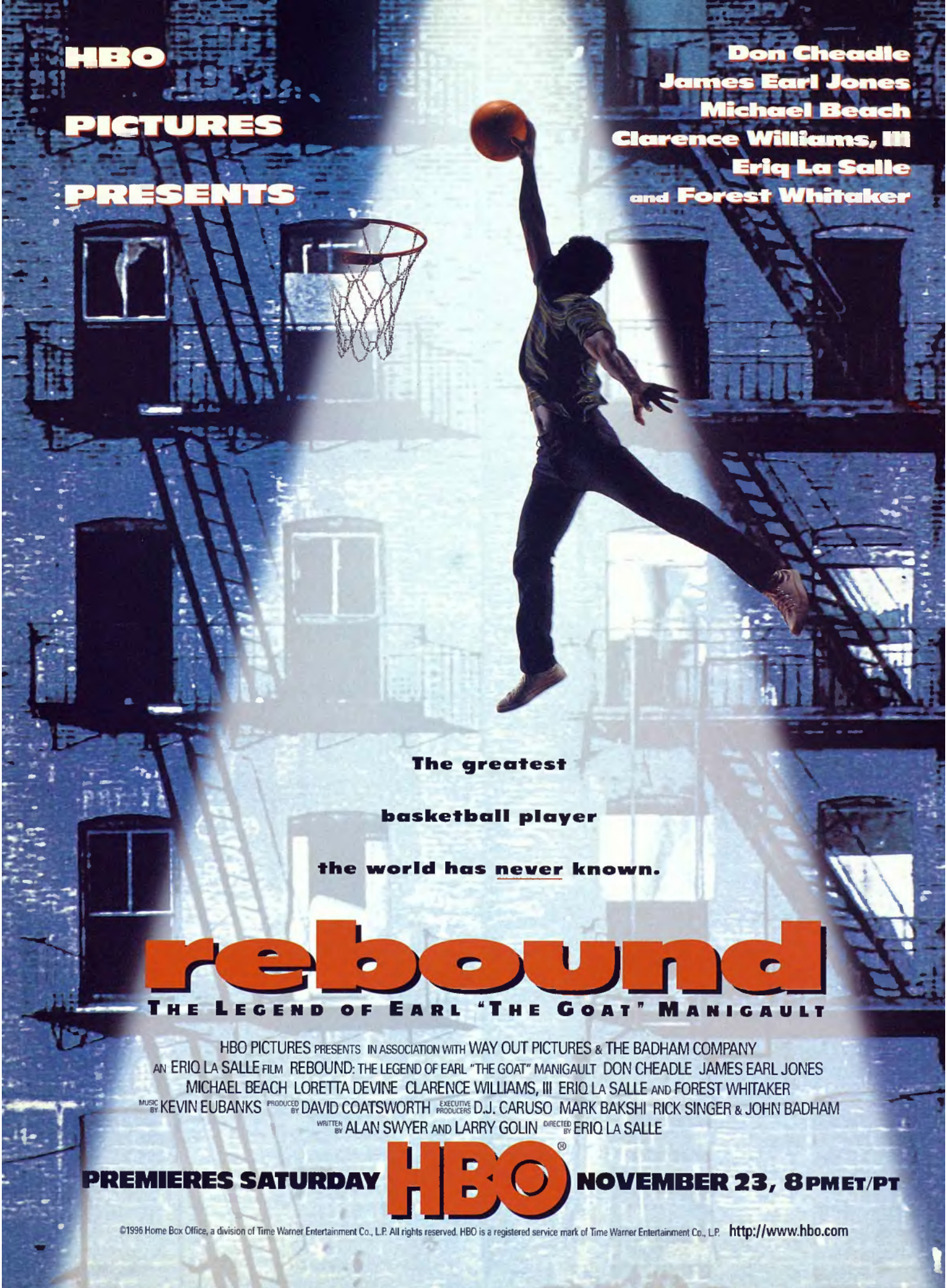
FOR CONSUMER ADVICE
1-800-628-9890

© NIOXIN Research Laboratories, Inc. 1996. All rights reserved.

The Early Warning Signs of Hair Loss.

NIOXIN's decade of research and testing has led to breakthroughs in the nourishment of thinning hair. The 5 Early Warning Signs of Hair Loss evolved from this extensive research by NIOXIN.

1. **ACNE** *An indication of an overactive sebaceous gland and hormonal imbalance causing pimples on face, back and extremities.*
2. **SEBORRHEA** *An inflammatory disease of the scalp with diffuse white or yellow scales. It may be associated with itching and excessive oil production.*
3. **ALOPECIA AREATA** *Acute areas of hair loss in specific regions of the scalp which may periodically migrate from one area to another. Typically symmetrical in shape and varying in size.*
4. **EXCESSIVE DAILY HAIR LOSS** *A hair loss of 100 to 200 hairs is considered excessive. 10 to 50 hairs lost is normal when shampooing daily with NIOXIN.*
5. **EXCESSIVE BODY HAIR**
   - Stage 1: **CHEST HAIR** *Approximately 50% greater risk of premature balding.*
   - Stage 2: **CHEST, SHOULDERS, LOWER BACK HAIR** *Approximately 70% greater risk of premature balding.*
   - Stage 3: **TOTAL BODY HAIR** *Approximately 90% greater risk of premature balding.*


HBO
PICTURES
PRESENTS
Don Cheadle
James Earl Jones
Michael Beach
Clarence Williams, III
Eriq La Salle
and Forest Whitaker
The greatest
basketball player
the world has never known.
rebound
THE LEGEND OF EARL "THE GOAT" MANIGAULT
HBO PICTURES PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH WAY OUT PICTURES & THE BADHAM COMPANY
AN ERIQ LA SALLE FILM REBOUND: THE LEGEND OF EARL "THE GOAT" MANIGAULT DON CHEADLE JAMES EARL JONES
MICHAEL BEACH LORETTA DEVINE CLARENCE WILLIAMS, III ERIQ LA SALLE AND FOREST WHITAKER
MUSIC BY KEVIN EUBANKS PRODUCED BY DAVID COATSWORTH EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS D.J. CARUSO MARK BAKSHI RICK SINGER & JOHN BADHAM
WRITTEN BY ALAN SWYER AND LARRY GOLIN DIRECTED BY ERIQ LA SALLE
PREMIERES SATURDAY HBO® NOVEMBER 23, 8PM ET/PT
©1996 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Co., L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Co., L.P. http://www.hbo.com

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARP8@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

VA-VA-VA-VOOMA

One look at the sublime Uma Thurman (*Uma Gosh!*, September) and I know I'm in love. Every so often, the much-maligned paparazzi perform a valuable service for us. This definitely qualifies as one of those times. I only wish Uma would sit still for one of the great PLAYBOY photographers.

Steve Dupree
Jersey City, New Jersey

Publishing the paparazzi photos of Uma Thurman crosses the line.

Robert Stacy
St. Petersburg, Florida

The photos of Uma Thurman were in poor taste. My advice to PLAYBOY is, stick to what you do best and leave the voyeurism to someone else.

M.H. Sprecher
Baltimore, Maryland

If you want to meet a woman at the beach, introduce yourself. I can no more enjoy a nonconsensual pictorial than I could enjoy nonconsensual sex.

Jefferson Swycaffer
San Diego, California

I'd like you to know how pleased and flattered I am about my recent interview (September 1996). The *Playboy Interview* represents a strong tradition and I'm honored to be a part of it.

It is therefore extremely upsetting to me that PLAYBOY chose to run unauthorized photos of Uma Thurman.

Your pictorials have always been presented with quality and taste. As you stated in the layout, you are not fans of this type of photography, which leads me to wonder why the magazine chose to be so blatantly hypocritical.

Nicolas Cage
Los Angeles, California

Thanks for the good words about your interview, Nick. Here's our thinking about Uma: When someone so celebrated and camera-worthy puts herself on display in public, it's disingenuous for her to be shocked that there were interested photographers in place. Didn't she give up her privacy when she chose a public beach in St. Barts instead of a zillion cozier spots that were available to her?

An international celebrity who frolics nude in a public venue and then becomes upset that someone has snapped her picture is plain stupid.

Dylan Driscoll
ddriscol@voyager.newcomm.net
Gander, Newfoundland

UP IN SMOKE

Many thanks for Richard Carleton Hacker's delightful article on cigars—*Gentlemen (and Ladies), You May Smoke* (September). I'm a mother, a Sunday school teacher, a member of the PTA and a closet cigar smoker for more than 20 years. I've also been an avid PLAYBOY reader for 25 years. Now that smoking premium cigars has become hip, I have the courage to light up in public.

Robin Rakhonen
Carmel, California

PIZZA MAN

I've never thought of PLAYBOY's short stories as prophetic. That is, until Lucius Shepard's *Pizza Man* (September) was published. It's about a vicious attack on a woman who turns out to be a blood relative of the boss of New York's top organized crime family. On the day the issue arrived in my mailbox, the print and broadcast media were abuzz with the news of Willie King, a New York man accused of a mugging. The woman who was attacked, Yolanda Gigante, happened to be the mother of Genovese crime family head Vincent "the Chin" Gigante. Was this a coincidence? Please let me know if PLAYBOY will be publishing a story on the lottery numbers soon.

Johnny Masiulewicz
brauti9105@aol.com
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), DECEMBER 1996, VOLUME 43, NUMBER 12, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S., $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-5000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SO MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7575); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-999-4438.

Nagel
COLLECTION

PN02B
ACTUAL SIZE - 1 3/8" X 1 3/4"

PN01B
ACTUAL SIZE - 1 1/2" X 1 3/4"

PN04B
ACTUAL SIZE - 1 1/2" X 2 1/4"

PN03B
ACTUAL SIZE - 1 3/4" X 1 3/4"

PN05B
ACTUAL SIZE - 2 1/16" X 1 1/2"

PN12B
ACTUAL SIZE-1 5/8"X 2 1/4"

SHOWN SMALLER THAN ACTUAL SIZE

The late Patrick Nagel's artistic genius illustrated the pages of PLAYBOY for many years. Now his art can grace your lapel or be the perfect gift to your special someone as a limited edition pin. Only 1,000 of each image will be made. Each is hand made as cloisonne and comes in a velvet pouch, with a numbered certificate for $96.00, postpaid. To order, send check, money order, or credit information to:

ACME STUDIOS

ACME STUDIOS • P. O. BOX 89
KULA • MAUI • HAWAII • 96790
or call
1 • 800 • 447 • 2263
PLEASE HAVE YOUR CREDIT CARD READY
Add Hawaii sales tax if applicable. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

I DREAM OF JANEANE

Janeane Garofalo (*20 Questions*, September) may have been able to fool a PLAYBOY editor, but she couldn't fool me. While disparaging popular culture, she used some strong words for someone who did time on that bastion of mediocrity, *Saturday Night Live*. No wonder she's certain she'll never be mainstream. Or is it just a case of protesting too much?

Emily Bramblett
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Janeane is cynical, sarcastic and self-loathing. Her tell-it-like-it-is personality increases her appeal tenfold.

Charly Jacobson
Moorhead, Minnesota

Garofalo is smart, savvy and, most important, knows that psychic hotlines are pathetic fakes. What a woman!

Patrick Stone
Hoopeston, Illinois

Janeane Garofalo gives great word!

Douglas Lamb
Jeffersonville, Vermont

MORE THAN FRIENDS

I just finished reading A.J. Benza's *Rachel? Monica? Phoebe?* (September) and I feel the need to get in the shower and rub myself raw with a bar of soap. It's nice to have one's derriere properly appreciated, but his anatomical dissections of the ladies are unflattering and just plain creepy.

Lynn Allen
Fluffrnutr@aol.com
Avon, Connecticut

What a numbingly vacuous article by the sleaze king of the New York tabloid press, A.J. Benza. All that was missing were horoscopes and celebrity diet tips.

Charley Scott
Mamaroneck, New York

Benza must never have watched the TV show *Wings*, because if he had, he would know that actress Crystal Bernard, who plays Helen on the NBC sitcom, has the nicest ass on TV—no ifs, ands or "butts" about it.

Owen Lockwood
Fairfield, Connecticut

COVER STORY

I'm a 33-year-old male with a PLAYBOY magazine collection of more than 35 years. I was thrilled to see the original Rabbit of the early Fifties on your September cover. PLAYBOY has come full circle by going back to its roots.

John DiCrosta
Schenectady, New York

PRO FOOTBALL

Danny Sheridan's *Pro Football Forecast* (September) is right on the mark. Up here in cheesehead country we know the only reason owner Mike McCaskey wanted to move the Bears to Gary, Indiana was so that he could have a "G" on his helmets, too.

Herb Haubrich
Washington Island, Wisconsin

The all-time leaders in world championships are the Packers with 11, the Bears with nine and the Giants with six, not the 49ers and Cowboys with five. This "super" Roman numeral gimmickry is marketing, not history. Anyone who starts his count with two exhibition games 46 years into the history of pro football is still sitting at the card table for Thanksgiving dinner.

Scott Wilcott
Marshfield, Wisconsin

SMALL-TOWN GIRLS

I'd like to congratulate PLAYBOY for featuring America's true natural resources (*Small-Town Girls*, September). You've reminded us how beautiful the girl next door really is.

Melissa Ingram

S. Brown
San Diego, California

Sunday dinner in Gravel Switch, Kentucky was interesting this past weekend. A local attraction gained much attention: Penn's Store was featured in the August issue of *Southern Living* magazine and also served as background for an excellent subject in PLAYBOY's *Small-Town Girls* pictorial. What a diversified range of coverage for our local treasure. God, I love this country!

Steve Hamblin
hamblls@searnet.com
Danville, Kentucky

One look at your photos of small-town girls and I put up a FOR SALE sign in my yard. Anytown, U.S.A., here I come.

Keith Reece
Woodstock, Georgia

Cindy Roubal caught my eye as the most ravishing redheaded beauty you've ever featured. Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley deserves a pat on the back for combining sensuality with small-town charm in this pictorial.

Tim Hollopeter
Bellefontaine, Ohio

It's about time city folks got a chance to see what they've been missing.

Ron Sullivan
Dicks Dam, Pennsylvania
(population 110)

My message to Melissa Ingram is: Pack your bags and head to the Mansion. You've got the look that says Playmate of the Year.

Thomas Brown
Gary, Indiana

Recently, I traveled through Robinson, Illinois, where I overheard some of the locals discussing a young woman who posed at the back of a train for a PLAYBOY shoot. There was considerable debate as to the morality of someone who would pose for your magazine. My curiosity piqued, I purchased the September issue as soon as I returned to Houston and, to my surprise, found a classy picture of a beautiful young woman. If the people of Robinson were embarrassed by Jacki Morrison's photo, all I have to say is that the people of Texas would be happy to have her represent our state any time.

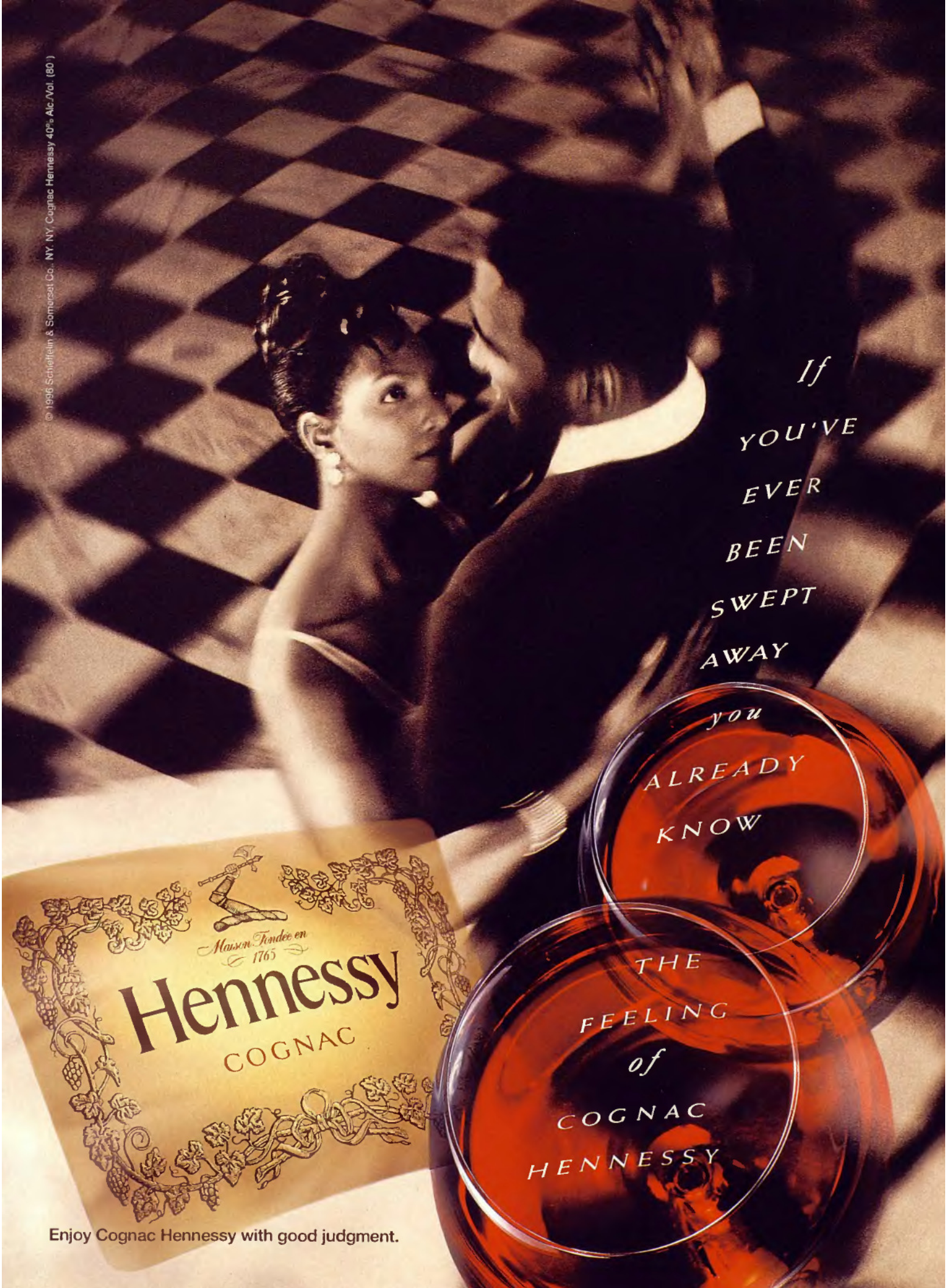
John Martin
Houston, Texas

MEN

Asa Baber's September column ("The First Yuppies") has probably enraged many PLAYBOY readers. It certainly had that effect on me. There are many reasons one might have for not accepting a call to service, but being too busy is not one of them. My father is one of the thousands of young men who was not too busy. He wasn't too busy to experience the horrors of war or to stand up for what he believed in. The Vietnam war took more from my father than 18 months of service, but I'm sure if you asked him, he'd do it all over again. When I see grown men and women crying at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, I see the true American heroes who were not too busy.

Kristin Schruers Ritts
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Baber responds: As a former Marine, I honor your father and all the men and women who served in the military. My point was that some people were "too busy" to serve, "too busy" either to protest the war or go to jail for their principles, "too busy" to do anything but take care of their careers. I do not honor them.



© 1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY, Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80)

Enjoy Cognac Hennessy with good judgment.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FULL FLAVOR: 14 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"PREMIUM TASTE. RIGHT ON THE MONEY!"

THAT'S THE VALUE OF DORAL.

Thom

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
DORAL
PREMIUM TASTE
DORAL DOESN'T STOP AT SAVINGS
THOM WILLIAMS, Doral Smoker from Hayward, Wisconsin, claims he had a 21-pound walleye in his grasp – before "it got away".
©1996 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

IT'S A DUMMY, DUMMY

It's official: Bob Guccione has become the Larry Flynt of the Nineties. Perhaps Guccione was trying to corner the newsstand market on Alpha Centauri (and to shore up sagging circulation here on earth) when *Penthouse* published photos of a so-called alien. But as for life on another planet, the only proof we have is the Gooch himself. The pictures are a hoax. At first, Guccione hyped the photos as "incontrovertible evidence" and "the most important pictures in the history of photography," and claimed they were comparable only to a "photograph of Jesus Christ." Oops. "Don't give up shooting nude models," commented *The Atlanta Journal*. As for *Penthouse*'s description of the alien as "a being of indeterminate sex that looks remarkably human-like," *The Tampa Tribune* asked, "Michael Jackson?" *The New York Post* brought in a director at the New York Center for UFO Research to snicker that the presence of genitalia, however indeterminate, was wishful thinking on Guccione's part. Then *Hard Copy* unearthed the exact source of the hoax in a UFO museum in Roswell, New Mexico: The *Penthouse* alien is a dummy on a hospital bed. Originally, it was a prop for the movie *Roswell*. We're sort of embarrassed for Guccione, but mostly for the blurry alien. After all, in a magazine that specializes in gynecological close-ups of the cervix, the alien is the only model who is out of focus.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

According to Dr. Patrick Harding, a fungi expert from England's Sheffield University, Santa is a stoner. Dr. Harding says images such as flying reindeer are directly linked to ancient rituals involving the potent hallucinogenic mushroom *Amanita muscaria*. Before the introduction of vodka, the fly agaric mushroom was used widely by village holy men in northern Europe. While tripping, they would bestow blessings from the spirit world upon their community (Santa's presents). Harding thinks Santa's outfit is inspired by the toadstool's red-and-white pattern, and his jolly "ho-ho-ho" mimics the laugh of someone who is spaced on the drug. Also, shamans entered yurts through a smoke hole in the roof. In Lapland, reindeer even grew fond of yellow snow that contained a distilled form of the drug. After a few Slurpees, reindeer start flying—hopping and prancing about. As for Rudolph's red nose, may we suggest a study of imagery from more southern climes—say, Colombia?

THE SOURCE SPOT

Taking the effervescence out of life dept.: French mineral water firm Perrier decided to ash-can a billboard campaign in Belgium after the European Women's Lobby expressed displeasure with the advertisements. The billboards featured topless women with Perrier bottle caps covering their nipples. The attendant slogan, "Wonderbubbles," apparently didn't help matters much, either. Regardless of the setback in Belgium, we endorse the plucky advertising instincts of the French and still believe that Perrier mixes well with everything.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

ASHE TO ASSES

Demonstrators gathered recently in Richmond, Virginia to protest the dedication of a statue honoring Arthur Ashe. Explained a protester who was holding a Confederate flag: "We're not against the statue—we just don't like the location." The street also has statues of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart. We're not sure Ashe would like the location, either.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Vernon Chadwick, an English professor at Ole Miss and organizer of the Second Annual International Conference on Elvis Presley, teaches a course that traces common themes in Elvis' movie *Blue Hawaii* and Herman Melville's tales of the South Pacific.

PYRAMID SCHEME

Fundamentalist newspapers in Egypt were filled with lurid stories about the alleged sexual warfare being waged by Israel against the Islamic values of Egyptian youth. Insidious hormone-spiked chewing gum and aphrodisiac makeup were identified as the covert culprits. Alas, it turns out that the makeup is pure myth and the gum—from Europe, not Israel—is an innocuous scam. Anyway, if Israel really wanted to compromise the virtue of young Egyptian womanhood, it could just send in Jeff Goldblum.

CHIEF CONCERN

In corporate America there are even more chiefs than Indians these days. *The Wall Street Journal* reports a trend in which the "chief" designation—formerly used most often in conjunction with executive or financial or operating officer—is finding new uses. For example, there is a chief nuclear officer (Centerior Energy), a chief information officer (General Motors), a chief knowledge officer (Coopers & Lybrand), a chief learning officer (Coca-Cola), a chief people officer (J.M. Huber), a chief cultural officer (Sunrise Assisted Living) and, our favorite, a chief transformation officer

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I don't like everybody looking at me like I'm an idiot, but I really loved her."—MICHAEL SMITH ON HIS 3½-MONTH MARRIAGE TO TONYA HARDING

BEACH BLANKET VIDEO

According to *Video Store Magazine*, number of movie rental outlets in the U.S. that also offer tanning beds: 2000.

TORCH SWAN SONG

Cost of purchasing a torch carried by a runner along the 15,281-mile Olympic torch route: $275.

MITCH O'CONNELL

FACT OF THE MONTH

A 21-state survey of career-oriented women with tattoos revealed that they chose to adorn their left breast over their right by a ratio of 3 to 1.

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE

According to *Discover* magazine, the chances of being poisoned in an Italian restaurant: 1 in 1.4 million; in a fast-food restaurant: 1 in 440,000; in a Mexican restaurant: 1 in 136,000.

CHRISTMAS BONUSES

Average number of babies born each day in September, the month with the highest birth rate: 11,867.

JUST DESSERTS

Percentage of American adults who admit to thinking about dessert between four and eight times a day: 33.5. Percentage who confessed they eat dinner just to get to dessert: 59.

GRATEFUL DEAD

Amount that Marin County charges for a copy of Jerry Garcia's will: $22.75. Average cost at Celebrity Collectibles of Phoenix, Arizona for a reproduction of a famous person's last will and testament: $10 to $15.

FLYING HIGH

Number of frequent-flier miles convicted marijuana smuggler Michael Pate accumulated while flying between Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark and Toronto on USAir: 117,705.

TEETHING PAINS

Percentage of dentists who think that children are afraid of them because parents tip them off: 88. Percentage of dentists who think the phrase "about as funny as a root canal" is "inaccurate and perpetuates the myth that root canals are painful": 76.

SILICONE CITY

Ratio of number of breast enhancements each year in Los Angeles compared with number of breast jobs on Eastern Seaboard: 4 to 1. Ratio of faces lifted each year in L.A. to number of faces lifted in New York: 2 to 1.

DEADSVILLE

Ratio of dead to living people in Colma, California, a town with 17 cemeteries: 1000 to 1.

YER LYING EYES

In a recent study, approximate number of betrayed spouses who were aware of their husband's or wife's infidelity: 9 out of 10.

ROCKING THE BOAT

According to a survey by Royal Caribbean Cruise Line and *Cosmopolitan*, percentage of passengers unable to wait more than ten hours after embarkation before "dropping anchor in the sea of love": 58. Rank of lifeboat as the most popular place on the ship to have sex: 4. Rank of whirlpool: 1.

OLD MONEY

Average net worth of an American between the ages of 65 and 74: $222,000. Net worth of an American between the ages of 35 and 44: $66,000.

—LAURA BILLINGS

(Cinergy). The trend is seen as a reaction to the perceived diminution of the vice president title. Like that's even possible.

CAFETERIA CANTOR

While it hardly qualifies as a trend, recorded luncheon menus are this year's Jerky Boys. The Lunch Menu Man, who has been featured in *People*, is the commercial success story—but we prefer the Lunch Lady. When Sharon Adldoost, grill cook for the Eurst Dining Service at the U.S. Geological Survey in Reston, Virginia, maps out the day's menu in her sweet Southern drawl, it's a feast for the ears. But if her description of the barbecue special doesn't tempt you, her sign-off number will. Call 703-648-7777 and you might hear her sing such standards as *Walkin' After Midnight* and *Under the Boardwalk* in hushed and reverential tones. Answer the siren call of the Lunch Lady—Meatloaf never sounded so good.

DUNG: A DIN

As we have previously reported, artist Todd Alden asked 400 art collectors to send him canned samples of their poop. This was for an art project, he said. But just as he was preparing to show 81 such cans at an opening in New York, *The New York Observer*, muckraker that it is, blew the story wide open by asserting that only one art collector had submitted a sample as directed. Which begs two questions: What was in the other cans? And what's the deal with Alden? He defended his project by saying, "There is a whole subtext to this that is between me and my therapist." And may we add the Department of Streets and Sanitation?

AFGHAN WIG-OUT

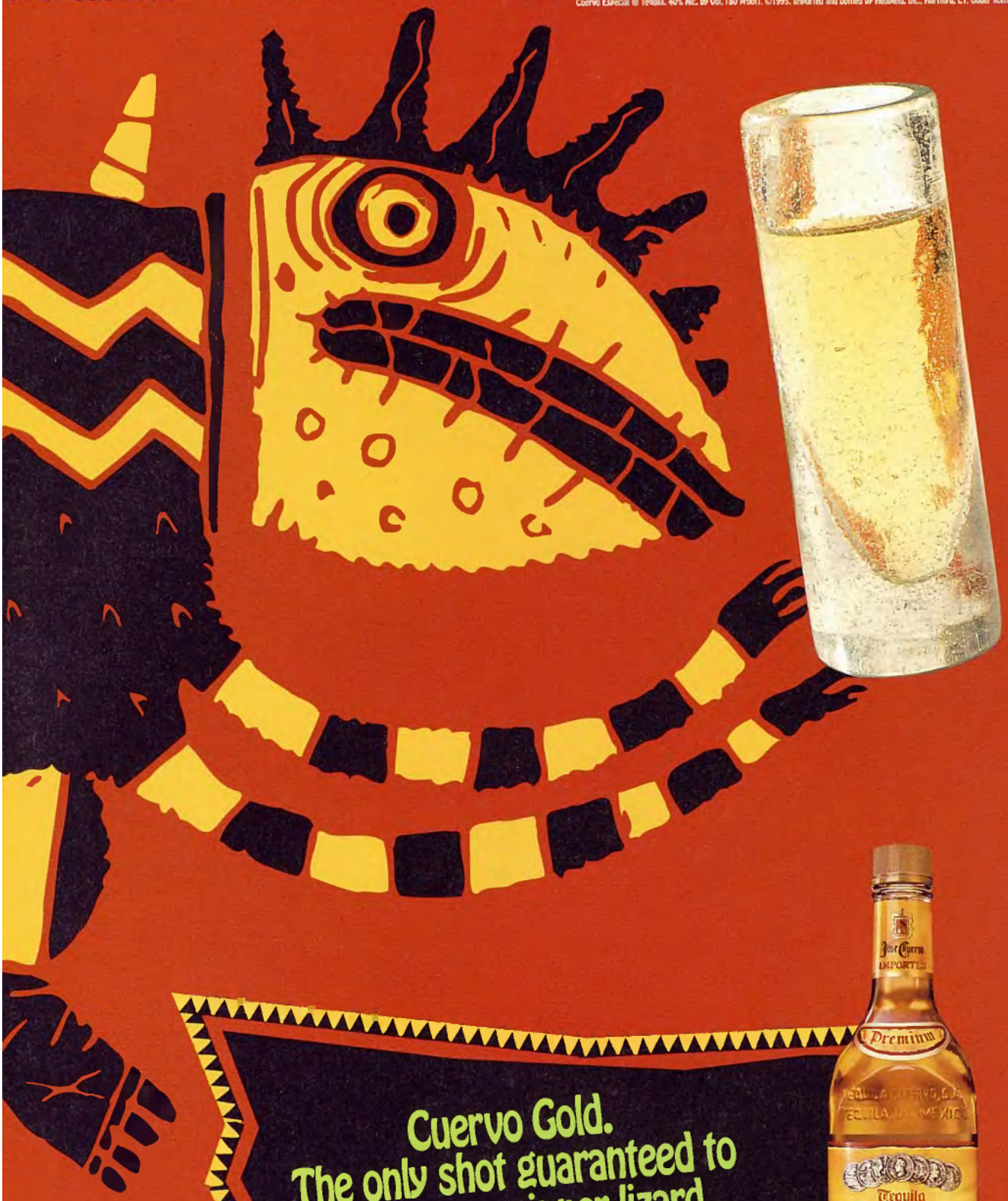
In Maine, the conviction of an Afghan immigrant on sexual abuse charges for kissing his 18-month-old son's penis was overturned. According to members of the Afghan community, the bussing of your boy child's manhood is an honorable and traditional expression of love back home. If Afghanistan ever adopts Father's Day, the cards could make interesting reading.

GREAT WHITE KICKER

In case you hadn't noticed, the Canadian Football League has adopted a sporty new slogan that's designed to get in the face of the NFL: OUR BALLS ARE BIGGER. The reference is not physiological but historical—the CFL formerly used a larger pigskin than the NFL did. However, it no longer does, rendering the slogan goofy *and* false. It's also untrue that the NFL plans to respond with its own new slogan: OUR OWNERS ARE BIGGER PRICKS.

Cuervo Especial ® Tequila. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 proof). ©1995. Imported and bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT. Under license from the Trademark Owners.

CUERVO GOLD. UNTAMED SPIRIT.



Cuervo Gold.
The only shot guaranteed to release your inner lizard.

JOSE CUERVO
PRIMO TEQUILA

Mi cybercasa es su cybercasa.
www.cuervo.com

FILA
FILA SPORT
clothes for men

FILASPORT
women love
FILASPORT™

POLY POP

Club hoppers may be dancing to trip-hop, but they're wearing disco threads. Tight, fitted shirts made of synthetic fabrics (à la *Saturday Night Fever*) are one of the season's hottest looks, both on and off the dance floor. Atlanta-based designer Bill Hallman offers a long-sleeved, button-front spandex shirt (left) with a psychedelic blue-swirl pattern (about $100). John Bartlett goes for an arty effect, using linear and circular prints by potter Jonathan Adler to create his micropoly stretch shirts (about $170). Three styles are available: a snap polo, a fitted snap shirt and a spread-collar pullover. L'Energia, an Italian sportswear line, offers button-front polyester shirts in abstract prints (about $100). Diesel's long-sleeved polyester pullover with a johnny collar comes in a navy-and-baby-blue diamond optical print ($100). The Matsuda collection, designed by Japanese techno-fabric designer Yukio Kobayshi, has a fitted stretch nylon and polyurethane shirt inspired by the X-ray images from airport security consoles. It comes in black or red ($590).

HOT SHOPPING: THE INTERNET

To avoid the chaos of holiday shopping, fire up your modem and let your mouse do the walking to one of these Netboutiques. Hollywood Shopping Network (www.hollywoodshopping.com/hn/shopping/index.html): This site stocks movie-themed items, plus cool star memorabilia. • Oxygen (www.oxygen.com/o2/): The Net's hottest collections of men's clothing by designers such as Paul Smith and Katharine Hamnett. • Virtual Vineyards (www.virtualvin.com/): Fine California wines and specialty foods. • Ecologic Clothing Co. (www.shopsite.com/ecoclothing/): Casual threads fashioned from various organic fabrics. • The Playboy Store (www.playboy.com): Our own online catalog offers great adult goodies, including Playboy videos and lingerie.

CLOTHES LINE

Playing an unassuming program director on NBC's *News Radio* isn't a stretch for **Dave Foley.** In explaining why he doesn't own anything by his favorite designer, Armani, the actor says, "I haven't come to terms with the fact that I have money." A size 38, Foley likes designer Pal Zileri because "He makes tiny suits." On dressy occasions, Foley opts for a Fifties black-and-green tux. And when he goes casual, it's Gap jeans with a green plaid short-sleeved shirt buttoned to the neck. The co-writer and star of the film *The Wrong Guy*, due out next month, lives in his Doc Martens. Citing the shoe's air-pillow insoles, he says, "Punks like sensible footwear."

SERGEANT PEPPER REVISITED

Those classic military looks that keep Army-Navy stores in business are getting the designer touch. The Moschino Cheap & Chic collection includes a red velvet military-inspired vest with gold-tone buttons ($255). Italian designer Romeo Gigli offers a double-breasted officer's coat in navy or deep brown, with epaulets and roll-back cuffs (about $1600). In his Double RL line, Ralph Lauren features a black nylon flight jacket with epaulets and a zip pocket on the sleeve ($225). There are tan-and-black long-sleeved cotton officer's shirts with bellows pockets and epaulets (about $480) in the Calvin Klein Khakis line. And Richard Edwards goes G.I. Joe with a cropped and fitted merino sweater with epaulets ($150) in navy, camel, natural or gray.

WAXING ROMANTIC

There's nothing like a few scented candles to spark romance on the home front. From France, Diptyque makes 36 candles scented with pure essential oils. For winter, we like Oranger (orange and nutmeg) and Musc (that's musk, *bien sûr!*). Another French company with fragrance to burn is L'Occitane. The scent from its lavender-amber candle reminds us of a cabin in the woods. Calvin Klein offers a candle lightly scented with CK One. For an artistic presentation, try Aroma Véra's Art Deco oil-lamp diffuser. Fill it with an aromatic oil blend such as Meditation (sandalwood, fir and cedar) and then light the wick to diffuse the scent.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

VESTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	High–V-neck pullovers; button fronts with high stances; military looks; functional ski vests	Loud conversational and disco prints; deep V-necks with low button stances
FABRICS	Wool and cashmere knits; velvet; country tweeds; leather; suede; polar fleece	Washed silk, silk brocade; rayon; embroidered or metal-threaded; foded denim
HOW TO WEAR ONE	In place of a sports jacket; as part of a three-piece suit; as outerwear	With a cummerbund or matched to a printed bow tie; with an untucked shirt

Where & How to Buy on page 206.

A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of ENGAGEMENT RING anxiety?

1. Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say, "Son, let's talk diamonds."
2. But it's still your call. So read on.
3. Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago, diamonds are found in the most remote corners of the world. De Beers, the world's largest diamond company, has over 100 years' experience in mining and valuing. They sort rough diamonds into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be sure you know what you're buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.
4. Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4 C's.* They are: *Cut,* not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets, or flat surfaces, are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color,* actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity,* the fewer natural marks, or "inclusions," the better; *Carat weight,* the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.
5. Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Many people use the *two months' salary guideline.* Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more and they'll rave.
6. Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.
7. Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust, to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Happy Harry's Diamond Basement.
8. *Learn more.* For the booklet *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give,"* call **1-800-FOREVER,** Dept. 21.
9. Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. *Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?*

Diamond Information Center
Sponsored by De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Est. 1888

A diamond is forever.
De Beers

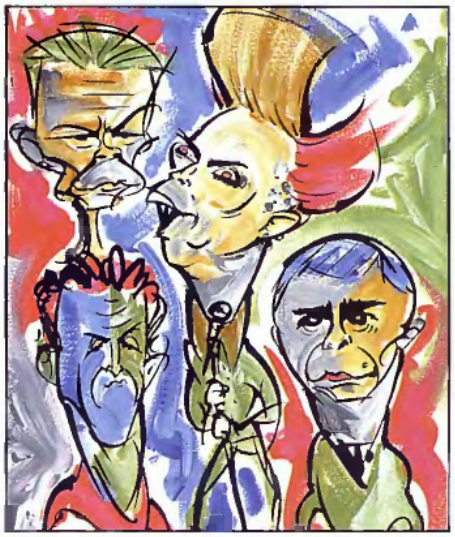
MUSIC

ROCK

AT BEST, rock reunions are futile attempts to rekindle extinguished sparks. At their worst, they are shameless schemes to sell expired brand names. Between the speed of the Sex Pistols' flameout and the candor of their cash-in, you might expect the blatantly entitled ***Filthy Lucre Live*** (Virgin) to distinguish itself only by taking these tendencies to new extremes. But even though it reprises all 12 songs from *Never Mind the Bollocks: Here's the Sex Pistols*, the new release is a rare thing, a live album with a life of its own. Steve Jones' immense, bluesless riffs and Paul Cook's simple beats have gained magnitude with the years. Bassist Glen Matlock always provided melodic glue. And it's impossible to miss how John Lydon's hilariously ill-humored gutter-prophet howl, now broadened with age, could define both a new rock voice and a new rock attitude.

In ***Diary of a Mod Housewife*** (Koch International), Amy Rigby reveals how good girls stay loose after 30. *Beer and Kisses* should make the charts soon.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU



Sex Pistols' *Filthy Lucre*.

Old punks, traditional rock from R.E.M. and Pearl Jam cheers up.

With its last two albums Pearl Jam attempted to reinvent itself as a post-grunge band. At times it was too rigidly punk, at other times, too spacey. But it always had the courage to experiment. On its fourth album, ***No Code*** (Epic), that hard work finally pays off as the band finds its true voice. The new songs fuse punk intensity with acoustic integrity. Even the exotic modalities of Eddie Vedder's work with singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan are seamlessly interlaced throughout the album. Like R.E.M. and the Beatles, Pearl Jam has found it can evolve musically by constantly embracing change. —VIC GARBARINI

Despite the hip-hop beat with which it opens, and the annoying insertion of synthesizer and percussion effects in assorted places, R.E.M.'s ***New Adventures in Hi-Fi*** (Warner Bros.) is a traditional rock album. The band's strength remains songwriting, and its signature sounds—Peter Buck's guitar and Mike Mills' keyboards—stay clearly rooted in the Beatles and Byrds. Michael Stipe's vocals have become a convention of their own, widely imitated by today's alternative rockers. Stipe is coherent. You can actually make out almost all the words on *Electrolite*, the album's most important song. Stylistically, the release jumps around more than usual. The hip-hop is a ruse, but there are lots of folk-rock variations here, and even some power pop in *The Wake-Up Bomb*. Perhaps because of the commercial failure of *Monster*, there's also a new edge of cynicism in Stipe. This is rock as substance, not as flavor of the month, and that's an adventure in itself. —DAVE MARSH

RAP

For most of hip-hop's two-decade history, Chicago hasn't been an important source of talent. Now, Crucial Conflict, a quartet from the Windy City, has made a major splash with *Hay*, one of the biggest hip-hop singles from that city. That's been followed by a debut CD called ***The Final Tic*** (Pallas/Universal), showcasing the style of Crucial Conflict members Kilo, Never, Cold Hard and Wild Style. Conflict moves between quick phrases undercut with sung choruses. Even when the flow gets monotonous, the production doesn't. —NELSON GEORGE

BLUES

Everybody Boogie! Wynonie Harris (Delmark) is the most famous example of what happened when the blues moved to the Southwest. Harris (working here with Illinois Jacquet, Charles Mingus and Bill Doggett, among others) did as much as Louis Jordan to set the stage for the leap from small combo blues groups to the hard R&B now known as rock and roll. That means the lead instrument is a sax and the lyrics are lewd. Harris has a voice that could call you in out of the world's deepest fog. —DAVE MARSH

Members of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion don't listen to purists. They listen to garage bands from the Sixties, who were trying to sound like the Stones, who were trying to sound like Muddy Waters. And they've listened to punk and noise bands from the past decade. They also listened to the raw, cathartic electric blues artists such as R.L. Burnside and Hound Dog Taylor. So the blues on ***Now I Got Worry*** (Matador) is savage, crude and completely invigorating. Played with two guitars and one set of drums, it rises out of the chaotic noise with blood on its teeth. Not for B.B. King fans, but guaranteed to make a whole new set of connections among your synapses.

If your taste in blues is more traditional, get the Smithsonian Collection's four-CD boxed set, ***Mean Old World: The Blues From 1940 to 1994*** (MCA). It's a delight on nearly all 80 cuts by 80 various artists. Country, electric, big band, small combo and piano—it's all here in a mind-boggling array. This is a perfect gift for someone who has just discovered the blues. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

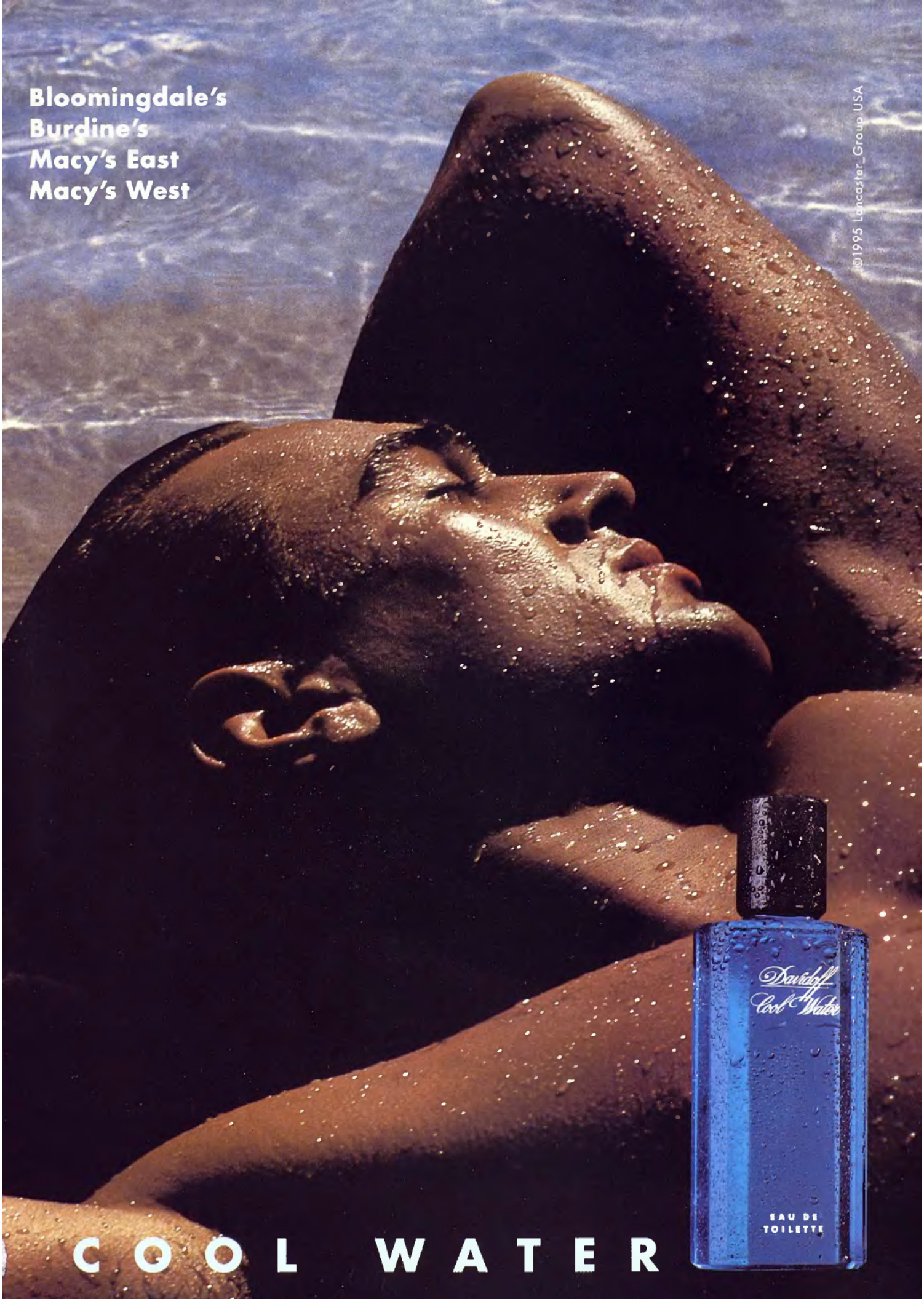
SOUNDTRACK

Whatever happened to that unique blend of country, blues and rock that produced bands such as Creedence Clearwater Revival and Little Feat? Much of that spirit can be found on ***Tin Cup*** (Epic), the soundtrack to Kevin Costner's remake (with a putter) of *Bull Durham*. Austin's Texas Tornados serve up a heady Tex-Mex brew, while Jimmy Vaughan proves that he's less flashy but just as pungent a bluesmaster as his brother Stevie was. Keb' Mo', Bruce Hornsby and Joe Ely join Nashville outsiders Mary Chapin Carpenter, Amanda Marshall and George Jones, turning in some of their grittiest, most bluesy work to date. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

The B Sharp Jazz Quartet has brought new life to the basic sax-and-rhythm format with a breakthrough album, ***Searching for the One*** (MAMA Foundation). This Los Angeles band thrives on the drumming of Herb Graham Jr. and the no-nonsense saxophone work of Randall Willis. Here they blend hip-hop into the progressive mainstream, with dynamic results.

Beasts of Scotland (Honest/Linn) is richly varied. The Scottish saxist Tommy Smith used poems to inspire his compositions for sextet. Smith's artful writing makes the band sound like a petite philharmonic. —NEIL TESSER


Bloomingdale's
Burdine's
Macy's East
Macy's West
©1995 Lancaster_Group USA
Davidoff
Cool Water
EAU DE
TOILETTE
COOL WATER

Davidoff Cool Water

"Two On The Isle"
A deluxe signature duffle bag and matching toiletry case.
Plus, three refreshing Cool Water groomers:
After Shave Balm and Moisturizing Body Lotion,
3.4 fl oz each and Eau de Toilette Natural Spray, 2.5 fl oz.

Perfect for holiday giving at $60.00,
a $150.00 value.

Lift here
to discover the
refreshing essence
of Davidoff
Cool Water.

Available at fine stores everywhere. While quantities last.

FAST TRACKS

COUNTRY

Parlor James is part of a weary dust-on-the windshield vision shared by the likes of the Cowboy Junkies, Gillian Welch and Iris DeMent. The Parlor James debut, ***Dreadful Sorry*** (Discovery Records), celebrates traditional country themes in a progressive landscape. At first, the pairing seems peculiar: Ryan Hedgecock, founder of Lone Justice, and Amy Allison, daughter of jazz hipster Mose. But Hedgecock's stiletto tenor and Allison's wanderlust vocals create a perfect counterpoint in a stark drinking ballad, *Cheater's World*, and the narcotic epic *Down on Dreaming*. This isn't Wal-Mart stuff.

Ween's 12 Golden Country Greats (Elektra) would have been nearly irrelevant had not the irreverent folk duo of Mickey Melchiondo and Aaron Freeman assembled a team of Sixties Nashville session musicians. The idea was to haze Nashville, and the Weeners didn't miss much, incorporating classic Tennessee references like cigarettes, dogs and even the $2.99 breakfast at Shoney's. Ween's vocals are pure and true. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

Ralph Stanley has been recording bluegrass, gospel and mountain folk songs for 50 years. He ranks with the great banjo players of all time and, to many ears, he is the finest high tenor singer in bluegrass. ***Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys*** (Rebel) is one of the most powerful storehouses of traditional music ever assembled. —DAVE MARSH

R&B

Sandra St. Victor's ***Mack Diva Saves the World*** (Warner Bros.) presents the soaring, soulful voice of the Family Stand's ex-lead singer. St. Victor's most affecting tracks are the down-tempo and sexy *Come Over* and the stirring *Lonely in a Crowded Room*. —NELSON GEORGE

CLASSICAL

Philip Glass wrote his ambitious ***Music in 12 Parts*** between 1971 and 1974, but the work hasn't been fully available on CD until now. As released by Nonesuch, *12 Parts* is a surprisingly active study in repetition. Simultaneously hypnotic and chameleonlike, this is minimalist music at its finest. It's nice to see this monumental composition get the technical and artistic attention it deserves.

The idea doesn't seem promising: five late Mozart works performed by a popular jazz pianist. Yet Keith Jarrett's refined recording of Mozart's ***Piano Concertos*** (ECM New Series) avoids flamboyance. Playing with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Jarrett displays a rare expressive quality that respects Mozart's perfect scores. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Crucial Conflict *The Final Tic*	4	5	8	6	7
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion *Now I Got Worry*	5	8	7	3	8
Pearl Jam *No Code*	5	10	8	9	7
R.E.M. *New Adventures in Hi-Fi*	8	10	9	8	8
Sex Pistols *Filthy Lucre Live*	8	9	10	4	6

I'LL GIVE IT A 97 BECAUSE YOU CAN DANCE TO IT DEPARTMENT: **Dick Clark's** *American Bandstand* has been on the music scene for five decades and is still running on VH1. Next spring Harper Collins will publish a coffee-table book that traces the show's history and includes reminiscences from the master himself. If you don't know who Justine and Bob are, ask your mom.

REELING AND ROCKING: All four **Zappa** kids—**Dweezil, Ahmet, Moon** and **Diva**—are filming a movie, *Anarchy TV*, with **Alan Thicke.** It's a comedy about a group of anarchists who use their public-access TV show to satirize American institutions until a right-wing televangelist tries to shut them down. . . . **Natalie Cole** has optioned the book *Good Hair* by **Benilde Little** to make into her first film. It's a story about affluent African Americans, and Cole plans to produce and star in it. . . . **Paula Abdul** plays a rape victim in the ABC-TV movie *In the Shadow of Evil*. . . . Director **Penelope Spheeris** is working on her third punk rock documentary. The *Wayne's World* director has passed on more lucrative offers in order to focus on the homeless youngsters who follow punk bands. Spheeris hasn't decided which bands will be in the film, but she plans to use some of the proceeds to establish a shelter. . . . Filmmaker **Keith O'Derek,** who first told his tales from the hood on the Fox affiliate in Los Angeles, has made a documentary called *Straight From the Streets*, which he plans to submit to film festivals. He uses artists such as **Ice-T, Ice Cube, Dr. Dre** and **Snoop Doggy Dogg** as well as original music and oldies on the soundtrack of his look at life in the projects.

NEWSBREAKS: Stacey Kreutzmann Quinn, daughter of the **Dead's Bill,** has started her own small press, Acid Test Productions. In the spring, it will publish **David Dalton's** personal account of the Festival Express, the five-day Canadian train ride–and–rock show that included **Janis Joplin,** the **Band, Traffic, Ten Years After** and the Dead. Acid Test will also publish a collection of 288 psychedelic posters created during the Fillmore West era. Developed with Bill Graham Productions, the posters will include bios and interviews with the artists as well as specifics about each poster. . . . The **Rutles,** fronted by **Monty Python** associates **Neil Innes** and **Eric Idle,** will release an album spoofing the *Beatles Anthology* series. Virgin Records promises surprise guest videos and a possible tour. . . . **RuPaul's** new album, *Foxy Lady*, will be accompanied by a tour of dance clubs and the debut of his talk show on VH1. . . . Webstock '96 (www.webstock96.com) promises to be the largest online event to date. Slated for the four days before the election, November 1–4, Webstock '96 will attempt to create a community on the Web that will build a community off the Web. Users will be able to chat with **Michael Stipe** and **Sheryl Crow** and visit places such as MTV Stage One and Lectric Mosh Pit. They can click into local town halls, voice their opinions and maybe even chat with the prez. . . . **David Geffen** has finally agreed to a biographer, **Thomas King,** *The Wall Street Journal*'s Los Angeles entertainment reporter. The Random House book will be published in 1999. . . . Finally, **Mick Jones, Clarence Clemons** and **Nils Lofgren** will participate in a series of rock-and-roll fantasy camps, first in Los Angeles. More camps are being planned for Miami, Atlanta and New York. Call 888-226-7762. —BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TWINS SEPARATED at birth, mistaken identities and misplaced affections are all parts of Shakespeare's ever-popular ***Twelfth Night*** (Fine Line), which may become even more popular when movie audiences are exposed to Trevor Nunn's crisp, funny and stylish adaptation. Imogen Stubbs portrays Viola, the shipwrecked, long-lost twin sister of Sebastian (Stephen Mackintosh). Disguised as a boy, she is sent to woo reluctant Olivia (Helena Bonham Carter) on behalf of the amorous Duke Orsino (Toby Stephens). Let the plot's intricacies entangle you as they should. The language is great and the cast (including Richard E. Grant, Nigel Hawthorne and Mel Smith, respectively, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Malvolio and Sir Toby Belch) is superb. While Nunn's *Twelfth Night* can't match the youthful zest and ebullience of Kenneth Branagh's *Much Ado About Nothing*, this rollicking classic is definitely something to see. ¥¥¥½

•

In ***Beautiful Thing*** (Sony Classics), directed by Hettie Macdonald from Jonathan Harvey's stage play, two teenage schoolboys in suburban London come to terms with their homosexuality. The thing that's beautiful is love—a commodity in short supply for Jamie (Glen Berry), a geeky kid who has problems at school, and his chum Ste (Scott Neal), whose drunken dad beats his boy black-and-blue. Jamie's affectionate mom is a blowsy barmaid named Sandra (Linda Henry, in a take-charge performance), who has a live-in beau. Self-acceptance is the theme sweetly stated, much of it set to Mamas and Papas tunes. All in all, nice work in a minor key. ¥¥½

•

Three would-be criminals from New Jersey can't seem to do anything right in director Alan Taylor's ***Palookaville*** (Samuel Goldwyn). William Forsythe, Vincent Gallo and Adam Trese make up the inept trio of unemployed good guys whose efforts to go bad always misfire. First, they bungle the burglary of a bakery, then have even worse luck when they try to stick up an armored car. Meanwhile, the women in their lives (Lisa Gay Hamilton, Kim Dickens and Bridgit Ryan) provide distraction. There's a deft cameo by Frances McDormand as a prostitute who notes that guys have a hard time growing up. Writer David Epstein's clever screenplay, Americanized and adapted from three short stories by Italo Calvino, acknowledges its debt to director Mario Monicelli's memorable 1958 Italian comedy about a misbegotten robbery, *Big Deal on Madonna Street*. In much the same way, *Palookaville* pays off as a witty portrait of some affable losers. ¥¥¥

Trese, Hamilton: A *Palooka* pair.

Shakespeareans up to snuff, crooks who misfire and senior citizens on the go.

•

Despite a soppy title and a soapy plot, ***Unhook the Stars*** (Miramax) soars with stellar performances by Gena Rowlands and Marisa Tomei. Co-authored (with Helen Caldwell) and directed by Nick Cassavetes (son of Rowlands and John Cassavetes), the movie chronicles an older woman's self-discovery. Cassavetes gives his mom all the best of it, and she returns the favor as Mildred, a matronly Salt Lake City widow whose grown children are a pain. Mildred begins to find herself through her friendship with a testy, tough-talking neighbor named Monica (Tomei), an abused wife who leaves her young son in Mildred's care while she goes to work. Mildred bonds with adorable young J.J. (Jake Lloyd) and also strikes up a promising friendship with one of Monica's drinking buddies, a French-Canadian truck driver (Gérard Depardieu). Sentimental touches in the music and elsewhere suggest that Cassavetes has soaked up too much Hollywood schmaltz. But when it comes to handling actors, he's on his way. ¥¥½

•

The title role in ***To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday*** (Triumph Films), played by Michelle Pfeiffer, is a blithe spirit who has been dead for two years as the story begins. Gillian died in a boating accident and thus appears mainly in flashbacks or as a seductive wraith urging her widowed husband David (Peter Gallagher) to get on with his life—if he can manage to forget her. In the here and now on Nantucket, their favorite summer retreat, David has company: his neglected teenage daughter (Claire Danes), his meddlesome sister-in-law (Kathy Baker), her husband (Bruce Altman) and a surprise weekend visitor (Wendy Crewson) they have invited to coax David out of prolonged mourning. His grief is expressed in frequent lonely walks on the beach, where he appears to be talking to himself while imagining cozy conversations with Gillian. How David snaps out of it with a little push from his beloved ex is the whole story, adapted by writer-producer David E. Kelley from a play by Michael Brady. It's so glib and predictable that you may start drumming your fingers before David decides to join the living, yet Pfeiffer is luminous throughout. ¥¥½

•

Danish writer-director Lars Von Trier's ***Breaking the Waves*** (October Films), his first film in English, took a Grand Jury Prize at the 1996 Cannes festival. The movie's mixture of sex and religion definitely commands attention. Set in a Scottish coastal village, it's a steamy saga about the downfall of Bess (Emily Watson), a passionately innocent lass who loses her inhibitions after marrying a handsome oil-rig worker named Jan (Stellan Skarsgård). Their active sex life ends when Jan is paralyzed in a work-related accident. He subsequently urges Bess to take a lover and describe her sexual exploits in detail—no easy decision for a basically decent girl who regularly converses with God. Bess eventually succumbs to wild excesses and madness, despite the intervention of her outraged, protective sister-in-law Dodo (Katrin Cartlidge). Before the tragic finale, Bess is traipsing to an offshore freighter to be mauled and humiliated by sadistic sailors. Von Trier calls *Breaking the Waves* "a simple love story." In his dreams, though there's no denying that this dark, obsessive drama casts a spell. ¥¥¥

•

Herb Gardner's ***I'm Not Rappaport*** (Gramercy), a long-run Broadway hit, doesn't work half so well in the movie version directed in a stilted manner by Gardner himself. Considerably expanded to make Central Park blush with Fellini color, the film presents two more grumpy old men—with Ossie Davis reprising his stage role as an aging janitor and Walter Matthau churning out

©1998 CHIVAS REGAL 12 YEAR OLD WORLDWIDE BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, NY
You either have it
or you don't
Visit the Chivas Regal web site at
http://www.careertoolbox.com
Those who appreciate quality
enjoy it responsibly
To send the gift of Chivas Regal this holiday season call 1 800 238-4373.
(Void where prohibited.)

Rochon: Cute and then some.

OFF CAMERA

She drives a Jaguar now. But with or without wheels, **Lela Rochon,** 30, is already in moviedom's passing lane. She has a lead in *The Chamber*, John Grisham's latest thriller, with Chris O'Donnell, Faye Dunaway and Gene Hackman. She copped the role originally written for a white actress after telling the director it was "totally unrealistic" not to have a major black character in a story set in Mississippi today. "So they put me in these dresses I call funeral clothes—no flash at all. I'm a straight-arrow lawyer from Jackson. I don't get to be cute this time."

She was cute as can be, however, in last year's megahit *Waiting to Exhale*, playing the man-hunting Robin. "That part sort of validated me as an actress, which not only changed my career but also changed my life." Even before that, life had been pretty good. Rochon was born in California and majored in journalism at Cal State. She initially hoped to be "a TV journalist like Barbara Walters" or maybe an attorney. A modeling career—including a slew of Spuds Mackenzie beer commercials—led to an attention-getting stint as a pregnant teenager on *The Cosby Show*. Her movie break came when she played a sultry sexpot in the Eddie Murphy movie *Harlem Nights*.

Rochon will appear in *Gang Related* as a dancer who lures victims to her drug-dealer boyfriend Jim Belushi, who plays a bad cop. "Which takes me back to those sexy T&A roles," Rochon notes. She trains with aerobics and kickboxing and has a couple of action movies in mind. Her ultimate goal: "Color-blind parts—not black or white, but roles that go either way. For an African American woman to find good scripts is still a problem. I've cried enough tears in 1996. I'd like to lighten things up a little and do a comedy. I want to be the black Meg Ryan."

curmudgeonly one-liners as an eighty-something Jewish radical. Among the secondary characters, Craig T. Nelson, Amy Irving and Martha Plimpton work hard to liven up this unwieldy adaptation that flounders on the big screen. ¥¥

•

Al Pacino is the star and director of ***Looking for Richard*** (Fox Searchlight), an exuberant, spellbinding documentary that features a talent-rich company in scenes from *Richard III*. Being a Shakespeare buff is not essential for an appreciation of Pacino's achievement. His labor of love includes interviews with ordinary people, scholars and skeptics—some of them hilariously indifferent to the Bard—along with compelling testimony by such luminaries as Kenneth Branagh, Vanessa Redgrave and Sir John Gielgud. When Shakespeare's famous tragedy of power and treachery is not under discussion by the actors—always a lively exchange—Pacino bites into excerpts from the title role while backed by Kevin Spacey as Buckingham, Winona Ryder as Lady Anne, Alec Baldwin as Clarence and Aidan Quinn as Richmond. This *Richard III* is simultaneously insightful, educational and superbly entertaining. ¥¥¥¥

•

Not even energetic performances can quite save ***Drunks*** (Northern Arts) from mediocrity. Despite persuasive cameos by Faye Dunaway, Spalding Gray, Dianne Wiest, Amanda Plummer and Howard Rollins—all supposedly hanging onto sobriety at an Alcoholics Anonymous session in New York—director Peter Cohn's first feature looks more like an Actors Studio master class than the real thing. While the principals take turns confessing their dependence on booze, comedian Richard Lewis works hard at his dramatic stint as an AA member backsliding with a vengeance. Lewis and his fellow drunks feign addiction well enough but clearly prefer two-fisted hamming to hard drinking. ¥¥

•

The smashingly well-acted film version of David Mamet's play ***American Buffalo*** (Samuel Goldwyn), directed by Michael Corrente, is a plotless character study of a heist that never quite happens. Dennis Franz is at the top of his game as Donny, who runs a New York junk shop and is planning to rob a customer who bought a Buffalo nickel for less than its worth. His cohorts are a hustler named Teach (played with more than his usual flash by Dustin Hoffman) and a young gofer (Sean Nelson). Although mostly dialogue with little action, the movie is effectively profane, macho and typically Mamet, though less hypnotic than *Glengarry Glen Ross*. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

American Buffalo (See review) Fine acting in a Mamet drama about tough guys and busted dreams. ¥¥

Beautiful Thing (See review) British schoolboys leave the closet. ¥¥½

Big Night (Reviewed 10/96) Food, fun and family in an Italian eatery. ¥¥¥½

Bitter Sugar (11/96) Young lovers get a taste of life in Castro's Cuba. ¥¥½

Bound (9/96) Mob loot pilfered by a gorgeous, lusty lesbian pair. ¥¥¥

Breaking the Waves (See review) Sexed-up lassie strikes a deal with her paralyzed husband. ¥¥¥

Drunks (See review) Good actors go on a bender pretending to be believable AA cases. ¥¥

Ed's Next Move (11/96) Nice New York edge to a boy-meets-girl story. ¥¥

Extreme Measures (Listed only) Taut, thoughtful thriller with Gene Hackman and Hugh Grant also poses a moral dilemma. ¥¥¥

I'm Not Rappaport (See review) The Broadway play suffers an identity crisis on film. ¥¥

Jude (11/96) Hardy's gloomy classic about doomed lovers is gripping but not a date movie. ¥¥¥

Kansas City (9/96) A mixed bag of vintage jazz and melodrama by Altman. ¥¥¥½

Looking for Richard (See review) Pacino's vividly personal bow to the Bard's evil king. ¥¥¥¥

Michael Collins (11/96) Irish rebels forge a country; Liam Neeson leads a top-notch cast. ¥¥¥½

Palookaville (See review) A deft comedy of errors with three would-be crooks. ¥¥¥

The Proprietor (11/96) Muddled, but France's Jeanne Moreau makes sense of it. ¥¥½

Secrets and Lies (11/96) Ace tearjerker about a single mother and her long-lost daughter won top prize at Cannes. ¥¥¥½

Some Mother's Son (11/96) Wild Irish boys learn to face death during a hunger strike. ¥¥¥

Surviving Picasso (11/96) As Pablo the womanizer, Hopkins scores big. ¥¥¥

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday (See review) Pfeiffer as the late beloved. ¥¥½

Twelfth Night (See review) Shakespeare again in a jolly, stylish romp. ¥¥¥½

Unhook the Stars (See review) Rowlands and Tomei lend lots of sparkle. ¥¥½

The Wife (11/96) A dinner party from hell with two dysfunctional married pairs. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

[Remember the opening scene from 2001 where the apes are stomping around the savanna and then that big black monolith appears out of nowhere and then, somehow, they get the intelligence to use tools?

NewsCatcher monitors the AirMedia Live™ Internet Broadcast Network 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

Headline News Follow breaking news from around the world or just filter the Internet for topics tailored to your specific interests. AirMedia Live draws from such authoritative online news, business, and entertainment sources as *Reuters* and *Knight-Ridder*.

Market Scoreboard NewsCatcher offers a range of financial services including information on the most widely held and actively traded stocks, as well as currency exchange rates. Stay on top of volatile markets 24 hours a day.

Weather Alert Packing for a trip? Tracking a dangerous storm? Or maybe you're just looking for grist to make pleasant conversation? NewsCatcher follows all types of weather conditions by city and state.

Sportsline Follow your favorite teams with AirMedia Live's scoreboards. All major professional and college sports are tracked with updates at game's end or–for the truly hard-core–every few minutes as events happen.*

Alert Panel The Alert Panel docks to your computer screen and notifies you whenever new or updated information or e-mail is received. Clicking on an icon launches the multimedia viewer that displays news according to the preferences you've set.

Services Provided by
AirMedia Live.
Internet Broadcast Network

GLOBAL VILLAGE COMMUNICATION

Global Village was ranked #3 in sales in Business Week's "Hottest of the hot growth companies." For more information, call (800) 948-4547.

* Optional service at an additional charge. ©1996 Global Village Communication, Inc. All rights reserved. The Global Village Communication logo and NewsCatcher are trademarks of Global Village Communication, Inc. AirMedia Live is a trademark of Ex Machina, Inc. All other brand names are the property of their respective owners. Not affiliated with Global Villages, Inc.

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

The **Smothers Brothers** have shared the stage for more than 30 years—but not the same taste in vids. The more worldly-wise Dick (above, left) favors *L.A. Story* and *S.O.B.* ("Tom's in denial, but L.A. is just like that"), while his smartass sib prefers frequent repeats of *Groundhog Day* ("It doesn't matter which part you watch"). Dick likes *The Wedding Banquet* and anything with De Niro (especially *Casino*, in which he cameos); Tom opts for the 1945 version of *State Fair* and all Jimmy Stewart movies ("I liked him even before becoming a professional stutterer myself"). The pair also parts company on the subject of screen vixens. Dick succumbs to the lusty looks of Veronica Lake in *I Married a Witch*, while Tom still has the hots for Virginia Mayo. "I love *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*," he raves. "Virginia turned my little body on at the age of eight." —DAVID STINE

MEALS ON REELS

The holidays mean family feasts, flowing wine and bloated sessions on the couch. What better time to rewind this smorgasbord of food flicks? Pass the popcorn.

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe? (1978): George Segal tries to solve the deaths of Continental cooks who are getting bumped off in the style of their culinary specialties. Deliciously demented, simmered in a zesty laughingstock.

Like Water for Chocolate (1992): Sensuous tale of a young woman (the lovely Lumi Cavazos) dominated by her mother, seduced by her lover and overwhelmed by the passion of her own cooking. Watch it with a partner.

Tampopo (1986): A freeway cowboy helps a diner damsel in distress create the perfect bowl of noodles. Western, samurai and gangster movies get skewered—then roasted—in hilarious helpings.

The Grande Bouffe (1973): Four men (including Marcello Mastroianni and Philippe Noiret) indulge themselves to death in one last orgy of food and sex. A few juicy hors d'oeuvres, but the concept plays better on the menu than on the table.

Babette's Feast (1987): Savory story of expatriate French chef who prepares a sumptuous banquet for two beautiful but poor spinsters and their tiny Danish village. Coq au vin for the soul; Oscar for Best Foreign Film.

Eat Drink Man Woman (1994): Taipei master chef tries to hang on to his three daughters while losing his precious taste buds. Director Ang (*Sense and Sensibility*) Lee serves up a solid story and mouthwatering cooking scenes.

Eating (1990): Director Henry Jaglom's quirky comedy finds an all-female cast gathered at a birthday party, chewing the fat on their favorite subject. Sorry, guys: We play second fiddle to food. Look for Candice Bergen's mother, Frances.

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (1989): Peter Greenaway's sex epic set in a gourmet restaurant has some scenes of haunting beauty (e.g., Helen Mirren without dressing), but others are downright stomach-turning. You have been warned.

Eating Raoul (1982): In Paul Bartel's black comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Bland invite rich swingers to their pad, then kill them. Why? To reduce the pervert population and finance their own restaurant. *Bon appétit.* —REED KIRK RAHLMANN

CLASSY ACTS

The enduring stars of Universal Cinema Classics' latest batch of releases have lost none of their old-Hollywood glamour and style. Keanu, pay attention:

The World in His Arms (1952): Russian countess Ann Blyth falls for sea captain Gregory Peck before she's kidnapped by an evil Russian prince. Anthony Quinn joins the Technicolor race to Alaska.

The Big Clock (1947): Reporter Ray Milland is framed for murdering the mistress of boss Charles Laughton. Terrific noir thriller, later watered down (but sexed up) as Costner's pale *No Way Out*.

Portrait in Black (1960): Frigid shipping magnate is snuffed by bored wife Lana Turner with the help of her hot doctor-lover (Quinn again). Who's threatening to spill the beans? Killer ending.

Souls at Sea (1937): Oceangoing good-guy Gary Cooper decides who lives and dies on sinking pre–Civil War schooner. Bold action and great turns by Cooper, George Zucco and Frances Dee cap a classic swashbuckler. —CHARLIE CATES

LASER FARE

Break out the bathtub gin. ***Vitaphone's 70th Anniversary Celebration*** (MGM/UA) revives more than eight hours of hot Twenties jazz and vaudeville shtick on laser disc. This historic boxed set is the product of UCLA's restoration process, in which the shorts' original sound platters, on shellac, were digitized, then resynchronized to cleaned-up prints of the actual films. Among the collection's gems: Al Jolson in *A Plantation Act* (1926), made one year before *The Jazz Singer*; violinist-singer Russ Columbo, sitting in with Gus Arnheim's Ambassador Hotel Orchestra; and the antic follies of Burns and Allen, Fatty Arbuckle (postscandal) and Baby Rose Marie, "the Child Wonder." —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	***Twister*** (scientists Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton chase tornadoes, dodge flying livestock, etc.; sit close, freak out), ***Mission: Impossible*** (operative Cruise turns avenger when higher-ups eighty-six his team; rewind helps unbaggle the plot).
COMEDY	***The Great White Hype*** (Samuel L. Jackson plays the race card as a Don King-ly promoter; best boxing send-up in years), ***Welcome to the Dollhouse*** (geeky 11-year-old sweetie grows up in hell—New Jersey; painfully sharp satire).
ACTION	***Mulholland Falls*** (Nolte leads renegade Fifties cop squad in L.A.; cinematography and Jennifer Connelly both remarkable), ***Original Gangstas*** (Fred Williamson, Pam Grier and Jim Brown take on their street gang heirs; a righteous gas).
DRAMA	***Primal Fear*** (lawyer Richard Gere defends oddball accused of offing archbishop; nuances play better on small screen), ***Heaven's Prisoners*** (Alec Baldwin taps B-movie murder mystery; reason to rent: Teri Hatcher's full-frontal nudity).
SLEEPER	***Cold Comfort Farm*** (Kate Beckinsale is neatly pressed Londoner reforming bumpkin cousins; clever fun), ***I Shot Andy Warhol*** (Lili Taylor as Sixties feminist who infiltrates Andy's weird circle of friends; sex, drugs and great tunes).

ALIEN LIFE

The next time you catch yourself verbally abusing your computer, remember: It has feelings, too. Or at least it could have, thanks to a new wave of interactive software based on artificial life, which uses computers to re-create biological phenomena. PF. Magic used simple AL principles to develop its popular Dogz and Catz programs (both allow you to tame—and maintain—PC pets). But a new software title from Fujitsu Interactive, *Teo the Magic Planet*, is taking multimedia in a new direction. Using voice recognition in conjunction with AL technology, Teo lets you form a "relationship" with a computer-generated character named Fin Fin. A bit cute (it looks like Flipper with wings), Fin Fin learns your moods (via voice inflection) and responds accordingly. If the tone of your

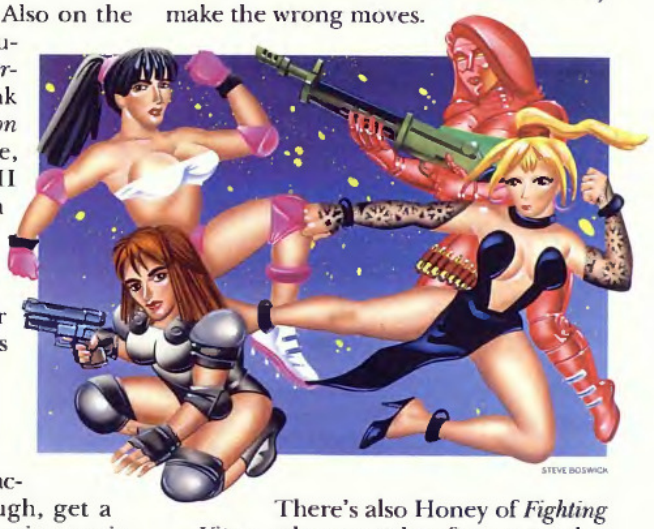
voice is warm and friendly, for example, Fin Fin will sit on a branch and sing for you. If you get angry and raise the decibel level, it'll fly away. The ultimate goal, according to AL researchers, is to have worlds of silicon-based animals and people living—and responding—on our hard drives. Stay tuned.

DTS: THE OTHER SURROUND

Look out Dolby, DTS is headed home. Backed by Steven Spielberg and MCA/Universal, this digital surround audio alternative is used in more movie theaters than rival systems Dolby and Sony combined. Now, in an effort to capture a share of the consumer market, DTS is being built into home-theater electronics and car-stereo gear. As with Dolby Digital (the current leader in laser disc, DVD and HDTV), DTS splits surround signals six ways—to three front channels, to two rear ones and to a subwoofer. But its specialty is reproducing superior surround music, which explains why audio manufacturers such as Counterpoint, Harman Kardon and Krell are supporting the format. DTS gear from these and other manufacturers should arrive this year. Also on the way: DTS recordings by Luciano Pavarotti, an *1812 Overture*, surround remixes of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* and songs by Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder and Boyz II Men. Note: You can build a system that optimizes both Dolby Digital and DTS. Kinergetics offers a dual-format surround decoder priced at $1395, and others are expected to follow.

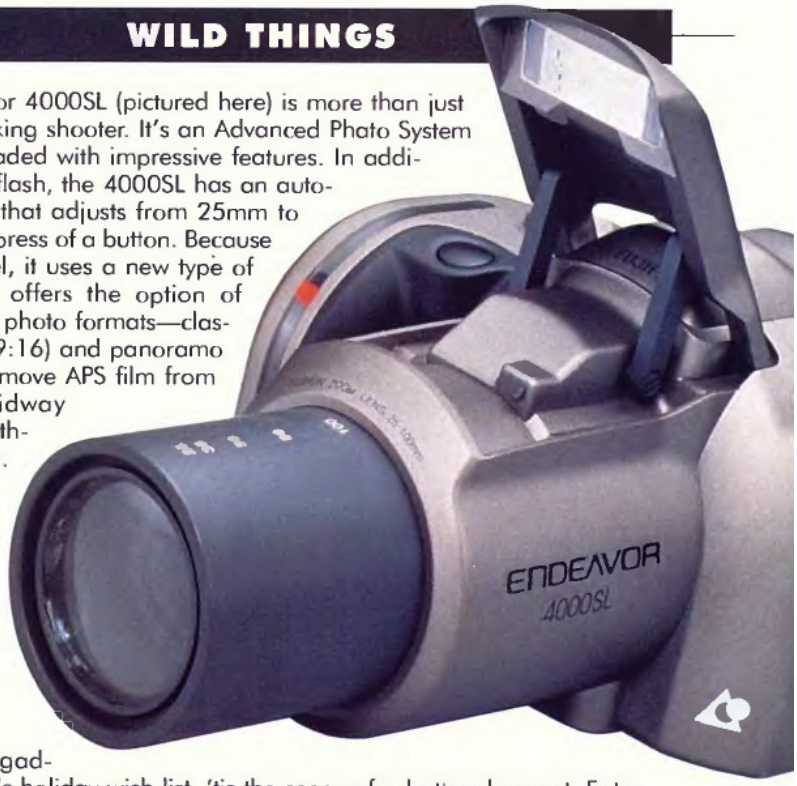
VIRTUAL VIXENS

If you think the female characters in comic books are tough, get a load of the badass babes showing up in video games. Anatomically bodacious with killer moves, many of the female fighters are created with motion capture, recording human movement to render lifelike 3-D characters. Among our favorites is Vallah, the statuesque Nordic warrior in *War Gods*, a new game from Midway Home Entertainment. PLAYBOY model Kerri Hoskins was used to render both Vallah and Sonya Blade of *Mortal Kombat 3*. Sophia of *Battle Arena Toshinden 2* is a Pamela Lee look-alike who whips her nemeses into submission if they make the wrong moves.



There's also Honey of *Fighting Vipers*, who tosses her foes out a skyscraper window—without messing her hair. Kasumi, Tina and Lei Fang, the fighters in Tecmo's new game *Dead or Alive*, are equally detailed. As these vixens demolish their opponents, their breasts bounce like the real things. And Aoi, from *Virtua Fighter 3*, has become a favorite with diehard gamers. Maybe it's the way she smiles and bats her eyelashes after she kills her victims.

WILD THINGS



Fujifilm's Endeavor 4000SL (pictured here) is more than just another slick-looking shooter. It's an Advanced Photo System camera that's loaded with impressive features. In addition to a built-in flash, the 4000SL has an autofocus zoom lens that adjusts from 25mm to 100mm with the press of a button. Because it's an APS model, it uses a new type of 24mm film that offers the option of shooting in three photo formats—classic (2:3), HDTV (9:16) and panoramo (1:3). You can remove APS film from your camera midway through a roll without exposing it. What's more, APS processing technology automatically compensates for inadequate lighting, promising great pictures every time. The price: $850. •

With electronic gadgets on everyone's holiday wish list, 'tis the season for battery burnout. Enter the Eco Charger. This $50 recharger can extend the life of ordinary alkaline batteries tenfold, thereby saving you cash in the long run. Yes, we said "ordinary" batteries, not the NiCad ones that are required by most rechargers. Plus, Eco Charger has an LCD screen that indicates when your batteries are fully juiced. That means no overcharging or undercharging. Stuff that one in your Christmas stocking.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 206.

AMERICA HAS BEEN ASKING FOR IT FOR THIRTY YEARS.

People want two. Audio & video in one Mini System. AIWA introduces the first line of Audio+Video Mini Systems. They turn any stereo TV into a Surround Sound AIWA MiniTheater.™ Any room into a mosh pit. For your nearest AIWA dealer and FREE catalog call 1-800-BUY-AIWA Ext. 504.

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. ©1996 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY. Make responsibility part of your enjoyment. http://www.jimbeam.com

Get in touch with your masculine side.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

JOHN LE CARRÉ considers the fate of the Panama Canal in an unusual new spy thriller titled ***The Tailor of Panama*** (Knopf). This one begins with the recruitment of Harry Pendel, creator of English suits for the gentry of Panama City, by brash young British Intelligence agent Andrew Osnard. From the outset, it's clear that the author is up to something different: Le Carré has written a hilarious send-up of a le Carré spy novel.

Pendel makes clothes for Panama's president, for bankers and drug dealers, for diplomats and American military officers. As these members of the Panamanian elite drop their trousers, they share a few confidences with their tailor. Initially, Osnard pays Pendel well (wads of $50 bills) for his reports about these careless chats. But those at the London office become restless; they want to know more about Japanese plans to grab the canal or the development of a silent opposition to threaten the government, or anything conspiratorial that is worth the money they're paying. Responding to the pressure, Pendel first embellishes his stories and then invents them out of whole cloth, tailoring his fabrications to give them what they want to hear. London reacts with predictable enthusiasm, and the fun begins.

The deep-seated cynicism about geopolitics and espionage in le Carré's previous 15 novels bursts out as black humor in *The Tailor of Panama*, making it a version of *The Mouse That Roared* for post–Cold War operatives.

Sperm Wars: The Science of Sex (Basic Books), by Robin Baker: British evolutionary biologist Baker studies competition among sperm. One of his startling new finds: "killer sperm" that search for and destroy the sperm of other men.

Dancing Queen: A Lusty Look at the American Dream (Owl), by Lisa Carver: A romp through pop culture that includes chapters on Kmart shoppers, Russian leaders as sex objects and a visit to a sadistic beauty parlor.

Leading With My Chin (Harper Collins), by Jay Leno: The story of the comic as a young mensch. At his Boston crash pad, Jay's world featured such unknowns as Billy Crystal, Richard Lewis and Freddie Prinze (who shot the living room wall full of holes). Leno earns his rep for hard work by ending each anecdote with a good—sometimes great—punchline. We like the one about the Playboy Club's shoestring potatoes.

Flappers 2 Rappers: American Youth Slang (Merriam Webster), by Tom Dalzell: From pre-flapper to the counterculture of the beatniks, hippies, Deadheads and hip-hoppers, here's a king-size dose of spectacular vernacular—delivered with fresh flavor.

John le Carré: *Tailor*-made.

Le Carré tailors a send-up, sperm at war and Dave Barry in cyberspace.

Mad as Hell (Putnam), by Mike Lupica: Veteran sports reporter Lupica has written a blistering take-back-the-stadiums manifesto for fans fed up with the greed and gougery surrounding the games they love. Lupica offers a series of realistic recommendations for reform that should have the fat cats of sports running for cover.

Road Trips, Head Trips and Other Car-Crazed Writings (Atlantic), edited by Jean Lindamood: Car journalist Lindamood has assembled a high-octane collection of works about our enduring love affair with the automobile. From David Halberstam's treatise on how the car changed America to P.J. O'Rourke's hilarious commentary as he test-drives a Liberace-class Lincoln Town Car, Lindamood's selections reflect her passion.

Dave Barry in Cyberspace (Crown), by Dave Barry: A self-confessed computer geek, Barry aims his irreverent wit at the digital frontier—and you know which digit he's pointing with. He takes on such topics as unraveling the endless ball of twine that is Windows 95, font addiction (which makes your work look like ransom notes) and, of course, the unlimited drivel available on the Internet.

The Third Twin (Crown), by Ken Follett: This novel links two seemingly disparate events: a fire that was set to facilitate a rape in a women's gym and the discovery of a genetic "impossibility"—identical twins, born weeks apart to different mothers. Together the two events lead to a long-buried secret of gene-cloning protected by some of the most powerful men in Washington.

Bordersnakes (Mysterious Press), by James Crumley: A thriller that meshes the talents of two of Crumley's most memorable gumshoes—Milo Milodragovitch and C.W. Sughrue, both of whom are out for revenge. Milodragovitch is in a lather because a slick banker made off with the money in his father's will; someone shot Sughrue in the belly and left him for dead. When the two join forces in pursuit of their enemies, there's nothing soft-boiled about it.

Deep Atlantic (Knopf), by Richard Ellis: A guided tour of one of the last uncharted frontiers on earth—the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, five miles below the surface. Peter Benchley, Jules Verne and others have used this venue for works of fiction, but Ellis proves that the real-life beasties, large and small, are as bizarre as anything a novelist could imagine.

BOOKMARKS

English novelist **John Gardner** continued the James Bond books when **Ian Fleming** died. Now, after 14 new 007 sagas and two novelizations of movies, he's passing the torch to an American computer-game designer who has never written a novel. **Raymond Benson,** author of *The James Bond Bedside Companion*, will have his first Bond novel out in mid-1997. (PLAYBOY will be publishing Benson's first Bond short story.) The timing is good—the book deals with China's appropriation of Hong Kong. . . . **Whoopi Goldberg** has optioned **Susan Isaacs'** novel *Lily White*. Goldberg will produce and may star. . . . **John Updike** has agreed to edit *The Best American Short Stories of the Century*, to be published in 1999 by Houghton Mifflin. This series, which has been published as an annual anthology since 1915, has showcased the short works of many great American writers. Appropriately, the only writer whose contributions span five decades is Updike himself. . . . Reversing the traditional books-into-movies pattern, two major directors will have novels published next year: **Oliver** (*Platoon*, *Wall Street*) **Stone's** autobiographically tinged *A Child's Night Dream* will be published by St. Martin's. **James** (*The Terminator*, *The Abyss*) **Cameron** dived on the wreck of the *Titanic* and is working on a novel called *Titanic* for Regan Books/Harper Collins. . . . **Robert Halmi Sr.** of Hallmark Productions, who recently produced the **Ted Danson** *Gulliver's Travels*, paid half a million for the rights to George Orwell's *Animal Farm*.

Bloomingdale's

a fragrance for a man or a woman

©1996 Calvin Klein Cosmetic Corporation/ck one® owned by CKIT

MEN

By ASA BABER

If we lived in an even vaguely humane public environment," *Newsweek*'s Joe Klein noted with exaggerated sincerity this past September, "Dick Morris' private tragedy would be strictly off-limits." If Morris did anything with a call girl, wrote Klein, he did it "on his own time and, most likely, with his own money. But we live in a public sewer. 'Stories' are bought and sold. There are no limits."

Welcome to the public-sewage system, Joe. This is where we operate, despite your pose as a sensitive man of the Nineties who is shocked by the intrusiveness of tabloid journalism. Better you should drop the sweetheart stance, because it is time to take a rat's-eye view of Dick Morris, President Clinton's former key political consultant. Morris is fair game for public consumption because his whorish impulses lead many of us to ask fundamental questions about manhood and integrity.

While we are at it, Joe, you may want to confess that we are whores, too. We are freelance writers who sell words and stories for money. As a matter of fact, your novel, *Primary Colors* (which you published anonymously and declined to take responsibility for until forced to do so), made you millions of dollars while it trashed the Clintons and their White House entourage.

So, Joe, I consider you a fellow sewer rat. Now move over, rat rover, because Dick Morris has joined us in our sewer pipe as a writer for hire. He recently signed a $2.5 million book contract with Random House (which he also screwed for money), which means he is in your tax bracket. "I do not want to dignify yellow journalism with a comment," Morris said when first questioned by the media about his numerous problems. But now it looks as if he will be doing some self-serving yellow journalism of his own.

Let's scrape off more barnacles of self-righteousness. For example, some of my friends have been amused at Morris' need to impress the hooker with stories about Bill and Hillary Clinton (a.k.a. the Monster and the Twister). With a hooker, my friends say, sex should be strictly business. Pay her, fuck her and forget her. Why let her listen in on conversations with powerful people? Why the need to pump yourself up?

Men always try to impress women. And to be brutally honest about it, we

JOE TOURNER

WHO'S THE WHORE HERE?

have all paid a lot of money for the women in our lives. I've never dated a woman who wanted to pick up every dinner check, buy all the movie tickets, send all the flowers, give me a car or take me to Paris and Rome for vacation.

In addition, men have to admit that we entertain a promiscuous mind-set from time to time. We are extremely horny creatures, vulnerable to seduction, sexual to the core and eager for female praise. So we cannot afford to get too lofty in our judgments of guys such as Morris. Sherry Rowlands, the 37-year-old hooker Morris hired at $200 an hour, has nice legs, a hard body and an earthy approach to her work. In a weak moment, I could do her. How about you, superstud? Perhaps we should agree that, no matter how many mistresses, hookers and wives the deceptive Richard Morris collects, the reptilian part of our male brains can relate to his wanderlust.

Who are the whores here? In many ways, we all are. Rowlands sold her body and her story, Morris sold his reputation and possibly his soul, Clinton sold his credibility as a man in a job that requires him to be a good judge of character, and writers, publishers, photographers and TV producers sold their products to the highest bidders during the brief Dick Morris media siege.

If lechery and promiscuity are not issues for me, then what is my problem with Morris? Try an eight-letter word called betrayal. That is the reprehensible side of Dick Morris. For most men, he represents one of our biggest concerns—male-to-male, friend-to-friend, brother-to-brother, buddy-to-buddy *betrayal*. Nothing scares us more, yet we are surrounded by it, and Morris reminds us of it.

Our culture practices male-on-male betrayal as an art form. From the corporate suite to the factory floor to the private lodge to the family den, men can screw one another over without apology, restraint or shame. There is precious little community among us, which is a major misfortune of our times.

Granted that by any common definition, Sherry Rowlands betrayed Richard Morris. She took his money, kept a record of his words and behavior, set him up for tabloid exposure and lured him onto a hotel balcony so they could be photographed together. She also voiced a hooker's standard contempt for a john: "Someone as intelligent as he is should have kept his lip buttoned when he unzipped his pants," she said. And then she played to our fears: "But wake up, America. If he told me about confidential matters, who else did he tell?"

But that was a woman betraying a man, and most guys should be prepared for it. Betrayal between the sexes cuts both ways and comes with the territory of love and lust, as both men and women know. But what happens when a man who seems to be a close friend and ally betrays another man? To us, that is unconscionable and wicked.

Tricky Dicky Morris double-crossed Bill Clinton. He was more than a whore. He was a traitor to their collegiality and friendship. He put everything at risk to make himself look good, and he will continue to do so in his book—a book that I will not buy but many will be tempted to.

If this were 1944, and if Dick Morris flapped his loose lips to a hooker about national security matters during World War Two, Morris would probably be charged with treason and placed under threat of a firing squad. To which I say: Oh, for an M-1 rifle, a clip of ammunition and the good old days.

BUILT FOR LAND, SEA AND AIR.

Our Swiss Army® Brand Lancer 200s with screw back and screw-down crown are air tight and water-resistant to 660 feet. Our Lancer 100s are water-resistant to 330 feet. All have rotating bezels and Swiss quartz movements. All steel construction. All steel bracelets and glints of gold.

But remember, only when you see the Swiss Army name on the face do you know you have a real Swiss Army Brand Watch, equipped to live up to our standards.

Built to fight the elements. Below sea. Above ground. And beyond the call of duty.

SWISS ARMY® BRAND

THE SHARPER IMAGE

© 1996 SWISS ARMY BRANDS, INC. 1-800-442-2706

NEW BACARDI® SPICE

AS GOOD AS IT GETS.

RON BACARDI® Spice. Made in Puerto Rico. Bacardi and the bat device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.
©1995 Bacardi Martini U.S.A., Inc., Miami, FL. Rum Specialty 35% Alc. by volume.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've enjoyed the debate you've been having with readers over whether a man can change the taste of his ejaculate. Here's the formula for a "sex shake" that does the trick, invented by a shaman named Harley Swiftdeer. I copied it from a book called *The Clitoral Kiss: A Fun Guide to Oral Sex* and have been using it for a year with no complaints from my wife. Blend the following and drink it one hour before lovemaking: 2 teaspoons honey, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger, ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves and 1 egg. Enjoy!—L.R., Des Moines, Iowa

Isn't that the recipe for eggnog?

My company has initiated random drug tests, which makes me worry about my boyfriend's marijuana use. Is it possible for me to test positive if I swallow his come? I enjoy sucking his dick but do not want to sacrifice my position at work. What about being in the same room or car when he smokes?—C.T., Indianapolis, Indiana

We like a woman who has her priorities straight. While it's possible to test positive after exposure to secondhand marijuana smoke, it's unlikely—even if you're stuck with your boyfriend in a poorly ventilated area for hours the day before you're tested. As for swallowing to finish a blow job, there's no way. That's not to say that other drugs can't be passed on during sex. In one unusual case, a New Jersey dentist argued successfully before a license review board that he had tested positive for cocaine only after it was inadvertently shared with him during sex. The night before he was given a random test at work, his partner rubbed cocaine on her gums without his knowledge. Their lovemaking included passionate kissing, which an expert testified could have transferred the coke to the man's mouth, putting just enough in his bloodstream to raise a red flag in the lab.

Some women have told me that I'm a good kisser, while others have said I'm not. What makes a good kiss?—W.W., Newport News, Virginia

Many women judge a man's lovemaking skills by the quality of his kissing—as well they should. If you can't seduce her lips, what can she expect for the rest of her body? In general, a sensual kiss should probe but not intrude, linger but not overstay its welcome. We like the description offered by a European gigolo interviewed by Susan Crain Bakos for her book "Sexational Secrets": "(1) Kiss the inside of the woman's wrist first. You will feel her pulse, which will heat your lips. (2) Brush your lips across hers lightly. Pull back. Take her face in your

hands. Put your lips on hers and press gently as you look into her eyes. (3) Devote several minutes to exploring her lips one at a time. Your kisses should be light, playful, teasing. (4) Close your eyes and kiss her passionately." From there he moves to her neck, elbows, breasts, thighs and elsewhere—for two hours. (The Better Sex Bureau has no complaints on file.) If you're short on time, consult William Cane's "The Art of Kissing" for simple but sexy variations.

In response to the reader who wrote concerning the causes of vaginal odor: A girlfriend of mine had an overpowering odor I could barely stand. After six months the topic finally came up and she told me she once smelled like lilacs. To defend herself against an abusive boyfriend she had started taking large doses of castor oil, fish oils and herbal products that reputedly enhanced her "female energies." The resulting odor repelled uninvited cunnilingus (his favorite activity in bed) and eventually helped end the relationship. She further claimed she could change her vaginal odor back to lilacs. Unfortunately, we broke up before I could find out if that was true. What do you make of this?—D.B., Phoenix, Arizona

We can think of easier ways to end a relationship, especially since no one should wait for an abuser to leave (they usually don't). Not only that, castor oil can be harmful. And although you don't say what dose of fish oils she was ingesting, they can raise blood sugar levels. Studies have shown that high-calorie diets or diets high in sugar may alter the acidic pH of the vagina. That can lead to infections, some types of which cause odor. Because your ex never went back to lilacs, we can only conclude she didn't like you much better than she liked the last guy.

Can you find out if you're HIV-positive without going to a clinic or the doctor?—L.A., Chicago, Illinois

The Food and Drug Administration recently approved the first private blood-sample collection kits to test for HIV-1. After purchasing a kit for $40 to $50, you prick your finger with a lancet and mail the blood sample to a lab. After seven business days, you can phone a toll-free number and, using a code included in the kit, access your results. It's impersonal, perhaps, but also anonymous. (Both kits currently on the market, Confide and Home Access, include private counseling and referrals by phone.) Many pharmacies now carry the kits, or you can order Confide by phoning 800-843-8378 or a three-day express version of Home Access by phoning 800-448-8378.

I sympathize with the gentleman who wrote in October to say he had trouble finding his girlfriend's clitoris. I used to have the same problem. Then one evening I decided to use my tongue to map my wife's vulva. I began gently spreading her labia with my fingers and thumbs, then licking her upward from the perineum, across the vaginal opening, between the parted labia, over the clitoris and up the clitoral shaft. She went crazy, so I did it again, bottom to top, one long slow stroke. I found that by using her inner lips to guide the tip of my tongue, I could follow them like the banks of a river until they came together at the top, where her clitoris was quivering expectantly. After a few more strokes, I stayed put, giving her clit a few feathery strokes and then licking it more firmly with the tip of my tongue. Needless to say, I've had no trouble finding it since.—S.C., Boston, Massachusetts

Thanks for the tip. You're the Lewis and Clark of cunnilingus.

When I fly I sometimes see signs that read, "The U.S. Secretary of Transportation has determined that the airport in [some foreign city] does not maintain and carry out effective airport security measures." Should I be concerned, or is it just bureaucratic necessity?—B.N., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Since 1986, the Federal Aviation Administration has assessed security measures at some 250 foreign airports from which planes depart for the U.S. Makes sense, right? If a nation doesn't make the grade, the agency first gives it a chance to improve security. If it ignores these polite suggestions, the FAA posts notices at all U.S. airports and on tickets. The sign you saw was probably for

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

Lagos, which has failed inspection since 1992. The FAA also assesses air safety regulators in about 100 nations. That's not to say the airlines operating there are unsafe, just that their version of the FAA may not be up to par. If that's the case, airlines in the country are forbidden from flying their planes into the U.S. Among those currently banned are Haiti and Suriname.

I was pleased to read your response in August to the man who asked about cosmetic penis enlargement surgery. As you said, the risks to health are not worth the superficial increase in manliness. However, many PLAYBOY models have undergone risky surgery to enlarge their breasts. So on the one hand you tell men to forgo enlargement, and on the other you encourage women to have it. How do you justify this?—J.C., Memphis, Tennessee

To say that PLAYBOY encourages women to get breast implants is like arguing that "Food & Wine" inspires obesity. What's more, you're comparing melons and bananas. Yes, some women have bad experiences with implants, and many try to improve on something that doesn't need improving. We've said before and will say again that a woman should never have breast implants because a lover requests it (he may leave; the boobs stay). As with any surgery, she should also be educated about the risks. But unlike penis enlargements, which have serious and immediate dangers, there is no evidence that implants cause health problems on the scale claimed in courtrooms.

What is a "Marine crease"?—T.R., Honolulu, Hawaii

To pass inspection, Marines crease their uniform trousers down the middle of each leg, front and back, sharp as razor wire. "It's a lot sharper than anything the Army does," boasts one Marine. "We also crease our shirts, three in front and two in back." Down, boys! A common technique is to apply wax along the creases on the inside of the pants, let it harden, then iron.

In November you mentioned that some men are multiorgasmic. Is that a natural or learned trait?—P.R., New York, New York

It's learned, but not easily. Sexual sages have been describing how men can experience orgasm without ejaculating (and stay hard) for almost as long as there's been sex. They all offer the same basic advice: Improve your concentration skills, focus on your breathing, strengthen your pubococcygeus (the muscle that controls urination) with Kegel exercises, press hard between your anus and scrotum when you feel yourself coming and grunt. Whatever happened to thinking about baseball? The idea is that because orgasm and ejaculation are separate physical processes, you can isolate them with the proper work ethic, or at least not make such a mess. After much practice, some men become quite good at it. Others explode.

My wife and I are expecting our first grandchild next month. I have heard the expression about "laying down port" when he is born. My wife also says that Paul Reiser's character on *Mad About You* drinks port on his birthday and contemplates life. Are these traditions related?—D.T., Vancouver, British Columbia

Yes. Reiser's character sips port once a year and looks back on his life (reruns?) on the advice of his grandfather. Perhaps your grandson will do the same someday. The custom of "laying down port" in a dark, cool cellar (55 to 60 degrees) after a child or grandchild's birth began among members of the British upper class in the early 18th century. They would store a "pipe" (approximately 138 gallons) for each newborn son with the idea that it could be sold when the boy reached adulthood (sort of a liquid trust). Unless you have a huge cellar, one or two bottles and a good mutual fund will suffice. Vintage ports from 1994, which reach the market next year, are already being compared to the best wines of the century: 1928, 1931, 1948, 1963 and 1977. Some excellent ports were bottled in 1991 and 1992 as well. Vintage port from an outstanding year will peak at 20 or 25 years—about the time a young man begins sipping rather than quaffing his drinks.

Last night I was taking a shower and decided to trim my bikini line. I invited my boyfriend to watch, and he asked me to shave it all. I agreed but asked him to shave too. We both felt shy about our newly shorn privates, so we ran into the bedroom and dived under the covers. We touched each other for a few minutes before engaging in oral sex. He was enthusiastic and I came quickly. He got on top of me and we had the most incredible intercourse. It tingled all over the shaved area and we both came ferociously. What made this smooth sex feel so good?—R.B., College Station, Texas

Any time you put less between you and a lover, it feels better. The skin beneath all those coarse curlies is very sensitive, as you discovered, and eliminating the risk of pubic hairs in the mouth can do wonders for anyone's enthusiasm. But by now you've discovered the downside of shaving: The hair grows back, and the itch is exasperating. That means you either shave regularly or suffer through its return and next time use blunt-tip scissors to trim it close.

I've been hearing about a new pill for men who have trouble achieving erections. Can you fill me in?—K.K., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

So to speak. Men who seek treatment for impotence—which can usually be traced to vascular problems, disease (such as diabetes), smoking, prostate surgery, anxiety or certain prescription drugs—are often given the unfortunate choice of injection therapy or handheld vacuum pumps. Besides being unpleasant, both methods create false erections—that is, aroused or not, you force your penis to fill with blood. The advantage of the pills now being developed is that they help the body create natural erections—you must become aroused or they have no effect. An impotence pill is also taken only when needed, 15 minutes to an hour before sex. Some of the more promising candidates for FDA approval include Vasomax and Viagra. In one study of Vasomax (in development by a Texas company whose investors include Ross Perot), 50 percent of 103 men who took the pill 15 to 30 minutes before sex reported improvement. In another with Viagra, 89 percent of 351 men whose impotence couldn't be traced to any one cause reported a threefold improvement in their abilities when taking a 50 milligram dose. Other methods are being studied as well. A California company is pushing for approval of a drug system in which a tiny disposable applicator is placed into the tip of the penis to release medication that increases the flow of blood. The "British Medical Journal" reported on a topical cream that seems to help erections along—but haven't we known that for years?

I love women's panties, and I've saved two or three from every girlfriend I've had. My new lover found my collection in the closet and got angry. I explained that they were only mementos, but she says it's strange. Is this normal?—T.T., Trenton, New Jersey

Her reaction or your collection? Her reaction isn't unusual—gauge your own when you stumble across her Fruit of the Loom shrine. Whether your collection is normal is a matter of perspective. To the person who saves photographs or love letters, it's offbeat; to the woman who asks each of her lovers to ejaculate into a jar, it's downright quaint. The more important question is whether these panties are the focus of your memories. If so, it could indicate that the relationships revolved exclusively around sex—good reason for your girlfriend to be concerned. We'd all like to be remembered for more than our underwear.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's new book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

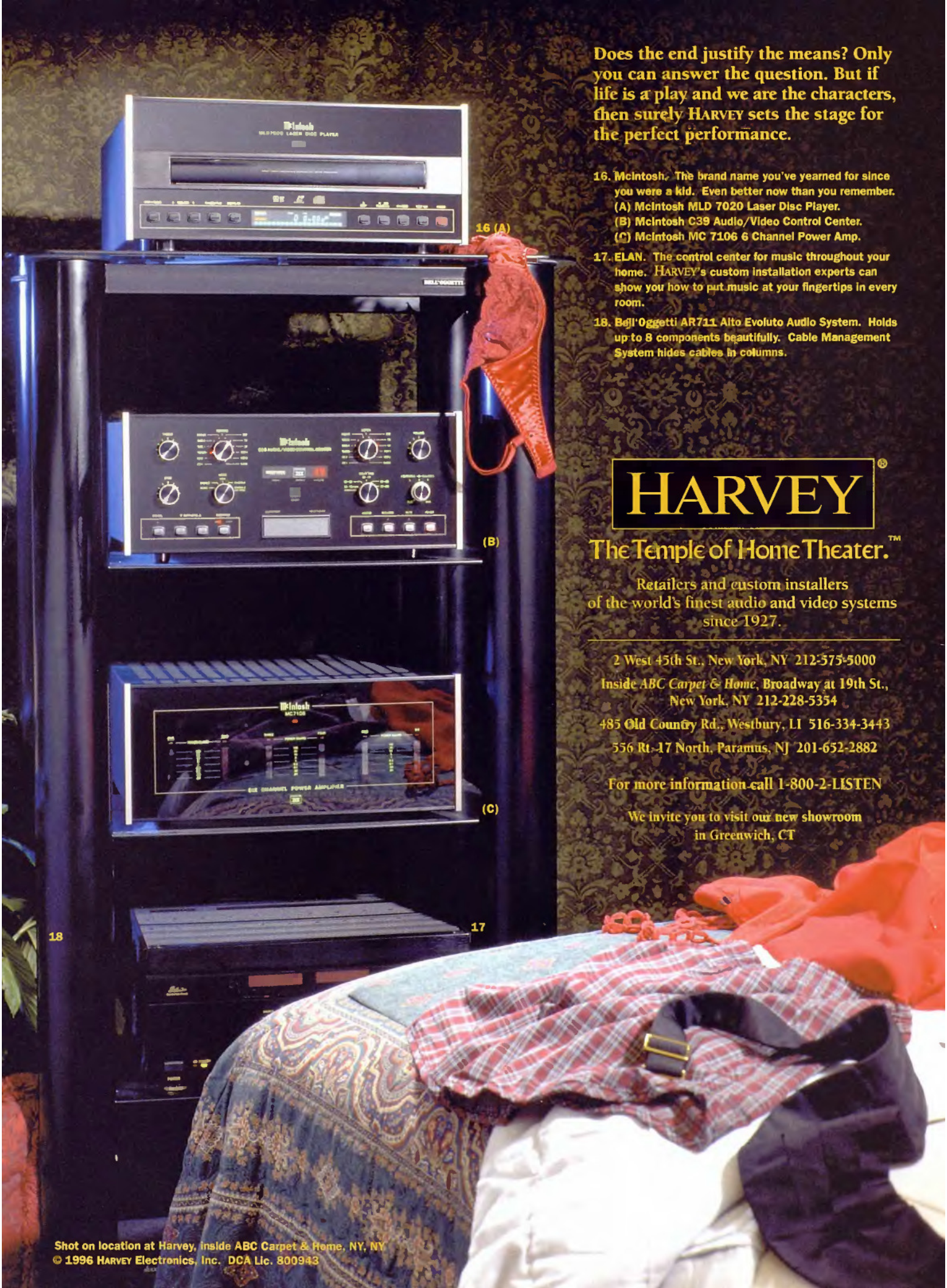
Setting The Stage.

Lights...dim. Camera...the imagery. Action? Maybe, if you remember your Cyrano de Bergerac. It has been said a man's home is his castle. And HARVEY®, The Temple of Home Theater™ enables you to create an atmosphere bathed in sight and sound. A private world where dreams come true. A place where you become the master of your universe.

1. **The Concertino Speaker from Sonus Faber. From the Italian craftsman's great love of violin making come speakers so perfect in touch, feel and sound, they have been called works of art. Matching speaker stands available.**
2. **Grado SR80 Headphone. Retro look, modern comfort. Listen for hours without the annoyance of "ear burn."**

Visit HARVEY. Speak to the Home Theater experts. Tell HARVEY about yourself and your home. Then listen to the advice you'll receive. Only at HARVEY will you truly experience perfection in home theater and entertainment products designed and engineered to enhance your precious moments of relaxation. Yes, technology is an art form, and items called mere components by some become valuable objects of craftsmanship.
3
4
5
6
7
8
9 (A)
(B)
(C)
SONY

3. Infinity Prelude Center Channel Speaker. Two decades of superior research have created the most desirable speaker systems for home theater.
4. Sony 32" Trinitron®. Sleek, advanced V-series design with picture-in-picture, and full stereo sound.
5. Bang & Olufsen BEOCOM 1600 Phone. Audio speaker sound quality in your choice of red, blue, green, white or black.
6. The Theatre Collection by CWD. Woodstock II Entertainment Unit Plus Encores. Available in five standard plus optional finishes.
7. Sony SLV-760HF VCR. VHS, Hi-Fi stereo. With AutoClock™ and VCR Plus+®, it makes programming as easy as dialing a phone number.
8. PANAMAX MAX 1000+ Surge Suppressor and AC Power Line Conditioner. Sequential turn-on device ensures best sonic performance. Eliminates pops and clicks.
9. Adcom. User friendly components that are technologically advanced. (A) GCD 700 CD Changer, (B) GTP 600 Home Theater Pre Amp Tuner, (C) GFA 6000 5 Channel Home Theater Power Amp.
10. Bang & Olufsen BeoSound 9000 CD Changer with optional stand. Awesome. Matching speakers not pictured.
11. Proton WT 3650 Widescreen TV. The ultimate home theater experience. See movies the way they were meant to be viewed.
12. Bell'Oggetti AVS-780 Jordano AV Stand. The name that means "beautiful objects" in Italian. Home theater and entertainment furniture systems worthy of your finest components.
13. Marantz LV 520 Laser Disc Combi-Player. Plays laser disc as well as CDs. Features auto reverse playback so you can view both sides without getting up.
14. Infinity Overture 3 Speaker. Built-in powered sub-woofer eliminates the need for additional bulky speakers. The slim profile and striking good looks only hint at the revolutionary design within.
15. Marantz RC 2000 Universal Remote. A learning remote control *Stereophile Magazine* calls "*The remote of the gods.*" Stores more than 400 learned and built-in commands.



Does the end justify the means? Only you can answer the question. But if life is a play and we are the characters, then surely HARVEY sets the stage for the perfect performance.

16. **McIntosh.** The brand name you've yearned for since you were a kid. Even better now than you remember.
(A) McIntosh MLD 7020 Laser Disc Player.
(B) McIntosh C39 Audio/Video Control Center.
(C) McIntosh MC 7106 6 Channel Power Amp.

17. **ELAN.** The control center for music throughout your home. HARVEY's custom installation experts can show you how to put music at your fingertips in every room.

18. **Bell'Oggetti AR711 Alto Evoluto Audio System.** Holds up to 8 components beautifully. Cable Management System hides cables in columns.

HARVEY®

The Temple of Home Theater.™

Retailers and custom installers
of the world's finest audio and video systems
since 1927.

2 West 45th St., New York, NY 212-575-5000

Inside *ABC Carpet & Home*, Broadway at 19th St.,
New York, NY 212-228-5354

485 Old Country Rd., Westbury, LI 516-334-3443

556 Rt. 17 North, Paramus, NJ 201-652-2882

For more information call 1-800-2-LISTEN

We invite you to visit our new showroom
in Greenwich, CT

Shot on location at Harvey, inside ABC Carpet & Home, NY, NY

© 1996 HARVEY Electronics, Inc. DCA Lic. 800943

SEX HAPPENS

how do college students decide when to have sex?

"The last time I had sex was in my dorm room with my lover. We didn't plan to have sex then. We were just kissing and playing with each other and he got the most beautiful hard-on. I just figured it shouldn't go to waste, so I pulled him on top of me. It made me feel kind of special because I had initiated the whole thing." (Female, 20)

"I was with my boyfriend of six years. We were alone for the weekend. It was a Sunday, around four P.M. I had just taken a shower. I had on a tight T-shirt and it turned my boyfriend on. We had sex in my parents' bed because it was close. I felt sexy and excited that I could arouse my boyfriend in the middle of the afternoon." (Female, 20)

"I had gone over to see his new Corvette and we just started having sex. He said the miniskirt I was wearing turned him on. He carried me into his bedroom. We like to do it there, because he has a sliding closet door that's mirrored. It didn't last long because we both had somewhere we had to be, but it was still great." (Female, 21)

"The last time I had sex was on a beach in Puerto Vallarta: I met him on Saturday, went dancing and drinking Sunday night, went back to the hotel, went out to the beach, got in the water, began kissing and undressing each other, tried intercourse in the water (ouch!), moved to the sand, missionary, then me on my stomach with him on me (rear entry), strangers come to beach, back in water, swim to other side of rocks, rear-entry sex leaning against rocks, get dressed, kiss goodnight. He goes back to his room and I go to mine. Perfect end to a great vacation. Felt good, but we didn't use condoms so I need to get tested for HIV." (Female, 27)

OK, class, time for a pop quiz. Look at the above anecdotes. When did the sex begin? When she saw his erection, or when she reached for him? When she took a shower and put on the T-shirt, or when she knew that she would have the house to herself? When he saw the miniskirt, or when she put it on? When he bought the Corvette or when he invited her over? When she went to Puerto Vallarta or when she started drinking? When was consent given?

We asked college students at a dozen universities to describe their most recent sex act. We wondered how they made sexual decisions—when, for example, they said "Yes"—or

for the James Joyce students, when they said "Yes, yes, yes."

What we found took us by surprise. On campus, sex is rarely, if ever, premeditated. To paraphrase a famous bumper sticker, sex happens.

It starts in high school. Almost half of the students said they did not expect to lose their virginity when they did. That same lack of planning seems to cross over to college dating.

Consider the following. We asked students, "After a sociable evening together, if someone invites you back to their room or apartment, do you take that as a sign of sexual interest?" Thirty-eight percent of the men and 44 percent of the women thought so. The rest thought the act was innocent or were unsure. In college, where architecture serves two purposes, we noticed how many study sessions turned into make-out sessions, to the surprise of one of the partners.

We asked, "How do you usually decide if you are going to have sex with a new partner?" Only nine percent of the guys and 13 percent of the women knew beforehand that they were going to have sex. A third of the men and two thirds of the women said they knew by "how well the evening goes, by the vibe in the air."

Fully two thirds of the men said they make the decision by judging how their partners respond to advances. In other words, the date has already turned physical and/or they are using foreplay to determine if the woman wants sex.

We assume that the following woman's boyfriend had no doubt about how well the evening was going: "Well, we started necking and things slowly progressed. He carried me to his bed and slowly peeled off my clothes. I responded by tearing off his clothes. We fiercely began kissing, touching and fondling each other. He kissed my neck, stomach and inner thighs, and then he began to eat me out. Next thing I know, I'm lying on top of him, my back to his chest. He thrust his body against mine and rubbed my clitoris ever so gently. Then I'm screaming and moaning like crazy. We orgasm simultaneously."

We asked students how they could tell that a person might be a good

By JAMES R. PETERSEN and MARTY KLEIN

sexual partner. The most frequently cited reason was "how he or she kisses" (67 percent of the men and 83 percent of the women gave this answer). One woman observed: "If you can't stand the way they kiss, you know the relationship will not work out."

Many of our college students, particularly those in steady relationships, created rituals that led to touching. Waking up to sex after a night spent just sleeping together, after cuddling on a couch in front of the television or after taking a shower or bath together were the most frequently cited launchpads. One 25-year-old male described such an encounter: "We started kissing each other in the shower, and then we had intercourse while standing up in the shower. After toweling off, we went to the bedroom and performed oral sex on each other until we had both reached an orgasm. Next we kissed each other and fondled each other's bodies. I kissed her in various places on her body, especially her nipples and feet. After about 20 minutes of kissing we had intercourse again."

There is plenty of touching going on: 38 percent of the men and 31 percent of the women had spent more than two hours necking, petting or making out—without intercourse occurring—at some point in their lives. Another third had spent at least an hour on the couch with a partner without moving on to the main event. Those statistics are dry: The answers to our essay questions suggest that for every couple that goes to the brink and stops, there are others who say, To hell with it, let's fuck.

"We were watching the basketball game when he began to fondle me," said one 21-year-old coed. "We got into making out and heavy petting. After about half an hour of that I gave him a massage with flavored warming massage oil. I put oil on his penis and began fellatio. Once he was fully aroused I straddled him (which is my favorite position) and rode him for two orgasms."

For students who were single and dating around, parties and proximity were the preludes to sex. As one male told us, "The last time I had sex was about two months ago at a party at my apartment. It was with a girl whom I had met at the party and known for less than 15 minutes. I had a lot to drink, and we ended up having sex two times over the course of the night. I ended up sobering up and regretting what I had done. I also ended up sleeping in a separate room—away from the girl."

The popular sweatshirt says it all: College is a bar with a $20,000 cover charge. Alcohol plays a major role in college sex—50 percent of the guys and 38 percent of the women said they had used alcohol to lower inhibitions. Men were twice as likely as women to mention alcohol in their descriptions of the most recent time they had sex.

Although alcohol plays a part in many sexual decisions, most students act on more obvious urges. Given a list of reasons to have sex, the overwhelming favorite was simply "I was horny" (cited by more than 89 percent of men and women). The next most frequently cited reason was "I wanted to please my partner" (given by three quarters of the men and women). Next in line was pure physical attraction (61 percent of men and 50 percent of women).

"We talked it over, and discussed who our past lovers were. I put on a condom and we had sex."

One of the most striking differences between men and women is the time that must pass before they consider sex. A third of the men would consider sex after one date (only six percent of the women were that receptive). Almost a third of the men said they'd consider sex after two or three dates; only ten percent of the women thought so. Women, it seems, start to think that sex is a vibe in the air after weeks of dating (30 percent) or months (43 percent). This is a recipe for mixed signals and mixed emotions.

Said one woman who didn't know how to say no, "In each of my three relationships, I had sex because my partner initiated it after a period of time when I thought it was expected of me. Then after having sex with the partner, I felt it wasn't right to, and I decided not to again."

Many students, such as this 20-year-old male, expressed confusion at the pace: "We kissed for about half an hour. Slowly, the clothes began to come off. We started to dry fuck for about half an hour. Then when we thought about having sex, we weren't sure if we should. We talked it over, and discussed who our past lovers were. I put on a condom and we had sex. It felt good, but it was a little weird. I had been seeing her for only about a week."

We found a handful of encounters where something resembling explicit consent was given:

"I had been watching a movie with a friend of mine whom I had secretly had a crush on for a couple of weeks," said a 20-year-old woman. "We had been flirting for most of the evening and had started holding hands when we decided to go get a bite to eat. When we got back we cuddled for the longest time and then we started kissing. We talked for a couple of hours before cuddling up and going to sleep. We both woke up a couple of hours later and started kissing. Then he went down on me and we started kissing more, so I asked him if I should get a condom. He must have asked me about ten times before we made love if I was absolutely sure that's what I wanted. That was a month ago and our friendship has grown so much—we've never been so close as we are now."

We came right out and asked: Have you ever had sex with someone and later thought that it qualified as date rape? The majority (89 percent of the men and 69 percent of the women) could give an unqualified no. Twenty-one percent of the women (but only three percent of the men) gave a clear yes. About the same percentage of women said that acquaintances had forced them to have sex—but almost a third said they continued to date the person. (Six percent of the men said they had been forced to have sex.) These are troubling figures.

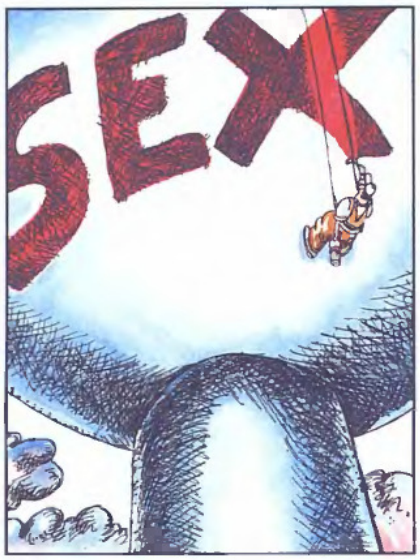
There was abundant evidence that spontaneous sex could be fantastic—but the adverse consequences of a few of these encounters made us rethink the recipe. It seems that current notions of sex and sexuality are infused with gender politics. College students thus avoid the semblance of planned sex for fear of being accused of treating their partners as sex objects. Under those circumstances, the most common decision, evidently, is to make no decision at all.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TOWERING LIBIDO

SUSSEX, WISCONSIN—*The phones rang off the hook at the village hall after workers painting the Sussex water tower completed only three letters before calling it a*



day. Parents expressed concern about explaining the giant SEX *to their children. "Most callers that night were not in good humor," admits the village administrator. "Callers the next day were in a better mood."*

ONLINE JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Hackers altered the Department of Justice's online page to protest a law outlawing indecency on the Internet. The vandals changed the agency's name to the "Department of Injustice" and added a photo of Hitler and a flag bearing a swastika. The new page also included a fake photo of a topless Jennifer ("Friends") Aniston and the message "This page is in violation of the Communications Decency Act." The site was shut down for a weekend while it was repaired.*

SQUAWKING RIGHTS

LAKE COUNTY, MINNESOTA—*The Department of Natural Resources overruled the county's request to change the name of Squaw Creek to Politically Correct Creek after state legislators banned the word on geographic landmarks. The town of Squaw Lake was more accommodating, rechristening its namesake Nature's Lake. Legislators passed the law after high school students taking an Indian culture class told them that squaw is a French corruption of an Iroquois epithet for vagina.*

BAPTISM WRONGS

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS—*Police investigated an independent Baptist church following complaints that members had baptised area children after enticing them with promises of pizza and games. According to authorities, congregants drove buses to two Cambridge public housing projects, passed out leaflets to lure children aboard, then drove to the church for a two-hour service and full-submersion baptisms.*

AIDS UPDATE

LOS ANGELES—*A nine-year study of gay men with HIV found that those who hide their sexuality die sooner than those who are open about it. Those who said they were more in the closet than out were diagnosed with AIDS from 18 months to two years sooner than those openly gay.*

NEW YORK—*Two studies provide strong evidence that Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer that afflicts 20 percent of AIDS patients, may be caused by a sexually transmitted herpes virus and is distinct from HIV. If the findings are supported by more research, scientists believe a treatment could be developed to prevent Kaposi's sarcoma.*

CHASTITY MYTH

LONDON—*An assault on the virtue of chastity belts is under way. Two academics in Britain claim the devices never existed before being manufactured as novelty items during the 19th century, and several British museums have removed their "Renaissance" relics from display. One historian told the "London Times" that "it is unlikely belts were anything but a handy gag for burlesque writers," while another surmised they were invented by French satirists.*

PAYING THE PRICE

ALBUQUERQUE—*City officials have launched a program to charge inmates convicted of misdemeanors $40 a day for putting them up (room service included). The idea is catching on. Laws in at least six other states allow jailers to charge fees, and last year the U.S. Attorney General ordered new residents at federal prisons to ante up $21,352—the estimated cost of one year behind bars. How do inmates pay? In some places, they work it off.*

HATE MAKES NOISE

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS—*A federal judge denied a petition by a group of parents to end a photo exhibit in the town's elementary schools. The exhibit, "Love Makes a Family," consists of 20 black-and-white photographs of gay and lesbian parents and their children, along with text in which they discuss their lives. The protesting parents felt the exhibit was inappropriate for young children and that it promoted "political advocacy of homosexual rights," their attorney told reporters. The exhibit caused similar controversy when it was displayed at an elementary school in Madison, Wisconsin.*

THE NATURE OF MAN

BALTIMORE—*Researchers are learning more about the effects of testosterone on men. Most recently, a study at Johns Hopkins University suggests that the hormone can influence spatial and verbal skills. The researchers found that 11 men with low testosterone had a more difficult time with spatial exercises but performed 25 percent better on sentence construction*

problems than men with normal levels. Another, larger study involving 4000 men by a researcher at Penn State University found that the higher a man's testosterone level, the less likely he is to get married. If he does marry, he is more likely to divorce.

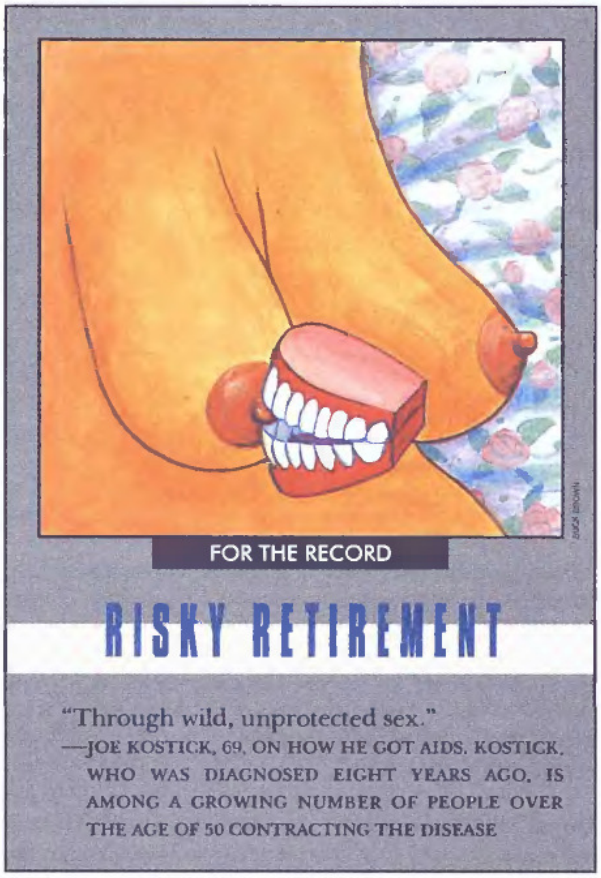
ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

PLAYBOY AT WAR

I commend you for your stand against the Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996 ("Playboy at War," *The Playboy Forum*, September). I just wish your argument had gone beyond the right to read sexually explicit materials. What enrages me about this proposal is not that the magazines won't be allowed on base but that the government is messing with my freedom of expression. This bill will start the military down the road to blanket censorship. The next step is the total elimination of sexually explicit materials from service members' possession (in the interest, of course, of military readiness). The issue here is so much larger than whether or not a PX should sell PLAYBOY. It is whether or not the rights of military members are negotiable and whether we are American citizens with all the rights and privileges thereof, or political prisoners with shackles on our freedom.

Chris Barili
Tokyo, Japan


FOR THE RECORD
RISKY RETIREMENT
"Through wild, unprotected sex."
—JOE KOSTICK, 69, ON HOW HE GOT AIDS. KOSTICK, WHO WAS DIAGNOSED EIGHT YEARS AGO, IS AMONG A GROWING NUMBER OF PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 50 CONTRACTING THE DISEASE

The thought of restricting the right of enlisted personnel to read certain publications makes my blood boil. What are these men and women serving for if not to defend the freedoms we all hold so dear? PLAYBOY has always been fair and evenhanded in its treatment of the military man and woman, and it deserves the same respect from us. Write your congressmen and let's have it out.

Lance Mertz
Ward Cove, Arkansas

Adult magazines in no way affect our military readiness. What do are the heavy cuts Congress is proposing to balance the budget. Spending time and money trying to pass legislation to clean up the military, cable television and the Internet is a waste.

Matt Tonkin
Ogden, Utah

We give up a lot to defend our country (e.g., freedom of speech) when we enlist in the military. With the exception of wartime situations, we don't get much respect or appreciation. So what's one more thing to give up. I mean, it's not like we've done anything to deserve to read PLAYBOY, like fight in the desert, jungle, sea and air in order to protect the U.S. Go figure.

James Jackson
Indianapolis, Indiana

I'm so glad to be in the Canadian army—PLAYBOY sure came in handy when I pulled a shift at a bunker in Somalia. The visual aids were helpful to me, especially during the latter part of my six-month tour. Oh, yes, the articles were good too!

Chris Spence
GFB Gagetown, New Brunswick

I am amazed that our government worries so much about petty issues. Banning pornography should not even be an issue. Pin-ups in the military are very much a part of America's heritage. What kept up the morale of soldiers throughout World War Two and Vietnam was that picture of the girl next door. The troops may not be with their families or receive letters every day, but they always have PLAYBOY. As a woman, I have never found PLAYBOY offensive, and if the military recruits can find enjoyment admiring one of my sisters, it makes me proud.

Adele Green
Muncie, Indiana

Is it necessary to treat those who serve in the armed forces like children? I am against removing PLAYBOY and similar adult magazines from the military exchanges. One of the arguments I've heard in favor of banning PLAYBOY is that children could be exposed to adult images when soldiers stand at the racks and rip open the plastic coverings of the magazines. Censorship is not the solution to that problem. Those who purchase such publications on base need to be more sensitive to the concerns of military parents and not read the magazines at the rack.

Clayton Smith
Dallas, Texas

It is very sad to read something as ridiculous as Representative Robert Dornan's proposed censorship bill. What is in his feeble mind that he would have the time to dream up something like this? Let the government clean out its own closet and leave the rest of the world alone.

Larry Hodge
Riverside, California

The federal government subsidizes all products sold at military installations. If the fed is subsidizing it, that means the taxpayers are paying for it. Which is worse: forcing servicemen to leave a base to buy their pornography or forcing people who morally oppose pornography to pay for it with their tax dollars?

Heather Wilson
Malibu, California

PLAYBOY *is not subsidized by the federal government.*

Don't Bob Dornan and his cronies have anything better to do than screw with the minds of our men in uniform? My son and I are Army veterans, and we believe that having PLAYBOY or similar reading material is not detrimental

RESPONSE

to our fighting ability. Tell the congressmen to spend their time reducing our taxes, finding a cure for cancer and AIDS and relieving the plight of the poor and homeless—not rolling over for the ultrareligious, ultraconservative right.

Nick Sakellarion
Orange, California

There will always be prudish people who don't understand how important, just for the sake of morale, a magazine like yours is in a combat situation. I am a Vietnam vet and remember the many days PLAYBOY reminded me what all of us in uniform were fighting for. Stick to your principles and keep fighting those who probably haven't even read the magazine.

Jerry Korn
San Marcos, California

I did a tour of duty in the Navy in the mid-Eighties, and often our ship would pull out for six, eight or ten weeks at a time. I didn't have a wife or girlfriend back home writing to me, but that didn't mean the mail was any less important. I had a subscription to PLAYBOY. I appreciated that the beautiful women and the articles kept me in touch with what was going on Stateside. Thank you for a wonderful magazine. I will certainly be writing my congressman.

Randall Blanchard
Fresno, California

Thank you for your excellent article on the military. GIs are fed the most horrible food on earth and are forced to contend with mosquitoes, primitive sanitation facilities and sleeping in the mud. Soldiers in Vietnam were exposed to Agent Orange, strange diseases, fevers of unknown origin and parasites. One of the few things that kept the guys going was mail from home and that rare bit of beauty they could look forward to in PLAYBOY. The jerks in Congress are out of line. Give 'em hell, guys.

Thomas Hulsey
Denver, Colorado

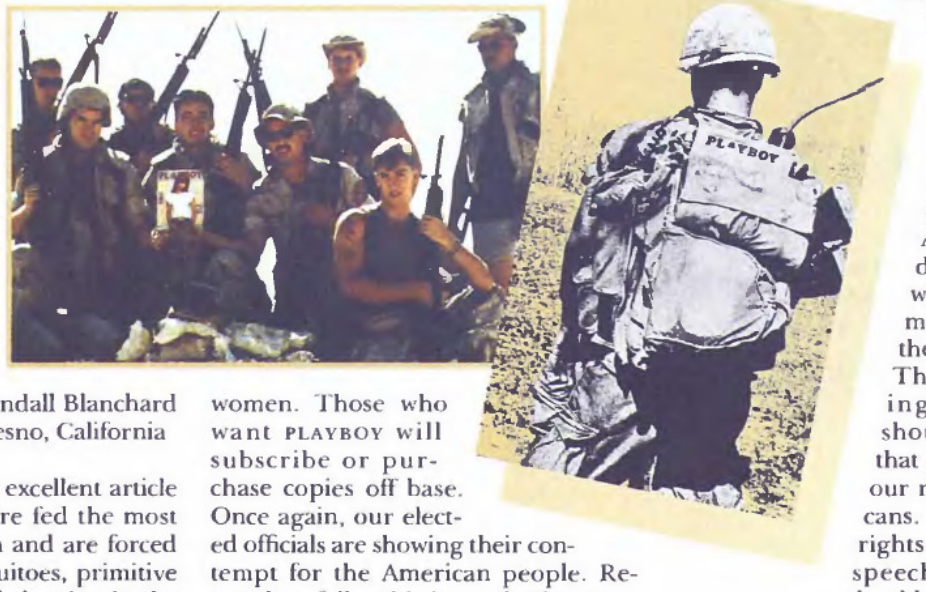
I served in the military from 1980 to 1993 and spent time in Honduras, Grenada, Panama and Saudi Arabia. In all four countries we had PLAYBOY. It helped us forget where we were. I can't think of a better tribute to a magazine than that. PLAYBOY has been with the troops since its inception, and it would be a shame to deprive them of the magazine now.

Jack Driggers
Harrisburg, North Carolina

PLAYBOY is entertainment for men. Since we send men to godforsaken parts of the world as international police, why not treat them like men and allow them to read the magazines that will make life away from home a bit more tolerable?

Howie York
Monterey, California

I'm thoroughly disgusted with the politicians shoving family values down our throats. What will they accomplish with this bill? Heaven forbid that grown men look at nude women. Those who want PLAYBOY will subscribe or purchase copies off base. Once again, our elected officials are showing their contempt for the American people. Remember, folks, this is an election year. Mr. Smith won't go back to Washington if my vote stands for anything.



James Misson
Lakehurst, New Jersey

Our country's leaders either have too much time on their hands or have lost perspective on why they were elected to office. The time has come for these politicians to get their priorities straight, get this country back on its feet and get their hands out of pubic hairs they can only dream about.

Milton Velez
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I don't know how Congress could even consider taking adult magazines out of the PXs. Many times an adult magazine is just something to keep a soldier alert when he's working all night in a guard shack in the middle of nowhere. These politicians should go out into the world and work in the kind of hell soldiers often must endure. These guys don't have a lot to look forward to besides some reading material with a few pictures thrown in. A little hope like that can get a soldier through bad days.

Kay Weeber
Cleveland, Ohio

I served four years in the Army and most likely would have reenlisted had it not been for the unfairness and injustice I encountered. The proposed ban on adult magazines is one of the most recent examples. The majority of the people complaining about pornography in the military are not in the military. Moreover, life in the Army today is different from when most of the men making these laws served. Those complaining the loudest should remember that soldiers defend our rights as Americans. One of those rights is freedom of speech. If anybody should enjoy this right it is those of us who protect it.

Marcos Rodriguez
Clearwater, Florida

IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER

I'd like to thank PLAYBOY for its continuing coverage of the prosecutions of comic book professionals for selling so-called obscene material ("Comics Under Fire," *The Playboy Forum*, September). It seems clear that these cases

exist largely because of the imprecise language of the 1973 Supreme Court decision on obscenity. With no workable definition of community standards, the lack of definition itself becomes a license to persecute.

The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund is working to preserve the right of free choice—the right of comic book distributors to choose what books they distribute, the right of artists and writers to create what they choose, the right of stores to choose what they display and sell and the right of adult customers to buy and read what they want.

The comic book industry is waging a war against censorship and arbitrary restraint at all levels of jurisdiction. As with any war, the fight is expensive. Since 1989 the nonprofit defense fund has paid more than $225,000 in legal fees to protect the First Amendment rights of comic book professionals. This money has been raised through special events at

comic book stores and shows around the country, as well as through individual donations, most recently from PLAYBOY readers inspired by your article. Thank you.

S.J. Alston
Executive Director
Comic Book Legal Defense Fund
Northampton, Maine

I am grateful that PLAYBOY and other periodicals have taken an interest in the politically motivated prosecution of my clients, comic book store owners John Hunter and Michael Kennedy. Unfortunately, a great deal of damage has already been done. As you reported, my clients have been forced to close the doors of their business. In the months following the preliminary hearing, we have had some success in reducing the number and the type of charges. As it stands, two felony counts of trafficking in obscene material and one misdemeanor count of keeping for sale obscene material remain.

It should come as no surprise that the charge of possession of child pornography was dropped by the state of Oklahoma. It should have been unthinkable to any competent lawyer that such a charge could have been filed in the first place. The charge was based upon a depiction of "a spawn of Satan having sex with a male character." Our statute clearly states that to convict someone for the offense of possession of child pornography the artist must use a human being under the age of 18 as a subject.

The spawn in *The Devil's Angel*—a cartoon character—could not be mistaken for human. An infant cannot walk upright or talk within moments of birth. The character depicted in *The Devil's Angel* also had the power to bring statuary to life with its gaze. To this day I have yet to hear of any child possessing this quality. Fictitious characters are not susceptible to dignitary harm or exploitation. The state has soiled the reputations of two businessmen who have done nothing to warrant the treatment that was accorded them. The inclusion of a child pornography charge in the state's original information leaves me wondering whether the Oklahoma County District Attorney's Office is seeking justice, as its lawyers are ethically required to do, or merely seeking headlines.

It is important that PLAYBOY and other publications devoted to the protection of our right to freedom of expression continue to expose the agenda of such groups as Oklahomans for Children and Families.

C.S. Thornton
Volunteer attorney for the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

SAFE SEX

News about possible AIDS cures, protease inhibitors, decreased viral loads and pharmaceutical cocktails prompted a variety of reactions. AIDS patients, community activists and health care professionals alike latched on to the possibility of a breakthrough against the elusive virus. Others, not so easily persuaded, continue to urge caution. One example, a letter from Richard Morse to the editor of the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*, presented the following top ten reasons to keep practicing safe sex:

(10) Your liver can't tolerate anything more toxic than aspirin.

(9) Some patients showed little or no response to these new wonder drugs. Will you?

(8) Regimented meal-planning around 20 pills a day—some of which must be taken on an empty stomach, others on a full one—is annoying.

(7) Missing one dose because of time constraints, dementia or simple forgetfulness may result in the development of drug-resistant strains of the human immunodeficiency virus.

(6) You would rather spend $200—the cost of one "viral load" test, a necessary part of any new therapy—on a latex condom and a hustler (escort, masseuse, trainer, whatever).

(5) Side effects (cirrhosis, abdominal pain, peripheral neuropathy, acid regurgitation, anxiety disorder, fatigue and diarrhea) may disrupt your lifestyle.

(4) You have neither health insurance nor ready access to $10,000 (the annual cost of AIDS treatments).

(3) Remissive effects of protease inhibitors could prove short-lived (remember how excited everyone got when AZT was announced?).

(2) Sometimes it's OK to be "negative."

And the number one reason to continue having safer sex: AIDS isn't over.

THE ETHICAL VOICE

how we acquire virtue

By TED C. FISHMAN

My father ran a small architecture firm in Chicago that specialized in public projects. One night at dinner he mentioned an attempted bribe. A state aide had stopped by his office to suggest that a certain sum of money might increase contracts. Dad said he turned the aide away rudely. I asked my father recently if he remembered the aide's visit 30 years ago. "Why should I?" he said, surprised. "It was a normal, everyday thing. People are always trying to weasel money."

Resisting that particular weasel may be obliterated from his memory, but it stays etched in mine. Ironically, good deeds that seem simple or inconsequential to those who make them are often the acts that resonate most deeply with others. I was struck by this fact in an obituary that appeared this past June for federal appeals judge Elbert Tuttle.

Tuttle wasn't the country's most well-known lawyer or judge; his fame will never approach that of the *Court TV* stars. Yet aside from Supreme Court justices, Tuttle is probably the most important judicial figure in the nation's long march toward full rights for minorities.

As a child Tuttle lived briefly in Washington, D.C. There, while sitting on the porch of his family's house with his mother, he noticed a black woman waiting alone at a bus stop. Two city buses passed her without stopping. Tuttle's mother, on seeing this, put on her hat, walked to the bus stop and stood with the woman. The next bus stopped, the stranger boarded and Tuttle's mother returned to her seat on the porch. She said nothing and never brought up the matter afterward. Tuttle never forgot it.

In July there was news of an $11 million donation to Bryn Mawr College bequeathed by a man most thought had nothing to give.

Harvey Wexler lived in a one-bedroom apartment in Washington, D.C. and never showed off his wealth. Yet he had a deep-seated belief that money should be given where it can do the most good. Wexler attributed his generosity to his father. During a bank panic in 1933, the five-year-old Wexler watched as his father fought to keep his bank open. He never forgot the image of his father on a tall stool, directing tellers to give people the money they asked for when no other bank in town would.

Tuttle and Wexler firmed their moral fiber after seeing their parents struggle with important issues. As a culture, we seem to be hoping for a similar transfer of virtue. Our would-be leaders talk of "family values" and "politics of virtue," at the same time bemoaning a loss of virtue and suggesting programs to correct that loss. They invoke lists of noble traits, as though all that were needed was a daily recitation of the Boy Scout oath. These same leaders struck the words

tolerance and personal conscience from the Republican platform. Far from restoring the moral universe to glorious black-and-white, public crusades add pale shades to difficult choices.

I picked up William Bennett's *The Book of Virtues*, no small feat considering the 825-page anthology weighs more than the brains of six saints. Bennett, a devout conservative, has guarded the public's virtue on several fronts, serving variously as the country's "drug czar" and its secretary of education. Now he is vying for a place at the nation's hearths with his collection of instructional stories, all picked, he says, to illustrate "the dos and don'ts of life with others."

Most of the stories hark back to the days when instructive prose rewarded good children with sweets and God's grace, and bad ones with mutilation. I sat down to read the book to my children, with the intention of having them tell me the moral of each story as I finished it. After reading several of the stories over a week, I began to sense that the lasting memory my children would take away from the sessions was of a prude boring the hell out of them. Or worse, of me as a stern moralist. Times Square is full of runaways whose parents taught them right from wrong through books and sermons.

The debate over family values misses the point—the active force is "family," not "values." We learn from role models, not from rote.

Recently I went shopping with my son at one of those outlet malls that line the roads of most vacation towns. At a brand-name outlet for children's clothes, I picked out a basketball jersey and shorts, an outfit he had been angling for for weeks. When I asked him to try it on, he asked if the clothes were made by children like him. Puzzled, I asked why. He had remembered a short conversation, full of momentary outrage, that my wife and I had about Kathie Lee Gifford's Wal-Mart problems, particularly about the children in foreign sweatshops.

My son had recalled my reaction and took it to heart. His decision about the clothes hinged on how he understood my conviction. I felt lucky. My son was allowing me an opportunity to follow through on my own best standards. I read him the label, and sure enough, the shirt came from Honduras, where kids work long days in crappy garment plants for pennies.

I suggested we look for something else. My voice as a father was doing for my son what my own father's voice had done for me my entire life. Harvey Wexler had it almost right: It's not that moral lessons can't be taught, it's that to learn them you must be a little haunted.

KNOW YOUR BANKER

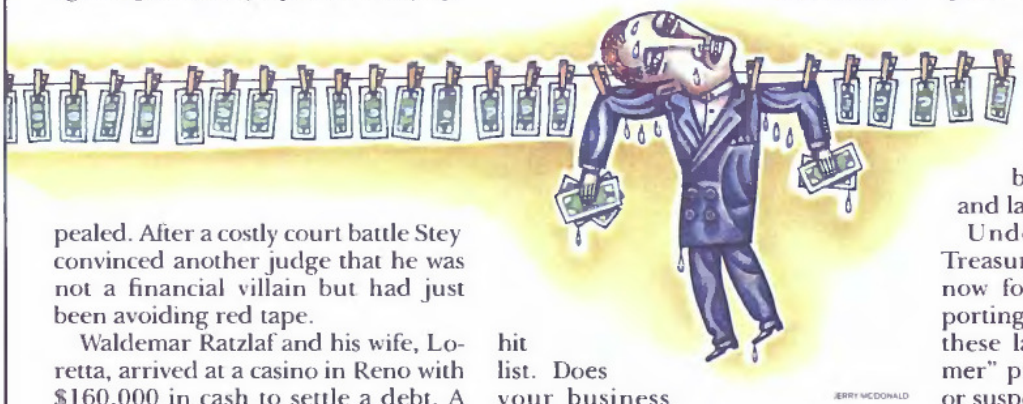
he may be working for big brother

By James Bovard

When Rose Miller entered a nursing home at the age of 82, she gave her savings to her nephews to pay for her health care. One of the nephews, James Stey, checked with a lawyer, who advised that he deposit the money into several banks in amounts less than $10,000 to avoid having to fill out a cash transaction report. It seemed like a simple way to preserve the family's fiscal privacy and respect his aunt's reservations about banks.

The cash was completely legal—the result of years of thrift. There were no allegations of tax fraud.

Federal prosecutors accused the nephew of structuring—which can be an indication of money laundering—and confiscated more than $60,000 in cash. A federal judge returned two thirds of the money to the other nephews but let the seizure stand against James Stey's portion. Stey appealed. After a costly court battle Stey convinced another judge that he was not a financial villain but had just been avoiding red tape.



JERRY MCDONALD

Waldemar Ratzlaf and his wife, Loretta, arrived at a casino in Reno with $160,000 in cash to settle a debt. A manager told them the casino could avoid filing a cash transaction report if they got cashier's checks of less than $10,000 each. The Ratzlafs rode in a casino limo to various banks, where they bought the required checks. The feds convicted the Ratzlafs of structuring and sentenced Waldemar Ratzlaf to 15 months in prison.

That case made it to the Supreme Court. In 1994 Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, writing for the majority, ruled that not all attempts to hide money from the government's watchful eye are "nefarious." Henceforth, the government would have to pay greater attention to the letter of the law, which says that for an act to be criminal, the government must show "willfulness"—i.e., the person must know he is violating the law.

These victims were snared by a little-known law that requires banks to file a cash transaction report on funds of more than $10,000. The Money Laundering Control Act of 1986 made bankers and businessmen unofficial narcs. They must report anyone who tries to circumvent the law by "structuring payments" in smaller amounts. The government defined cash as coins, bills, cashier's checks, certified checks, money orders, gold and silver and even traveler's checks. More than 10 million cash transaction reports are filed each year; in 1993 regulators reviewed 63,536 of them as "suspicious."

Did you buy a house and go to the closing with a large cashier's check? You are on the government's hit list. Does your business regularly—or irregularly—produce checks for more than $5000? You may be a blip on someone's screen in Washington. Designed to catch drug dealers, federal laundering laws have also criminalized innocent people who handle large amounts of cash. In the same way that drug-courier profiles presume that nearly every airline traveler is a smuggler, dirty-money laws say that nearly every citizen with an unusual cash flow should be classified as a potential drug trafficker.

For nine months an undercover agent showed up regularly at a Chicago currency exchange owned by Jerry Tufano. She asked him to convert hundreds of thousands of dollars into money orders—none of them exceeding $10,000—so no CTRs would have to be filed. The agent may have been "posing" as a drug dealer, but during Tufano's trial she admitted that she didn't use the word drug until well into the sting, and that the one time she said it in front of Tufano she dropped her voice.

The jury found Tufano not guilty.

How rare is such an errant sting? The U.S. Sentencing Commission estimates that some 90 percent of money-laundering convictions not involving criminal profits have been achieved via stings.

One would hope that following the Supreme Court's stern rebuke, the feds would have corrected their ways. They did, but not in the manner you might imagine. The IRS and the Justice Department pressured Congress into enacting the 1994 Money Laundering Suppression Act. The law simply removed the "willfulness" requirement, making it easier to convict people who have no idea they are breaking the law. Treasury Undersecretary Ronald Noble proclaimed that the legislation would "further the growing partnership between the banking industry and law enforcement."

Under rules developed by the Treasury Department, banks must now follow Suspicious Activity Reporting Requirements. The feds call these laws the "Know Your Customer" program. Does the bank know or suspect the money stems from illegal activity? Does the customer receive wire transfers from overseas accounts? Does he regularly deposit large amounts of cash? Does a transaction appear to be out of the ordinary, not part of the customer's normal pattern of deposits? If the bank knows of "no reasonable explanation for the transaction" yet fails to make a report, it faces sanctions. To facilitate reporting, the government streamlined the forms, combining criminal referrals with suspicious-activity reports, and provided the software for filing them with several government agencies simultaneously.

The feds also send out useful alerts on suspicious ethnic groups—is your customer possibly a member of an Asian gang? Of West African descent?

Big Brother is watching you—and your money.

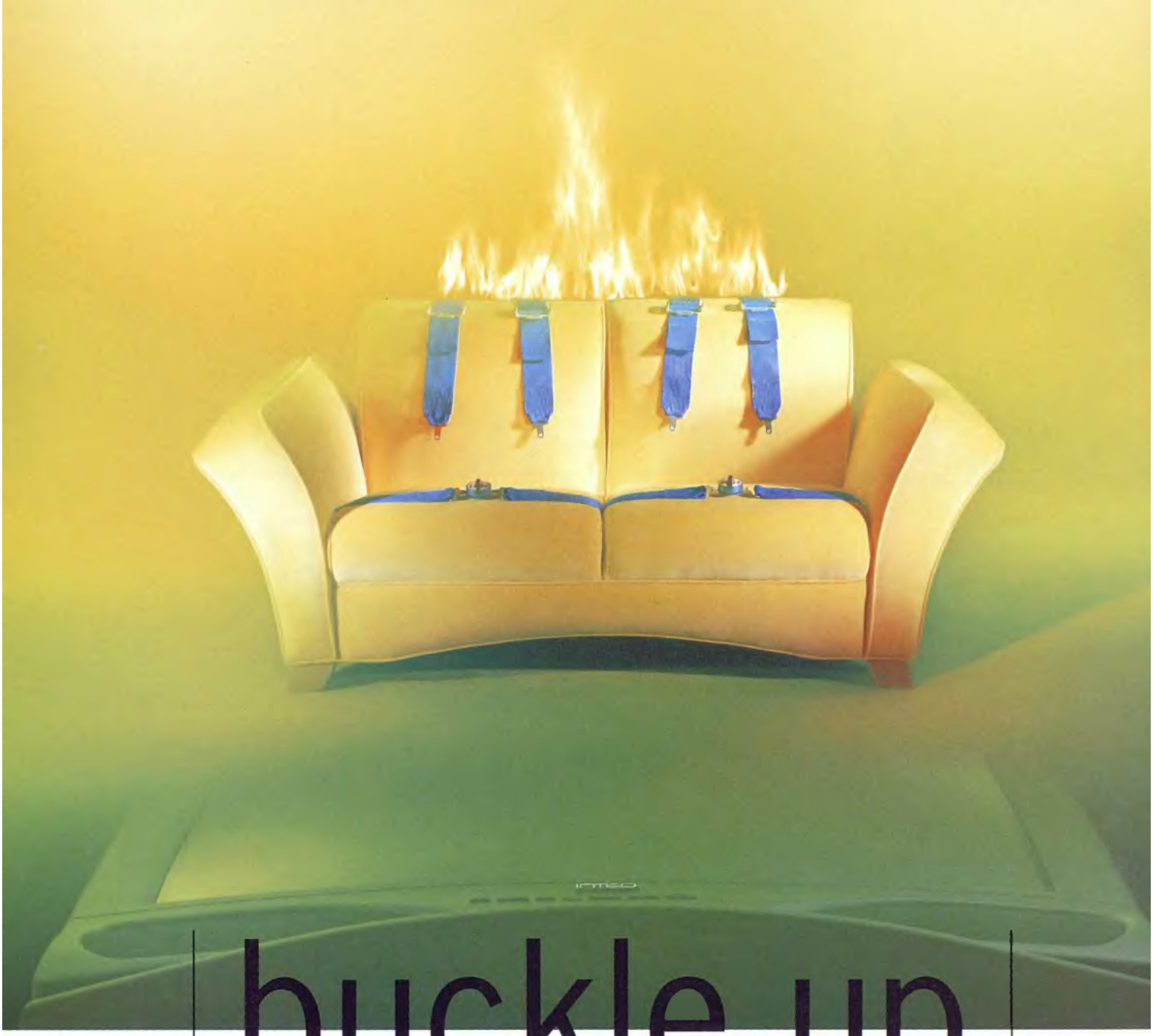
Its natural habitat is under a tree.

WILD TURKEY

101 PROOF, REAL KENTUCKY.

True quality is too good to gobble. Enjoy it in moderation.

To send a gift of Wild Turkey® 101 proof anywhere,* call 1-800-BE-THERE. *Except where prohibited. Wild Turkey Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 50.5% Alc./Vol. (101°). Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY. ©1996 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.



buckle up

Experience an Inteq entertainment machine. It's the most convincing argument to date for seat belts on sofas.

INTEQ

FULL FRONTAL ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUR HEAD

Get off your couch. Call 1-888-FRONTAL or check out www.inteqtv.com for dealers and details.

4 0096 09 #

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE WALLACE

a candid conversation with the grand inquisitor of "60 minutes" about ambush interviews, his wives, depression and the art of the grill

Mike Wallace scoops a handful of water from a washbasin at his vacation home on Martha's Vineyard. Running it through his silver-streaked hair, he says, "There, you see? Doesn't it look black?"

"Darker," admits his visitor.

The water trick is Wallace's little concession to a senior citizen's vanity. At 78, the master interrogator of American television has only recently begun to turn gray. He swears on the heads of his four wives, three children and ten grandchildren that he has never dyed his hair, something some friends find hard to believe.

Then again, there's much about Wallace that taxes the imagination: that he's been on television for nearly half a century; that he's appeared on "60 Minutes" since the day it started in 1968; that he is still considered by some to be America's toughest interviewer, as he zigzags the globe, grilling politicians and entertainers, saints and sinners, kings and con men. Over the years, Wallace has parried with the likes of Malcolm X, Luciano Pavarotti, Louis Farrakhan, Barbra Streisand, Yasir Arafat, Henry Kissinger, Vladimir Horowitz, Martina Navratilova, the Ayatollah Khomeini and Oprah Winfrey. He has also gone head-to-head with various heads of state, including the Shah of Iran, King Hussein, Deng Xiaoping, Anwar Sadat and presidents Reagan and Carter and their wives.

Wallace doesn't chase only the well known. He's as comfortable busting a shady Texas businessman as he is calling Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadžić a "war criminal" to his face. He practically invented hard-hitting investigative TV journalism, thanks to his willingness to put any question to anyone at any time. The hidden camera and so-called ambush interview were staples of Wallace's early "60 Minutes" segments.

"Most interviewers have an embarrassment ceiling," said the late CBS News executive Bill Leonard. "But Mike is totally unafraid."

Today, with more than a year left on his CBS contract, Wallace sees no reason to slow the frantic pace of helping to create, week after week, the network's top-rated broadcast and the world's most popular public affairs show ("60 Minutes" ranks in the top ten).

Of late, however, the road has gotten bumpy for Wallace. In recent years he has been upbraided, embarrassed or both for staging a hidden-camera interview in his own office (the taped encounter was with a camera-shy journalist who was actually trying to help him), for semipublic dustups with colleagues and for an intemperate tirade against former White House press secretary Marlin Fitzwater, who had written unflattering remarks about him in his autobiography.

But, most famously, Wallace took the fall for CBS' decision in late 1995 not to air his exclusive interview with Jeffrey Wigand, the former tobacco company vice president who blew the whistle on his ex-bosses. The embarrassment to Wallace and "60 Minutes" was compounded when the "New York Daily News" and "The Wall Street Journal" ran detailed stories about Wallace's unused interview. Playing catch-up, "60 Minutes" finally ran the piece—three months later.

In the aftermath of the incident there was speculation that the show had lost its edge. The network's previous loss of NFL football plus eight key affiliates to Rupert Murdoch's Fox Television Network convinced some critics—and competitors—that the show's quarter-century lock on the Sunday night primetime audience was at last weakening.

Last spring, NBC shoved its successful "Dateline NBC" magazine show into Sunday's seven P.M. slot. With Jane Pauley and Stone Phillips anchoring, the peacock network hoped to peel off the younger end of Wallace's audience. Don Hewitt, the executive producer of "60 Minutes" and the

"Sometimes I have a foul mouth, but people in the office respect that. They say, 'He may be a pain, but that's Mike.' Anyway, I'm such an old bugger by now that they figure, What the hell. Let him do whatever he does."

"Connie Chung did the right thing. Gingrich's mother is hardly stupid. She was used to scrutiny. There were cameras in the room. Were she a little old lady who didn't know her way around, it would have been different."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIO ROSE

"It triggered a clinical depression. When you pick up the paper every morning and read that you are a thief, a liar, a murderer, it makes you feel lower than a snake's belly. Every insecurity I ever had took over."

show's iron hand, counterpunched by bringing in outside correspondents and fresh summertime material, instead of airing the usual reruns. The changes paid off. By the time the fall season approached, Hewitt's indefatigable cash cow (the show earns at least $20 million a year for CBS) was once again holding firm in the top-ten position it has occupied for 18 years.

Mike Wallace was born Myron Leon Wallace on May 9, 1918, to Russian Jewish immigrant parents in the Boston suburb of Brookline, Massachusetts. The neighborhood was, as Wallace calls it, an "O'Connor and Goldberg town," an Irish-Jewish enclave of the newly arrived and upwardly mobile. The Wallaces' neighbors down the street were Joe and Rose Kennedy, whose second son, John Fitzgerald, was born one year before Wallace. Another neighbor, Harry Dickson, who later became conductor of the Boston Pops and the father-in-law of future governor Michael Dukakis, was Wallace's violin teacher.

A decent fiddler and a fair tennis player (he was concertmaster of the Brookline High School symphony and captain of its tennis team), Wallace was nonetheless drawn to a career in broadcasting. Severe acne made him seek the darkened solitude of the recording studio, where he could be heard but not seen. It didn't take long for Wallace to discover that his voice was more of a gift than his forehand. Graduating in 1939 from the University of Michigan, he landed his first radio job in Grand Rapids, then Detroit, where he was used as an all-purpose announcer to introduce news shows, bring on "The Green Hornet" and occasionally summon up "The Lone Ranger." He married Norma "Kappy" Kaphan when he was 22, and his first son, Peter, was born in 1942, shortly before Wallace joined the Navy and shipped out for the Pacific.

After the war, Wallace divorced, but not before having a second son, Chris (now a chief correspondent on ABC's "Prime Time Live" and substitute host on "Nightline"). Knocking around the burgeoning Chicago broadcasting scene, Wallace met and interviewed—then courted and married—a stage star named Buff Cobb, with whom he launched a husband-and-wife TV comedy show, "Mike and Buff." Lured to New York, the couple was broadcast nationally on CBS, but the marriage began to crumble.

After a short stint on Broadway—Wallace played an art dealer in a comedy called "Reclining Figure"—he finally found the niche that would forever define his broadcast persona. Ensconced on an all-black set—suited more to a police interrogation than to an interview program—Wallace waved a fuming cigarette at his guests and soon became TV's first tough-as-nails cross-examiner. The show, "Night Beat," earned its host the reputation as a guy who would ask any question—no matter how insulting. Among his earliest guests was a budding young magazine publisher named Hugh Hefner. On that segment, Wallace called Hefner's star vehicle, PLAYBOY, *a "high-class dirty book," adding that its presentation of sex was "sniggering," "lascivious" and "certainly not a healthy approach to sex—you wouldn't suggest that?" (This time Wallace got as good as he gave. "I would not only suggest that," Hefner responded, smiling, "I would say it rather strongly: We consider it a pretty healthy attitude.")*

Wallace also took on freelance broadcast assignments and made a handsome living. But when his son Peter was killed in a 1962 hiking accident in Greece, the grief-stricken father decided to change his life. Despite a significant decrease in income, Wallace stopped doing commercials and entertainment work and implored CBS to give him a news job. By 1968 he was a senior correspondent for the network, covering the resurrected presidential ambitions of Richard Nixon, who tried—unsuccessfully—to hire Wallace as his press secretary.

Wallace's reputation as a pit-bull interviewer endured, and shortly after the 1968 election he was recruited for a new "magazine show" called "60 Minutes." The show's rambunctious executive producer, Don Hewitt, needed a tough guy to play against the easygoing charm of the show's other correspondent, Harry Reasoner. The show debuted on September 24, 1968. More than 1300 broadcasts later, it's still a hit.

I indulged in overkill. I exceeded common sense. When I saw it on the air, I thought, Why you pious, self-righteous horse's ass!

We sent **Peter Ross Range**, *a veteran of seven "Playboy Interviews," to catch up with Wallace, first in New York, then at Wallace's vacation home on Martha's Vineyard. Wallace is no stranger to the "Playboy Interview," having previously been both a subject (the "60 Minutes" team, March 1985) and an interviewer (Jimmy Hoffa, November 1963).*

Here is Range's report:

"When Mike Wallace first came down the hall toward me in his apartment on New York's Upper East Side, I was struck by his slimness—quite different from the sometimes frumpy figure he cuts on TV. It also became apparent why he's still ticking so loudly after all these years: He's a disciplined eater who plays tennis every day in the summer, weekly in the winter. His restless energy makes him a pacer in the office as well as on the court. He credits his healthful diet to his third wife, Lorraine, who 'fed me nuts and raisins for 28 years.'

"While Wallace lives and works in New York, his heart—and future resting place—is on Martha's Vineyard, the island he's been visiting since he was a boy. There he spends languid summer days with his best buddies: humorist Art Buchwald, writer William Styron, theater director Robert Brustein, academic Sheldon Hackney. Together this East Coast rat pack have bought plots for themselves and their wives in a beautiful, tiny cemetery just 200 yards down the road from Wallace's sprawling summerhouse overlooking Vineyard Haven harbor.

"Naturally, I was nervous about interviewing the ultimate interviewer. Suppose he turned the tables? Suppose he barked at me? But the true impact of facing Wallace dawned on me one day at a New York tennis club, when, between games, one of his friends asked me what it was like to interview the master. For a second I was at a loss to answer—but then found myself saying, 'It's easy.' That's when I realized that Wallace, whose personal manner is much gentler than the one seen on TV (except when he's arguing a line call in tennis), had put me so much at ease that I'd forgotten to be daunted by him.

"We did, however, begin our conversation with a discussion of his notoriously hard-hitting style."

PLAYBOY: You're a tough interviewer. Where did that come from?

WALLACE: When Don Hewitt thought up *60 Minutes* in 1968, he got Harry Reasoner as his correspondent. But since Harry was such a nice guy, Hewitt realized he needed someone to play "black hat" to Harry's "white hat."

PLAYBOY: Why you?

WALLACE: I had already gained a reputation on a show called *Night Beat* as a guy who wasn't afraid to ask the abrasive question.

PLAYBOY: But you seem like a sweet guy in person. Where does the bulldog come from?

WALLACE: This is a role, truly. It's a role I enjoy—a reportorial role.

PLAYBOY: So it's all a performance?

WALLACE: No, it's not a performance. That's like saying that your writing style is a performance. It's not a performance. It's my style.

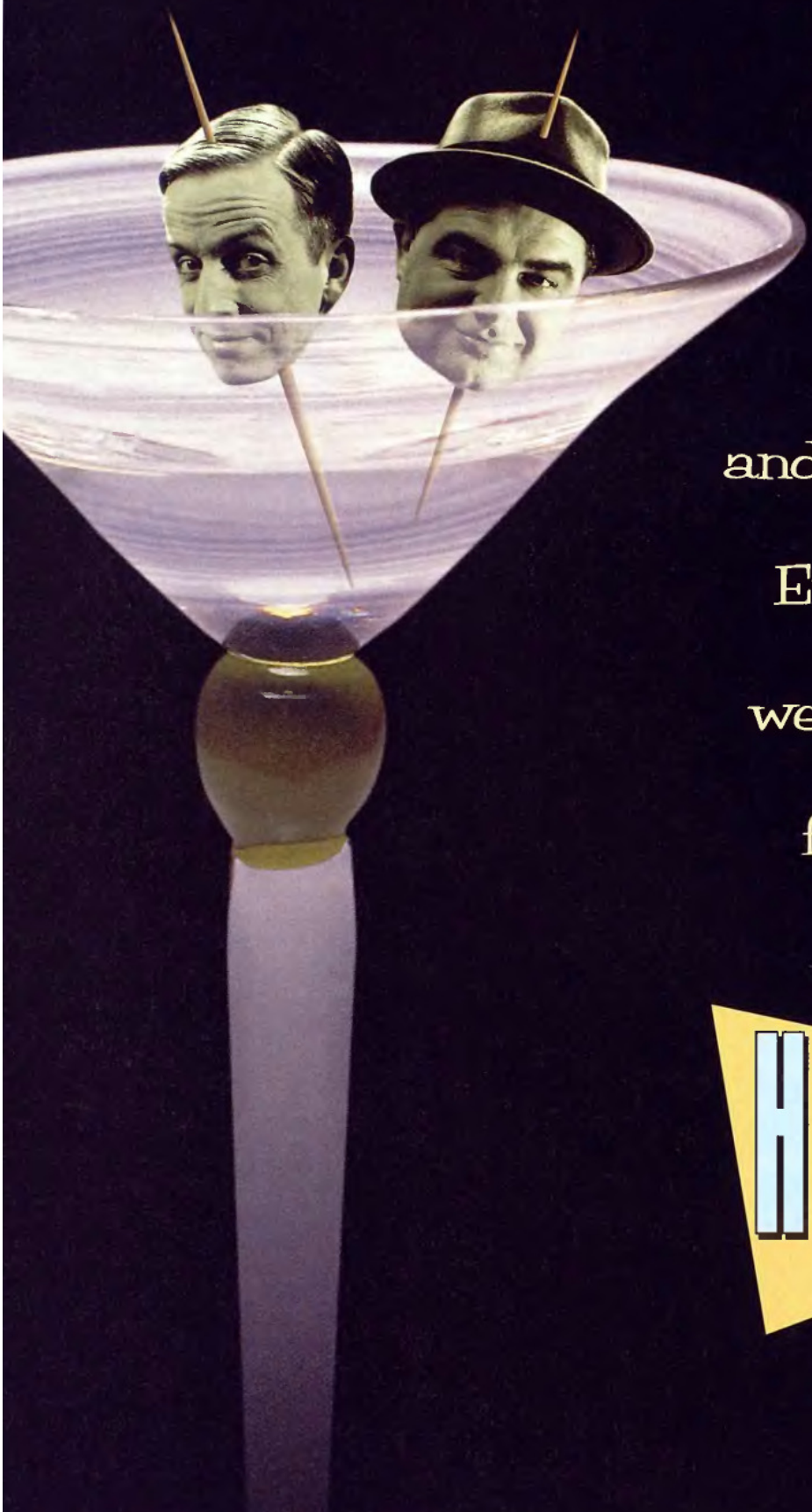
PLAYBOY: Does the bulldog emerge in personal situations?

WALLACE: Sure, I can be difficult and demanding and brusque. Some of the comments I make in the editing room are cutting, and my colleagues know me for that. Sometimes I have a foul mouth, but I think people in the office respect the fact that I'm a little noisy. They say, "Oh, that's just Mike. He may be a pain, but that's just Mike." Anyway, I'm such an old bugger by now that they figure, What the hell. Let him do whatever he does.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever regretted your brusqueness?

WALLACE: Yes. I once interviewed the guy who ran Hooker Chemical about toxicity in the water. And I indulged in overkill. I really exceeded common sense. The

A NEW COMEDY SERIES FROM DAVID LETTERMAN'S WORLDWIDE PANTS INCORPORATED



In a time of

car fins,

bullet bras,

and bomb shelters,

Emmett & Earl

were just looking

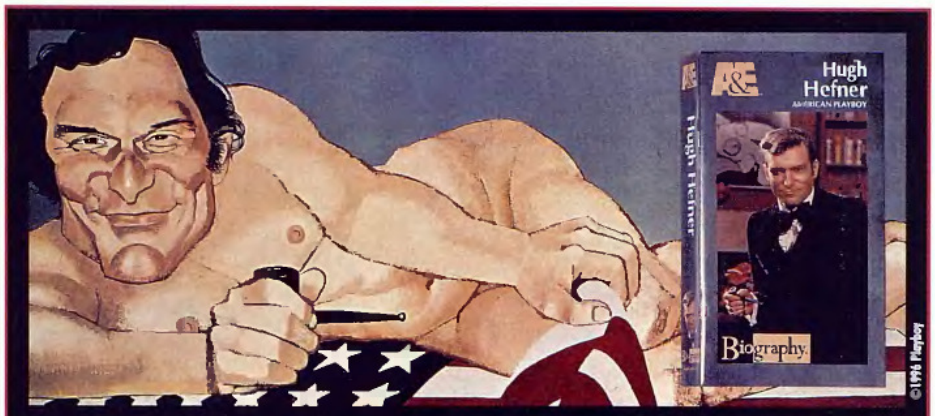
for a shot at...

The HIGH LIFE

EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 10:30 PM ET/PT
SPECIAL PREMIERE NOVEMBER 9

HBO

http://www.hbo.com ©1996 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.



A&E BIOGRAPHY: Hugh Hefner

This fascinating profile provides an insightful look at Playboy founder and Editor-in-Chief Hugh Hefner. A self-professed romantic and dreamer, Hefner has made an immeasurable contribution to the sexual attitudes and mores of modern culture. This in-depth biography traces his early days as a boy in Chicago up to his present status as family man, patron of the arts and AIDS activist. Witness the man behind the myth from his wild days as the "original playboy" to his continuing influence on sex and society today. Also contains exclusive footage of the Playboy Mansion and interviews with daughter and Playboy CEO Christie, his wife Kimberley, and many other peers. You won't want to miss this intimate, entertaining portrait of one of the 20th century's most intriguing men! Approx. 100 min.

Video #KL1001 $19.95

ORDER BY MAIL
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60284, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

ORDER TOLL-FREE
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60284)

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per item. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

PRESENTING: Hundreds of Top Automobile Dealers
••Courtesy of the duPont REGISTRY••

The duPont REGISTRY Internet Site (http://www.dupontregistry.com) showcases thousands of fine automobiles & hundreds of top dealers... so you can find your dream car.

http://www.dupontregistry.com

story got past the producer. It got past everyone. When I saw it on the air, I thought, Why you pious, self-righteous horse's ass!

PLAYBOY: If your persona on *60 Minutes* is just a role, as you say, why shouldn't viewers consider it acting rather than journalism?

WALLACE: You're fixating on the business of role-playing. We're reporters, not actors. Maybe you're role-playing right now. Look at yourself: You look like a college don, with your glasses up on your head and your eyes sparkling whenever I give you something you think will make good copy. You're playing a role; I do the same, and it has worked over the years.

PLAYBOY: And the role is?

WALLACE: The reporter who asks the irreverent or confrontational question. And after Harry Reasoner left the show and Morley Safer came on in 1970, that's when the character of the broadcast really began to develop. We started the investigative stuff that became the hallmark of the show.

PLAYBOY: The show also invented the ambush interview, for which you were sometimes criticized.

WALLACE: We haven't done an ambush interview in a long time. Perhaps at the beginning we made our reputation with it. But then people came along and began to ape it, and it turned into a caricature of itself. We asked ourselves, "What are we after: light or heat?"

PLAYBOY: How do you get company executives—or anyone else—to cooperate with you and go on camera?

WALLACE: You know, it's funny. In recent years it's actually gotten easier to get high government or business figures to appear on *60 Minutes*. Almost all of them are now sophisticated and savvy enough to understand: What's going to be better? To stonewall and take a hit, or take the chance that we can give ourselves a good defense?

PLAYBOY: We noticed on your office wall a photograph of you and Yasir Arafat with your arms around each other's shoulders. Are you friends?

WALLACE: No, no, no—not at all. That was after our most recent interview. I've interviewed him maybe half a dozen times over the past 20 years. The first time must have been around 1977.

PLAYBOY: What was that like?

WALLACE: It was the usual routine. We fly to Beirut, Arafat moves from building to building to building. He finally invites us to dinner, a chicken dinner in his own digs—or, at least, what were his digs for that night. Things were very tough in Beirut at the time. There were all kinds of armed PLO guards standing around.

Anyway, we're sitting there having a good, civilized time, and the interview follows dinner. Arafat begins to talk about human rights and about President Jimmy Carter. I had seen a little item in

The New York Times just before I left that said the PLO had a military mission working for Idi Amin in Uganda. So I said, "Why, if you have such a feeling for human rights, would you have a Palestinian training mission working with Idi Amin?"

Arafat replied, "I am not helping him, as you know, training. That's all."

I said, "You, who talk of human rights, are a friend of the butcher Amin?"

"Oh, well, you know. . . ."

That's the only time I've seen him so embarrassed. He didn't know what to do. He was like Donald Duck out over the cliff, and all he could see was the drop below him. It was quite apparent that he was angry because he'd been caught.

PLAYBOY: How did you persuade him to do another interview?

WALLACE: It was ten years before he would speak to me again. Finally his people decided they would receive me for dinner.

He had assembled the strangest group of people: various aides, William Quandt of the Council on Foreign Affairs, a Baltimore rabbi, a Jewish woman from the U.S. and me. And, meanwhile, Arafat didn't have his headgear on, and his head looked waxed. It's so bald and shiny and smooth. And he's got wonderful eyes, deep, dark, brown-black eyes. In a strange way, he's quite a good-looking man. And he says, "Mr. Wallace, you know what happened the last time. *This* is off the record. Agreed? Everything?"

I said, "Agreed."

There's sheep in the middle of the table. So with his hands, he's serving everybody. And we had an absolutely fascinating discussion.

PLAYBOY: As a Jew, aren't you troubled personally by Arafat? He is, after all, a man who has a lot of blood on his hands, no?

WALLACE: Of course he does. But so did [former Israeli prime minister] Menachem Begin. One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter. Arafat was a story. Listen, I'm sitting down with *you*.

PLAYBOY: Hardly the same thing, it would seem, but let's move on. During the 1992 presidential campaign, Bill and Hillary Clinton went on *60 Minutes* to respond to reports of Clinton's alleged 12-year affair with Gennifer Flowers. Your colleague Steve Kroft did that interview. Why didn't you, with your reputation as the grand inquisitor, get the assignment?

WALLACE: I don't know exactly how that worked. I was told that two people in the Clinton organization said, "OK, we'll do *60 Minutes*, but only if——"

PLAYBOY: "If it's not Wallace."

WALLACE: Exactly right.

PLAYBOY: How did that make you feel?

WALLACE: Frustrated, I confess.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you would have pressed Clinton harder on the infidelity question?

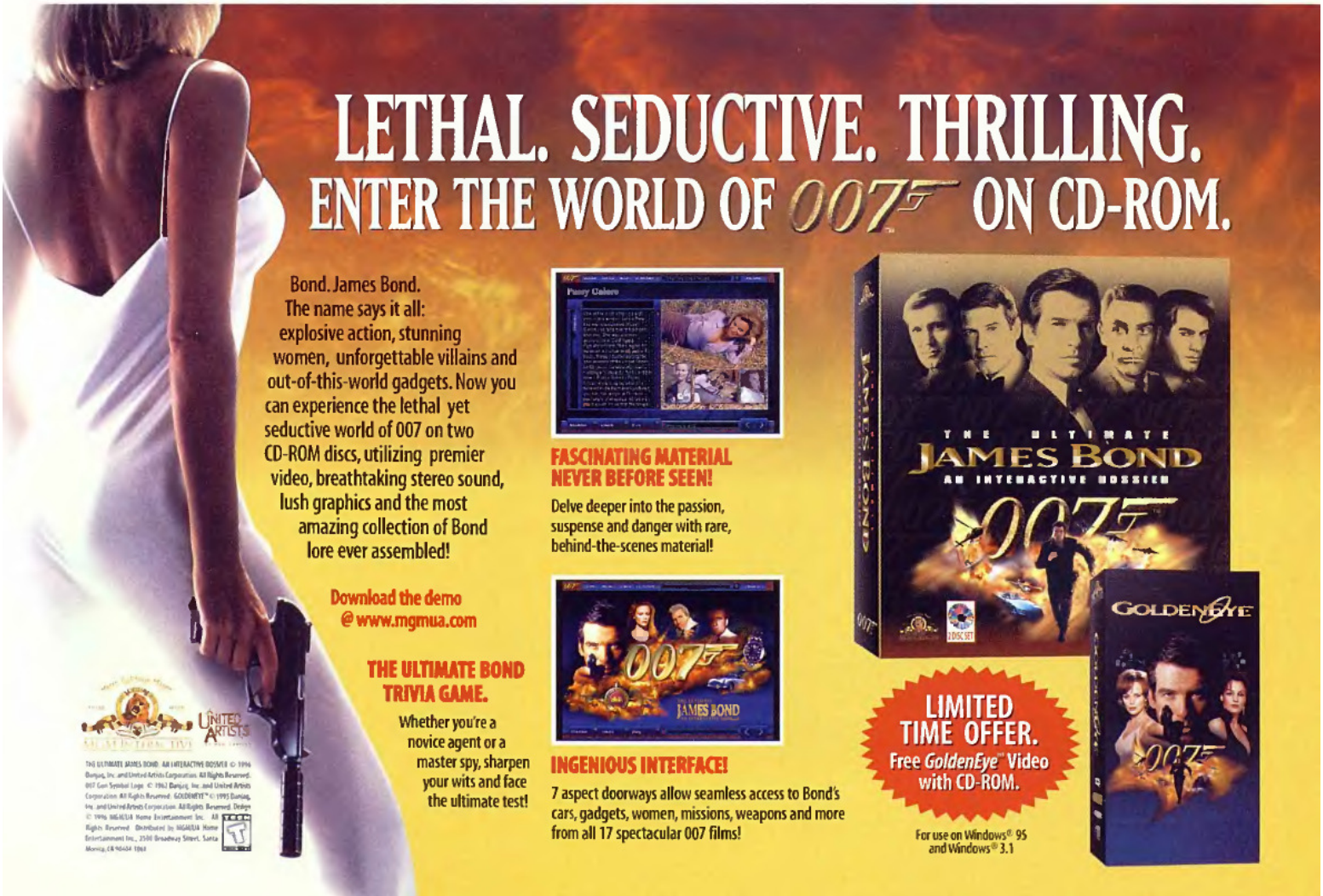
WALLACE: I think Steve did a fine job. But I would have liked to ask Clinton if he thought a leader's behavior in his private life necessarily diminishes his political effectiveness. All kinds of democratic countries have had leaders whose private lives have in no way diminished their public lives. It was well known in France, for example, that President Mitterrand had a mistress. I think we Americans are excessively puritanical about that.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important thing to remember when doing a high-profile interview?

WALLACE: You have to understand the people you're interviewing and why they are doing the interview. You're giving them an opportunity to make their case. And you're not there to hit them—I mean, I have no desire to hit or shock somebody. Rather, you have to establish a chemistry of confidentiality. They become almost co-conspirators with you along the way.

PLAYBOY: Let's say you have something explosive about a person's business, or contradictions he's made in public statements. How do you decide when to drop the bomb?

WALLACE: It depends how things develop between us. For example, you and I have been meeting for hours. Have you



SKYY
VODKA
SKYY SPIRITS INC., SAN FRANCISCO
40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF)
DISTILLED IN AMERICA FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
DISTILLED IN AMERICA
FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
©1996 SKYY SPIRITS, INC. SAN FRANCISCO, CA.
Brrrilliant.

asked all the nasty questions you have in mind?

PLAYBOY: Probably not.

WALLACE: Probably not. So in other words, you've been working me for hours. You have me on the hook now. This interview's going to be completed. At some point, you figure, Well, what the heck—he's not going to back off now. So let's go.

PLAYBOY: OK. As it happens, we made a list of things you've said over the years. Here's one: "Folks tend to talk when they shouldn't." What's an example of that?

WALLACE: Right now.

PLAYBOY: Wrong—please keep talking. Here's another one: You said you have to "relax the interviewee to the point where he thinks he can level with me." What does that mean?

WALLACE: I've probably said some things over the past few hours that, if I had a look at them, I'd say, "Well, I'm not sure I want this on the record." But we have established a chemistry of confidentiality, I think. I respect you, and you me. I respect the fact that you did a lot of work on this before getting here. And that frequently happens with me when I have an interviewee who is a little leery. He or she wants to do it but is a trifle wary. Well, if you establish that chemistry we're talking about, the person will want the interview to look good on the screen. To look substantial.

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

WALLACE: Probably the best was Philip Barrish, a crooked accountant we taped in Chicago in 1978. Barrish eventually agreed to talk with *60 Minutes*. At first he denied doing anything wrong. But then we confronted him with his phony bookkeeping records. That gave me a chance to be the nice guy—somewhat sympathetic to his denials—and he relaxed. Soon he admitted that cooking the books and tax fraud were "common knowledge" in Chicago. So I said, "Look, between you and me, I know you do it. Everybody does it." When I said "between you and me," Barrish momentarily forgot that millions of people would be watching. He said, "I presume everybody does it to some extent." We had him.

PLAYBOY: So Mike Wallace, the great interviewer, used the "between you and me" trick almost 20 years ago? That's the same gimmick Connie Chung pulled last year with Newt Gingrich's mother. She said, "Just between us, what does Newt say about Hillary Clinton?" and Mrs. Gingrich whispered, "She's a bitch."

Chung caused a huge scandal at CBS with that. How was your doing it with Barrish any different?

WALLACE: It's no different, really. I thought Connie Chung did exactly the right thing. So many of our colleagues were shocked that she would do a thing

Size isn't everything.

batteries included!

Solo
$199.95

world's smallest
cordless

world's longest
cordless

Courier
$249.95

But performance is.

new! **ESCORT Solo®**

Cordless radar/laser detector

- Solo may be small on size, but it's big on performance: if radar or laser is out there waiting to zap you, you'll know it with Solo's advanced long-range warning system.
- **Cordless With Corded Option** Whether you prefer cordless convenience or the standard power of a cord, Solo is the detector for you. Either way, you're assured of superior long-range radar/laser detection.
- Solo offers the **first true on-board computer** for a detector to let you program preferred settings into memory, where they remain even when the batteries are changed.

Long range detection, programmable options, DPR™ anti-falsing circuitry, four brightness settings, five sensitivity settings, safety signals, Smartshield™ VG2 resistance, band indicators, long battery life and more...

new! **ESCORT Courier®**

900 MHz Extended Range cordless phone

- Don't buy Courier for its small handset (6.5" x 2.25"x 1.25" excluding antenna); get it for its unbelievable performance. Courier provides **up to sixteen times more range** than standard cordless models, the result of breakthrough technology developed and patented by Escort. How far is "sixteen times?" Imagine the distance you'd travel if you took a brisk walk for ten minutes. Or if you played three par 5 holes in a row.
- Patented technology prevents anyone from electronically eavesdropping on your conversations—so important when ordering by phone using credit cards.

Longest cordless range available, 100 channels, built-in spare battery charger, auxiliary power backup, handset locator, redial, mute, 4-day talk time, 4-day standby, eavesdrop prevention, and much more...

ESCORT®

© 1996 (M)

Shipping and handling is extra.

Ohio residents add 6% sales tax.

Call the performance specialists at Escort:

1-800-433-3487

Online ordering: http://www.escortstore.com/

24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

ESCORT • 5200 Fields-Ertel Road • Cincinnati, Ohio • 45249 • Department 5007D6

like that, but it really is standard operating procedure.

Look, Gingrich's mother is hardly a stupid woman. She was used to scrutiny from the press. She understands that her son is scrutinized by the press. There were cameras in the room. There were lights in the room. Were she a little old lady who didn't know her way around the corner, that would have been a different story.

PLAYBOY: Still, the incident cost Chung her job.

WALLACE: I don't think that's what cost Connie her job. The whole thing was handled badly by CBS News. Connie got a bad rap.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we've gone too far with the star system in television news? Are Chung, Diane Sawyer, you and others paid so much that you've become disconnected from the rest of the culture?

WALLACE: If you've become disconnected from the rest of your culture, that's your fault. We reporters should not let that happen to us. The journalists I know at CBS and NBC and ABC are still motivated the way a good reporter has always been motivated. They're after a good story and they get behind the facade. If anything has changed, it's that reporters are no longer middle class or just barely upper middle class. Many are now upper class. I'm talking money, I'm talking financial.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you make?

WALLACE: None of your business.

PLAYBOY: Do you make more than $2 million a year?

WALLACE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: OK—three?

WALLACE: I'm not about to tell you. I'm paid very generously—what the market will bear. I've worked half a century to get here, and deserve every penny of it.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe yourself as a rich man?

WALLACE: Uh, yeah. By the standards of my family, I'm rich. I have an apartment in New York and a house on Martha's Vineyard.

PLAYBOY: When President Clinton vacationed on Martha's Vineyard, *The New York Times* ran an editorial called "Among the Swells," suggesting the island is a rarefied enclave of the rich and privileged—and out of touch with America.

WALLACE: That's utter bullshit. It's true that it's filled with people from the arts and media. There's a community of interests. But it doesn't really matter who you are. Sometimes I'll go to a party where I know hardly anyone.

PLAYBOY: You have been married four times. What does that tell us about you, about marriage and about your relationships with women?

WALLACE: Oh, Jesus. . . .

PLAYBOY: Is this a difficult topic for you? Do you want to come back to it later?

WALLACE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: OK. Your son Chris Wallace is very much out of his father's mold—a hard-charging correspondent on ABC's *Prime Time Live* and occasional substitute for Ted Koppel on *Nightline*.

WALLACE: Yes, but the truth is, I wasn't around much when Chris was growing up. My first wife, Kappy, and I split up soon after Chris was born. I moved from Chicago with my second wife, Buff Cobb, to New York, where we had a TV show together. Chris was in Chicago and, as a little kid, had no idea who I was. I was wrapped up in my work and my new marriage.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good father, nonetheless?

WALLACE: No. I was an absent father. How can you consider yourself a good father if you don't have a lot to do with your children? But Chris and I have become much closer. We talk on the phone sometimes two or three times a day. We're very, very good friends. I think he loves me deeply now, and he knows how much I love him. To some degree, it was my daughter Pauline who helped bring the two of us together.

PLAYBOY: You were married to Pauline's mother, your third wife Lorraine, for 28 years. What happened?

WALLACE: She became a casualty, I think, of my work schedule. Too many missed

Yes!
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1996
8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

dinners, too many abrupt trips. I remember Thanksgiving dinners—one in particular, but it wasn't the only one—when I had to leave in the middle to go to Tehran.

PLAYBOY: This was not appreciated.

WALLACE: Oh, no, no, no. As a result of this, she began to seek solace in tranquilizers. She was a painter, a very spiritual person. But her painting didn't seem to be so fulfilling as it had been. She finally left, moved to Fiji, and has since died.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any remorse about this?

WALLACE: Why remorse? Here at the age of 78, I look back and say, "OK, I made some mistakes." Having been married four times does not give me a sense of pride or accomplishment. But, by the same token, I have honored my obligations to all of those individuals. I've always, to some degree, been a creature of the women I've been with. Apparently, I need the guidance of the women with whom I spend time.

PLAYBOY: How? Run them down for us.

WALLACE: With Kappy, I was cast mainly in the role of husband and father. I married too young—I was only 22. I never had time to sow my wild oats. It was not a particularly physical marriage.

My relationship with Buff Cobb, who was an actress I met in Chicago, was much more physical. She was fun. I fell in love with the glamour, her family background, their knowledge of New York and Hollywood. But after eight or nine years, we grew apart. Our lifestyle values were different. Hers were more show business. Mine were more conservative, middle class, Jewish.

And my marriage to Lorraine civilized me. I met a group of people I might not otherwise have met, because she was a painter. There was that spiritual quality to her, utterly different from anyone I had known.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet your current wife, Mary?

WALLACE: She was married to Ted Yates, the producer of *Night Beat*. But he died young. So we knew each other all those years, knew each other's children. One summer I invited her up to Martha's Vineyard, and we became very close. She stayed the whole summer, then we moved into my New York apartment together. She stuck with me through some tough times. Two years later, we were married under an apple tree by the water on Martha's Vineyard. Everybody wants to be around Mary; she makes everyone so comfortable. I can't think of anybody I'd rather be spending these years with.

PLAYBOY: By the way, did you finally sow your wild oats?

WALLACE: No, they never got sown. Every time I became involved with somebody, I got married!

PLAYBOY: The Sixties were a time of great cultural upheaval in the country, both in personal lifestyles and in the media. What impact did feminism have on you?

WALLACE: I was, and to a certain degree remain, a male chauvinist.

PLAYBOY: How?

WALLACE: Well, I'm not really a male chauvinist anymore. But I was years ago. What would now be called sexual harassment was par for the course back in the Fifties and early Sixties. And I would indulge in it. . . .

PLAYBOY: In what way?

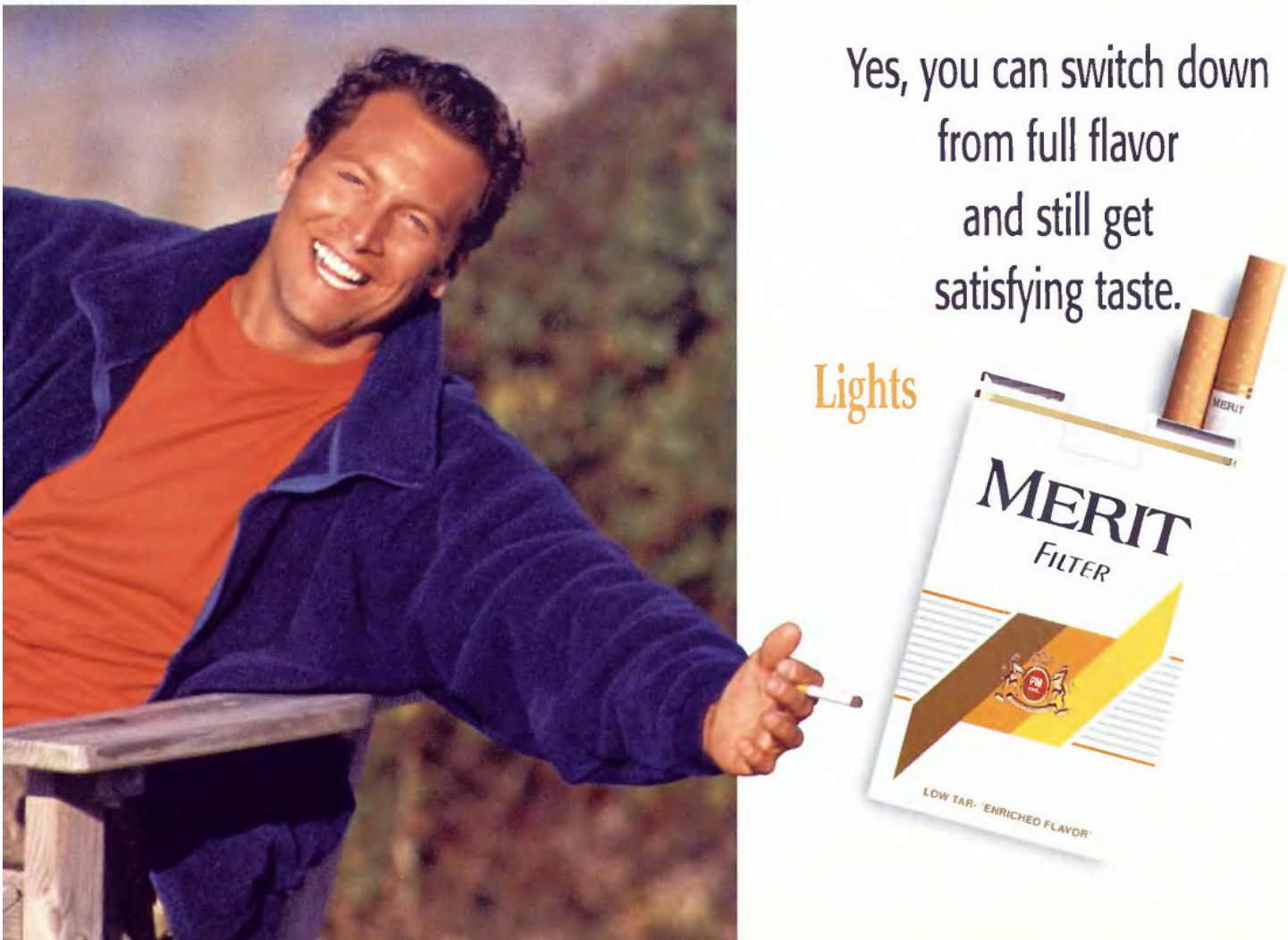
WALLACE: Jokes. Snapping of a bra.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you did that?

WALLACE: I would say 25 years ago. But it was no big deal. It was a matter of some hilarity. It sounds sophomoric as you look back at it. But everybody seemed to get along. No one ever put me up on charges. I have nothing but respect for women professionally. But *vive la différence*! I'm impatient, I suppose, with militant feminism.

PLAYBOY: Drugs were another big issue of the Sixties, particularly among entertainment and media people. How did you weather those years? Did you get involved with drugs?

WALLACE: I tried pot. I was curious, so I smoked a joint from time to time. I didn't find it especially interesting, though it had aphrodisiac overtones that



were not unpleasant. But that's the only drug I've ever tried. I've never tried cocaine or anything else.

PLAYBOY: Mike Wallace smoked dope? That's pretty hard to fathom.

WALLACE: I remember one time with my daughter Pauline. We were with friends of hers from Haiti—they were her age. When we went to her apartment after dinner, I don't know what the hell they were smoking, but it wasn't just pot. I think it was hash or something. I took a drag or two, to be a good sport, and I really got——

PLAYBOY: A rush?

WALLACE: Oof! I got sick. Really sick. And I had to leave for Paris the next morning. As far as I was concerned, I overdosed. I tried to leave but made the taxi take me back to Pauline's. We called my doctor, who told Pauline, "Give him water. Lots of water. Make him lie down." I made it to Paris the next day, but I was in bad shape for two or three days.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to journalism. A recent *Wall Street Journal*–NBC poll showed that today only 21 percent of the public believes journalists are honest. Why?

WALLACE: We are a polarized society. Vietnam did that. Civil rights did it. Watergate did it. Journalists have fed a lot of bad news to the American public over the past quarter century, and the public doesn't like it.

PLAYBOY: How does this affect trust?

WALLACE: People don't trust anything anymore. We don't trust our government. We don't trust our automobile makers. We don't trust our pharmaceutical houses. We don't trust our doctors or our hospitals or our cops. We don't trust Congress. And a lot of Americans don't trust the president of the U.S. So the media are simply regarded as another piece of the American establishment. People think we're trying to get away with something, trying to pull the wool over their eyes, trying to push an agenda.

PLAYBOY: Any truth to that?

WALLACE: To some degree, of course. For example, I think the vaudeville that takes place on weekends—such as *The McLaughlin Group*—is destructive. You don't get a lot of wisdom out of them, and their political projections are largely wrong. In my estimation, what the shout shows do in the end is popularize and trivialize reporters. It's an act, with people talking loudly in a self-consciously controversial or provocative way—unlike *This Week With David Brinkley*, which is first-rate, good and thoughtful stuff.

PLAYBOY: What about the daytime talk shows, with Jerry Springer, Sally Jessy Raphaël, Montel Williams and the others? They raised the in-studio ambush to an art form.

WALLACE: Those are disgusting broadcasts. They are the worst kind of voyeurism—too often like a public pig-sticking. They're a hateful exploitation of humans who, I think, do not know how to handle themselves on the air.

PLAYBOY: Public distrust of the media has also been fanned by the huge speaking fees that some TV journalists receive. Do you receive a fee when you speak?

WALLACE: Damn right.

PLAYBOY: How much?

WALLACE: Not less than 25, and not more than 50. I do maybe, tops, half a dozen a year.

PLAYBOY: That's $25,000 to $50,000—quite a piece of change. Tom Brokaw of NBC has called taking big fees a form of white-collar crime.

WALLACE: That's Tom's view. It's not mine. What makes it white-collar crime? Can anybody claim that in my 28 years on *60 Minutes*, I've gone in the tank for any industry or group or lobby I've spoken in front of? Of course not.

PLAYBOY: You talked about the importance of establishing a chemistry of confidentiality with your interview subjects. Which other television interviewers do the same thing?

WALLACE: I'll tell you who does that better than anybody I know: Barbara Walters.

PLAYBOY: But some also say she's just a softball, celebrity interviewer—hardly a *60 Minutes* type.

WALLACE: That's not fair at all. Look, you get the information you're after by what-

Yes!
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1996

ever means you feel will be effective. She is very effective in getting it *her* way. She leaves very few questions unasked.

PLAYBOY: How does she get so many famous subjects in the first place?

WALLACE: There is nobody in the world better at "gets" than Barbara Walters—nobody. She will pursue them, write them, visit them, entertain them, and send them flowers. She is good friends with the mighty.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do any of those things?

WALLACE: I never have. I'm not good at it. But it's perfectly legit.

PLAYBOY: But it's sucking up.

WALLACE: It isn't necessarily. Well, with some of them it is.

PLAYBOY: Who were your favorite celebrities to profile?

WALLACE: I guess I fell in love with Vladimir Horowitz—and he with me. So funny.

PLAYBOY: How so?

WALLACE: It was at Orchestra Hall in Chicago. First time I'd met him. But I was apprehensive about Horowitz. He was this extraordinary figure. He had been holed up, hadn't left his house, for 12 years. Now he was performing again. We were supposed to meet him at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon for the interview—he was playing the next day at four. In fact, he performed only on Sundays at four o'clock because he believed it was the only time of week that men don't fall asleep. Anyway, he arrived for our interview on Saturday wearing white tie and tails. As he came onto the stage, where our cameras were set up, I said to him, "Maestro!" And he said, "Mike Wallace! I watch you every Sunday night!" Horowitz was kind of an adolescent. We hit it off and had a good time.

PLAYBOY: One person you didn't hit it off with was Barbra Streisand. In 1991 you did a profile of her and, in front of her, quoted her mother as saying that Barbra was not a very attentive daughter. Before the interview was over, you had Barbra crying. She said angrily to you: "You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

WALLACE: Well, Streisand and I had worked together years before. She had appeared about 15 times on a broadcast that I did around 1960 called *PM East*. She was this raspy, difficult, self-absorbed person—with this glorious voice. We didn't hit it off very well back then, and I wound up not liking her very much. We didn't talk for about 20 years. She didn't miss me and I didn't miss her. Big deal.

PLAYBOY: So why did you do the interview with her?

WALLACE: While she was making the movie *The Prince of Tides*, her manager came to me for permission to use some of the material from *PM East* for a new album. I said, "Sure, but how about a *60 Minutes* piece on her when the movie is released?" We negotiated for a long time. She wanted to know what it would be about. She wanted control over the final edit—which was denied. Finally, she said OK.

PLAYBOY: But the interview turned out pretty rough, didn't it?

WALLACE: It wasn't a rough interview. From my point of view, it was an absolutely sensible interview. But she didn't like being reminded about certain things.

PLAYBOY: About her mother?

WALLACE: Well, her mother said, in effect: Barbra doesn't have time for me.

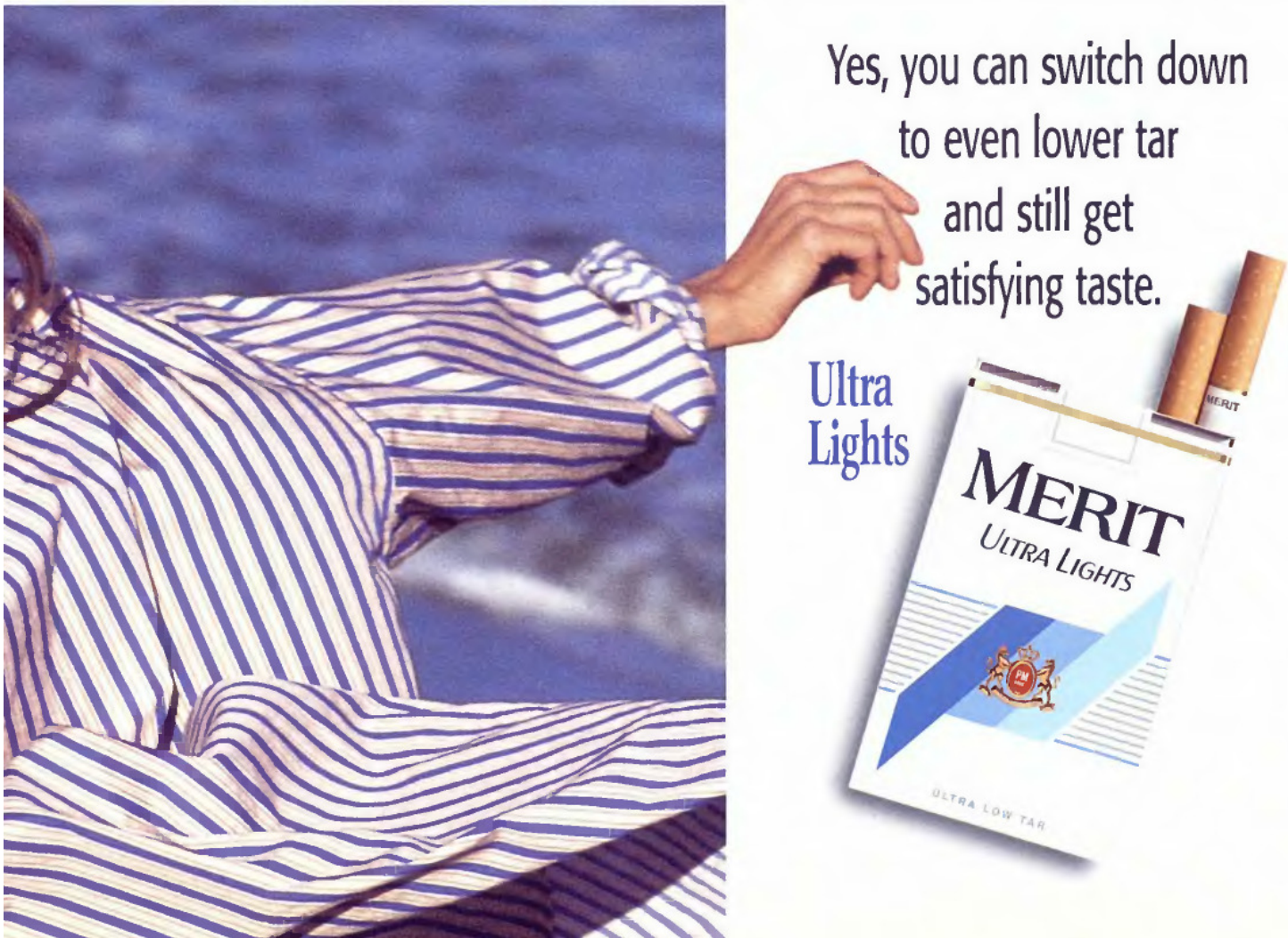
PLAYBOY: How did you feel when she started crying?

WALLACE: I was, I was . . . I'm trying to say . . . I felt good at that point, because we were seeing the unvarnished human being—one of the most accomplished, most admired and most vulnerable individuals in the world of entertainment. It gave a perfect understanding of the kind of person she is. That moment in the interview humanized her even more to the millions who saw her.

PLAYBOY: She wrote you a letter, which you read on the air. She said that she didn't like the piece and that you had a mean streak.

WALLACE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And your response was: "I was



told that Barbra said she really liked it." Last year she was asked about this, and she said that remark made her feel like she'd been "date-raped."

WALLACE: I never read or heard that. She said that four years after the broadcast? That's asinine.

PLAYBOY: One interview coup this year was Louis Farrakhan, the controversial leader of the Nation of Islam. Why do you think he agreed to be interviewed?

WALLACE: We had been negotiating with Farrakhan since before the Million Man March—without success. But then he was taken aback by the reaction to his speech at the march, to the numerology and the gobbledygook. And when he came to New York for the rapprochement between him and the widow of Malcolm X, Betty Shabazz, he began to see firsthand how I was regarded in the black community. Malcolm X had been a friend of mine. We trusted each other.

PLAYBOY: Did your opinion of Farrakhan change after the interview?

WALLACE: To some degree, yes. He's a very civilized fellow. I'd had a hunch that he was intelligent, well educated, hardworking. What I didn't know was whether or not he was a demagogue.

PLAYBOY: And?

WALLACE: Well, after the interview, we had lunch at his place in Arizona. He suggested that he would like to talk with somebody high up in the Jewish community, if I could arrange it. He really felt that he had been misunderstood in the Jewish community, and particularly by the Jewish leadership. So I said, "I'm going to try." I won't name names, but I went to a bunch of people who were fairly high up in the Jewish community, and they showed no interest. None.

Finally, I went to my friend Edgar Bronfman, head of the World Jewish Congress. He's regarded in the Jewish community as perhaps a maverick, but he's faithful to Judaism and Israel and he has political clout. And he agreed to have dinner with Farrakhan. We did it on a Sunday night at the Bronfmans'—Mr. and Mrs. Bronfman, Mr. and Mrs. Farrakhan, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

WALLACE: Well, it was fascinating. Everybody asked flat-out questions and Farrakhan was very forthcoming. They found him reasonable, rational and charming—just as I had. But Farrakhan spoke in Brooklyn the next day and it was the same old rhetoric. It certainly contradicted what he had said the night before.

PLAYBOY: Then what did you do?

WALLACE: I took myself out of it at that point. I just wanted to bring these people together to see what might happen. I'm not sure it's the role of a reporter to do that. I had some misgivings, but I figured, What the hell.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to your role in investigative journalism. One of your biggest coups—and biggest embarrassments—was the story last year on the tobacco industry. You had a secret source, Jeffrey Wigand, a former employee at a tobacco company. Wigand was bound by a confidentiality agreement to keep certain corporate data from the public. You supposedly had this information cold, but your lawyers feared a potential $15 billion lawsuit, which could have bankrupted CBS. So they prevented you from running the story. In retrospect, how do you feel about that decision?

WALLACE: I can't believe there's a jury in the world that would protect the sanctity of that kind of confidentiality agreement. I'd love to see this case—or a similar case—go to court. I'd love to see some law made.

PLAYBOY: In the wake of the story, you went on the *Charlie Rose* show to discuss it and took Morley Safer along with you. Yet you hadn't told Safer that *60 Minutes* had paid Wigand $12,000 one year earlier as an expert consultant on another story; nor had you told him that CBS had indemnified Wigand against libel suits, so long as he told the truth.

Without knowing any of this, Safer went out on a limb during the show, condemning the lawyers at CBS. Three days later, it came out in the press that Wigand had taken the consultant's fee.

&Yes!.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1996
1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

When Safer found out, he got angry and put out a statement saying that you had "sandbagged" him. Had you?

WALLACE: The truth is that Morley didn't know anything about this story. My mistake was suggesting that he come to the *Charlie Rose* broadcast and talk about something he didn't know about. There was no sandbagging. Morley knows now that was utter nonsense.

PLAYBOY: So his statement was issued in the heat of passion?

WALLACE: Maybe the heat of passion, or after a few drinks. He called me at home at 7:45 that night. He was standing in the Palm, the noisiest restaurant in Washington, D.C. He told me he was writing a letter to all and sundry. And I'm hearing of his dismay for the first time. I said, "Mo, we'll talk about this tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: He then issued a public apology to Charlie Rose and his audience.

WALLACE: I had no idea he was doing that. It was an asinine overreaction—based on ignorance. I hated the fact that this was going to fracture our friendship.

PLAYBOY: Did it?

WALLACE: Well, the next day, a Saturday afternoon, I called Mo and said, "I want to come see you, and I want to give you this background. I value your friendship and our closeness so much that I am going to come over hat in hand and try to explain this to you—you who are never wrong and seldom in doubt. I'm going to explain to you what went on."

PLAYBOY: And?

WALLACE: And we sat there for two hours, without a drink in our hands, and talked and got it all straightened out. I have nothing but respect for Morley. But he went off half-cocked.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, do you feel you had anything to apologize for?

WALLACE: Nothing whatsoever. I thought *he* had something to apologize for. But, as I said, he's never wrong and seldom in doubt. And I love him.

PLAYBOY: Let's touch on another incident that brought you some bad publicity: the hidden camera. In 1994 a journalist was helping you with a story, and you videotaped her with a hidden camera during a background conversation in your office. Someone leaked that information to *The Washington Post*, and you got your knuckles rapped by the president of CBS News.

WALLACE: That was a big mistake, and I'm ashamed of it. I made a speech at Harvard later, and I proposed an annual malpractice award for egregious sins against the standards and principles of journalism. I said that I should be the first recipient.

PLAYBOY: How did something so obviously out of line happen?

WALLACE: The problem was that the journalist, Karon Haller, was willing to tell us everything she knew about a story we were working on, but she was shy about going on camera. So my producer suggested using a hidden camera and then showing her the tape afterward.

But we didn't play it back right away. Why not? Because we weren't planning to put it on the air without her permission. We said, "Let's put it together and see what we're going to use—and then check with her."

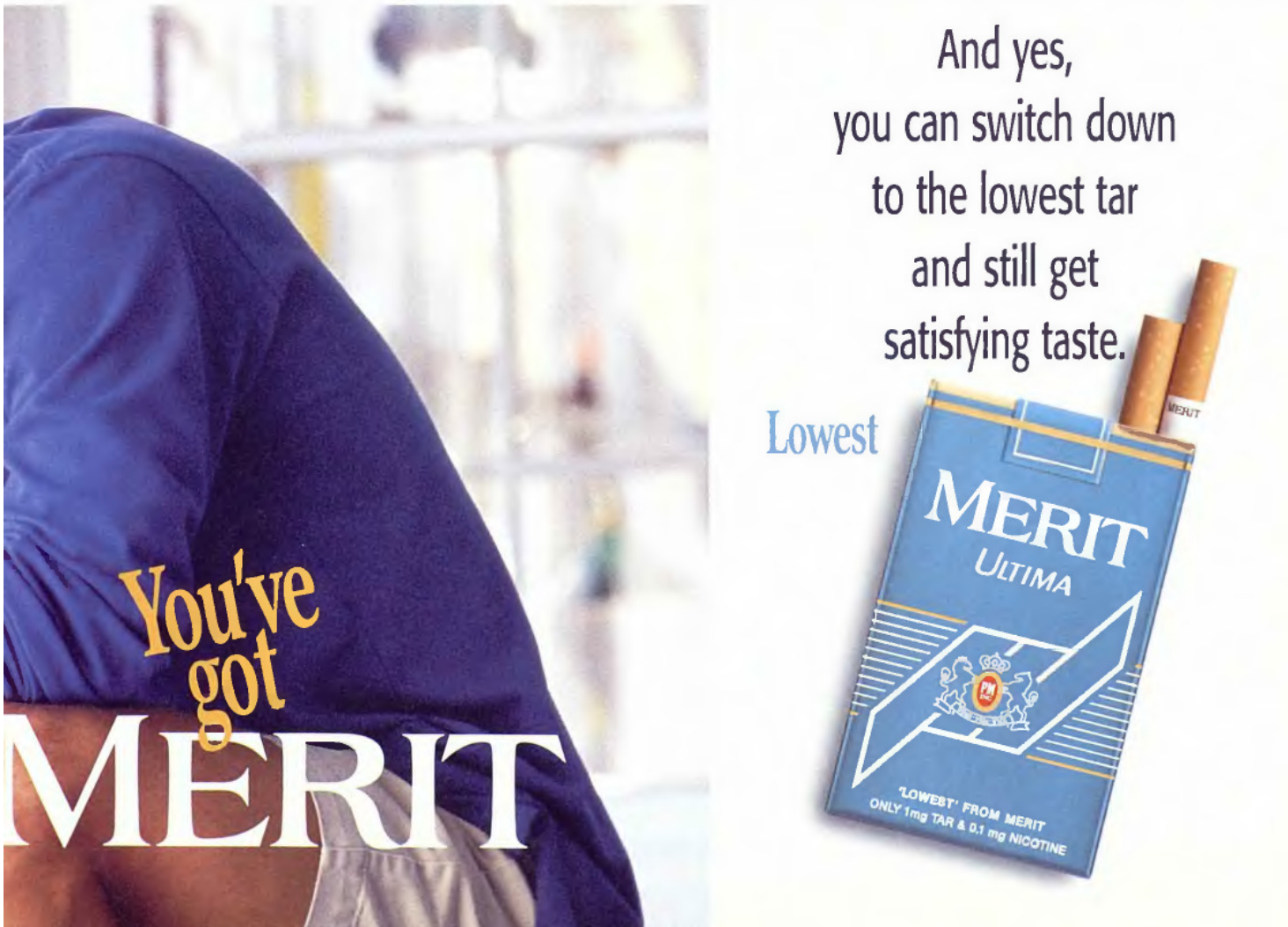
I should have said no. It was a mistake. That's when someone in our shop leaked it to *The Washington Post*.

PLAYBOY: You seem contrite now, but when the story broke, you were very defensive. Are you a naturally defensive person?

WALLACE: I used to be, but I'll tell you what changed me. In 1982 General William Westmoreland brought a libel lawsuit against me, CBS and several others who worked on a *CBS Reports* broadcast about body counts during the Vietnam war. That's when I began to understand what happens to somebody who is suddenly propelled into the public eye. You have microphones, reporters and cameras looking down your throat. Some of the stuff that is undertaken in pursuit of a story, some of the tactics journalists use, I found distasteful.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

WALLACE: Such as an ambush interview, while I'm walking down the street with



my wife.

PLAYBOY: And you found that distasteful. Why?

WALLACE: Because I was totally unprepared for it. I had been very open with the press, and all they wanted to do was get me on camera saying what I had been saying publicly—but they wanted their own little exclusive thing.

PLAYBOY: So the Westmoreland experience was chastening for you?

WALLACE: Oh, yes. Chastening for a couple of reasons. First, because we made mistakes and, suddenly, we're on trial for our lives, so to speak.

PLAYBOY: And second?

WALLACE: Because it triggered a depression in me, a clinical depression. When you pick up the paper every morning and read that you are a thief, a liar, a murderer, a fake, a fraud, whatever. . . .

PLAYBOY: And that made you feel——

WALLACE: It made me feel lower than a snake's belly. It did. It would be like a doctor getting sued for malpractice because somebody lost a limb or his sight or his life. He's a servant of health. He's not trying to hurt people, he's trying to help people. And a reporter, in a strange way, is the same. What does he have? His credibility, his integrity. When that's brought into question in a courtroom, over and over and over again. . . .

In my case, it triggered some chemical imbalance, plus a clinical depression. Suddenly every insecurity I ever had took over.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

WALLACE: Self-doubt. I would walk into a restaurant with my wife, and I was convinced that I was being seen as a liar, that everybody was whispering behind my back, "There he goes—the liar, the fake, the fraud. He tried to destroy a national hero. He tried to do it in a dishonest way."

PLAYBOY: But if you knew in your heart that you weren't a liar and a fraud——

WALLACE: You're suggesting that depression is rational. Depression is not rational. The most eloquent understanding of depression that I know about is the book *Darkness Visible*, by my friend Bill Styron. He writes, "Depression is so mysteriously painful and elusive as to verge close to being beyond description." It really is. In my case, it also involved pain—knives in my arms, weakness in my legs.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with Styron about the depression?

WALLACE: Not at first. I was working. I was going to the trial. I didn't let people know I was suffering from depression. I was ashamed. I didn't want anybody to know. Then one night Styron and his wife, Rose, and Art Buchwald were here in my living room. Artie is a good friend, and I knew that he had suffered an episode of depression. And Styron was just at the beginning of his depression. He began to tell me how bad he felt. And I was thinking, Oh, that's so good to hear. He's in so much worse shape than I am. I swear, I felt up for 24 hours after hearing that.

PLAYBOY: Did that bring you out of the depression?

WALLACE: Oh, no. A depression takes over your life. It is an utterly irrational descent into something close to madness. You wake up in the morning and all you want to do is go back to sleep—but you can't get to sleep. You've taken sleeping pills to try to stay asleep the night before, and you're groggy. It's an incredible experience. You think about suicide. You think about what a worthless character you are. I had to go into the hospital for two weeks.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take real steps toward suicide?

WALLACE: I thought about it. You have sleeping pills by the side of your bed. You can't get to sleep. You take half of one. Then you take another half. And I'm a guy who didn't like to take aspirin.

PLAYBOY: And how did you overcome the depression?

WALLACE: My psychiatrist helped me understand myself and the disease of depression. As it turns out, I was not unusual; I wasn't even in that deep of a clinical depression. For what I was going through, that was hard to believe, but my doctor said, "Mr. Wallace, I've seen a lot worse."

PLAYBOY: So what you learned is that beneath one of the most seemingly confident people——

WALLACE: Is an insecure individual. Yes, no doubt about it. What also helped me get out of the depression was a drug called Ludiomil. It dries this [*points to groin*] and this [*points to bowels*] and your mouth. And your hands shake.

PLAYBOY: Nice drug.

WALLACE: Yeah, but it puts a floor under your depression. It keeps you from hitting bottom. That gives the psychiatrist the opportunity to try to learn what triggered the depression.

PLAYBOY: When did you finally get out of it?

WALLACE: When Westmoreland pulled out of the suit. We effectively won. That lifted a great burden. Still, you don't come back overnight. It takes time. And you can get back in a depression real fast, too.

PLAYBOY: It came back?

WALLACE: Yeah, twice. The first time was a few months later. Then ten years went by. I was 75 and we were preparing a special two-hour show for the 25th anniversary of *60 Minutes*. Suddenly I was going through it again. Boom!—it came out of nowhere. I felt like I couldn't beat this one.

PLAYBOY: Was it your age? The work?

WALLACE: Who knows? Once you have it at a certain age, you're more vulnerable to it for the rest of your life. My doctor told me I was in a fairly classic pattern. But now there's a new product—Zoloft. He said it would take four to six weeks.

Meanwhile, we were going to Beirut to visit Hezbollah and interview a sheikh supposedly connected to terrorism—a fascinating but very dangerous story. The CIA warned us not to go because of the danger. But I was still in the depression, and I thought, What the hell. That would be a good place to go.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying there was a genuine death wish there?

WALLACE: Of course there was—well, maybe not a real death wish. But I was thinking, I'm a pain in the ass to myself, to my wife, to my family. If I go over there and something happens, well, what the hell. At least I'll be doing it the right way.

PLAYBOY: But the Zoloft worked, and now the famous tough guy around the office—he's not so tough anymore?

WALLACE: That's correct.

PLAYBOY: You said on *Charlie Rose* that you hoped Westinghouse, which bought CBS, would "shine up a somewhat tarnished CBS Network." Would you please explain that?

WALLACE: OK, this has been a difficult period in some ways. And what happened was that all the Larry Tisch troubles came together.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, "the Larry Tisch troubles"?

WALLACE: During the years that Tisch owned CBS [1986 to 1995], he never told us what he really had in mind for the network. Walter Cronkite, Don Hewitt and I were all taken in. Tisch lied to all of us about his intentions. Meanwhile, he lost NFL football. And he lost half a dozen key affiliates—that's a serious loss. He didn't have the common sense to understand that a network is not a network without good affiliates. He's supposed to be such a smart businessman, but he sold CBS Records at a knockdown price. Same thing with the magazine division. I really dislike that man.

PLAYBOY: Why such personal feelings?

WALLACE: Because he lied about what he was going to do for the news division. Tisch was not a broadcaster.

PLAYBOY: Does that make Tisch incapable of owning a network with a news division?

WALLACE: In all honesty, in ten years, he didn't interfere with the news, despite the fact that we did some very difficult stories. For example, Tisch is a big Israelinik. I asked him how he would feel if I did a story on the Palestinians. He said he might not like it, but he wouldn't interfere. And he didn't. But he did let his displeasure be known.

PLAYBOY: How?

WALLACE: We were doing a story on the violence at Temple Mount in Jerusalem. Everybody in the media had portrayed it as a Palestinian riot against the Jews who were praying at the Wailing Wall below. But when we went over and reported it,

(continued on page 202)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man who's extravagant about romance. He knows that in the holiday season it takes something extra to make an impression. Flowers and perfume and lingerie are terrific the rest of the year, but the PLAYBOY man likes to stand out. That's why he sprang for a Rockies resort. PLAYBOY men take more winter vacations than the readers of *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone* combined. When it comes to seizing the initiative, PLAYBOY is in a class by itself. (Source: Spring 1996 MRI.)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

PART I 1900–1910

ARTICLE BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

THE CITY ELECTRIC

Imagine the city electric, some great switch thrown for the first time. At night the lights come on, turning each restaurant and theater into a blaze of bodies. Electricity pours through penny arcades and nickelodeons where, for pocket change, you can witness *Little Egypt*, *Serpentine Dancers*, *How Girls Go to Bed*, *How Girls Undress*, *The Marvelous Lady Contortionist*, *Three Skirt Dancers* and something called *The Kiss*.

Outside an arcade, someone has tacked a review from the *New York Evening World*: "For the first time in the history of the world it is possible to see what a kiss looks like. Scientists say kisses are dangerous, but here everything is shown in startling directness. What the camera did not see did not exist. The real kiss is a revelation. The idea has unlimited possibilities."

The sky is silent, untraveled by any but man's dreams. A skyline once dominated by church steeples has a new deity. Atop the Madison Square Garden tower is a copper and bronze statue of Diana the Huntress. The 13-foot nude swings on gimbals, her drawn bow seeking the future. The streets are filled with horse-drawn carriages and streetcars that ride the electric rail to a seaside wonderland called Coney Island.

You are a sporting man in a culture that is pulsing with energy.

Theodore Dreiser captured the mood in a novel that almost didn't get published. Doubleday deemed *Sister Carrie* immoral and tried to restrict its circulation. The book never describes sex, but the heroine moves through a series of affairs without retribution. Dreiser wrote:

"Carrie stepped along easily enough after they got out of the car at 34th Street, but soon fixed her eyes upon the lovely company which swarmed by and with her as they proceeded. She noticed of a sudden that Mrs. Vance's manner had rather stiffened under the gaze of handsome men and elegantly dressed ladies, whose glances were not modified by any rules of propriety. To stare seemed the proper and

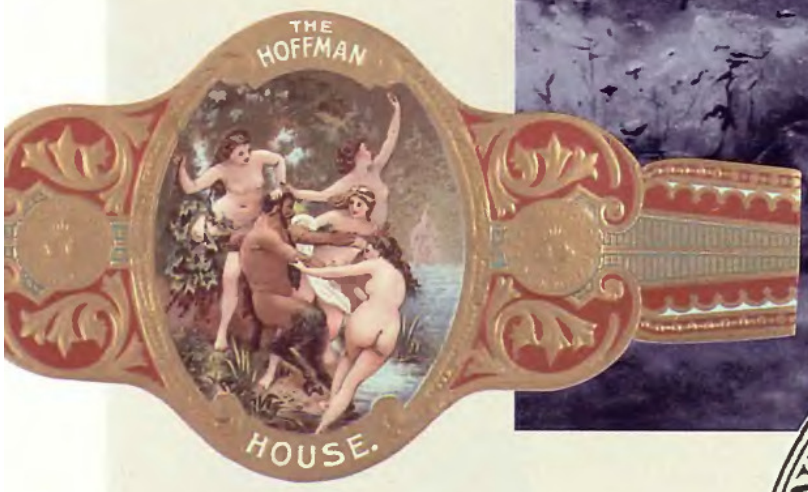
Thomas Edison reinvented the city, bringing light to the downtown streets and a new life to the night (right). In the first decade of the 20th century the city seemed to embody yearning. There were no radios, no television and no newsreels. But every month more than 1 million readers turned to *Ladies' Home Journal* for a glimpse of the good life of the modern era (left).

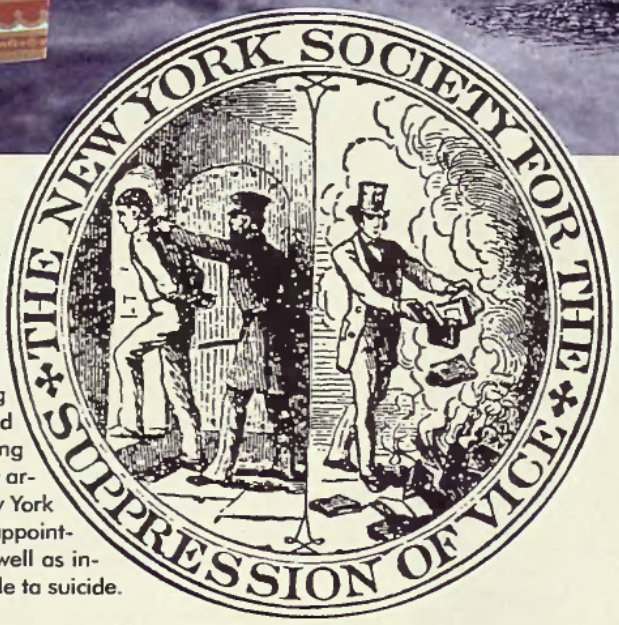
OPPOSITE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT IN THE STYLE OF CHILDE HASSAM

BROADWAY
AFE
MADAD
I GOT
White Rock

Selling dreams became the business of business. The excitement of life in the city was brought to rural America by the Sears, Roebuck catalog, known for years as the wish book or the dream book. Women who had never strolled Broadway knew that the ideal figure was the hourglass created by corsets (below left) and that the ideal hairstyle was the luxuriant crown sketched by Charles Dana Gibson for *Life* magazine (right). The Gibson Girl was all-American, graceful, reserved—at least in print. Evelyn Nesbit posed for a Gibson portrait. However, advertisers quickly realized the power of sex: The owners of the White Rock Mineral Springs Co. took a painting titled *Psyche at Nature's Mirror* and turned it into one of the most identifiable trademarks of the century (upper right). Nudity—as long as it imitated art—was allowable. Vendors sold picture postcards of women on pedestals posing as statuary in classical tableaux (lower right).

In 1900 there were ten miles of paved raad and only 8000 automobiles in the entire country. Rare was the encounter with a devil wagon. A ride inta town still terminated at a hitching post. One's universe was limited to the distance that could be ridden or walked in a day, just as one's behavior was limited by the apinion of one's neighbors. Modesty was measured in inches. A swimming assaciatian specified that a waman's bathing attire shauld extend ta within three inches af the knee, while a man's attire had ta reach eight inches below his crotch. The bicycle craze that started before the turn of the century created a new freedom far women. It intraduced them to athletics—callege girls saon taak up lawn tennis and basketball, sparts impossible ta play in carsets and bustles. The bicycle changed fashion in ather ways. Prior to 1900, a woman going out in public ware 37 paunds of clothes. Her attire around the house weighed 17 pounds. The demands of new transportation called for lighter, more maneuverable skirts (thaugh not to the degree indicated at right). Historians view the bicycle vogue as the precursar af a more serious revolution that sent women into the workplace in increasing numbers.





In the years following the Civil War, the city came to represent temptatian—a cauldron of prostitution, gambling, alcahal and parnagraphy. Images that could cause a young man to fall into a life of sin were everywhere, as the cigar band using a famaus painting by Adalphe-William Bauguereau illustrates. Church graups organized safe havens in the city—the Young Men's Christian Association affered a clean bed and goad baaks to read, while the Traveler's Aid Saciety and the Young Women's Christian Association tried to rescue wamen as they arrived. In 1873 a committee fram the YMCA launched the New York Saciety for the Suppression af Vice. Anthany Comstack, self-appointed censor, banned baaks, paintings and other materials as well as infarmation on contraceptives and abortian. He drave 15 peaple ta suicide.

natural thing. Carrie found herself stared at and ogled. Men in flawless topcoats, high hats and silver-headed walking sticks elbowed near and looked too often into conscious eyes. Ladies rustled by in dresses of stiff cloth, shedding affected smiles and perfume. Carrie noticed among them the sprinkling of goodness and the heavy percentage of vice. The rouged and powdered cheek and lips, the scented hair, the large, misty and languorous eye were common enough. With a start she awoke to find that she was in fashion's throng, on parade in a showplace—and such a showplace. . . . She longed to feel the delight of parading here as an equal. Ah, then she would be happy."

The city itself changed

Edison invented the kinetoscope ond opened America's eyes. Where once only the wealthy could feast their eyes on the perfect 18-inch waist of actress Anna Held (center, above left) in a lavish Flo Ziegfeld production, the nickelodeon brought images such as *The Kiss* to the common man. When women entered the public sphere of work, the sexual temperoture of the country rose. The postcard at top depicts an early office romance. The double standard flourished in a secret world of casino saloons, lobster restaurants and theaters where men frolicked with women (right) while their wives maintained a strict image of purity at home.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN THOMPSON IN THE STYLE OF JOHN SLOAN

sex. Country girls grew up in protected households. Courters would make calls and sit on the front porch in full view of families. There was an accepted etiquette. An advice column in *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1908:

"Q: If a young man should take a girl unawares by kissing her, what should she do?"

"A: She should show her displeasure in a dignified way that leaves him in no doubt of it. She has reason to be displeased—for it is a liberty."

"Q: Will you answer a question that has greatly perplexed me? Is it proper to kiss one's betrothed in public?"

"A: No. It is exceedingly bad form. Such expressions of affection should be kept for private delectation."

In polite society a man would not dare call unless the woman had indicated interest. A columnist explained the etiquette:

"Q: How soon after meeting a young man may a girl invite him to call?"

"A: She should wait for a second meeting before giving the invitation, watching too for some indication of such a desire or interest on his part."

There were no front porches in the city. Crowded apartments filled with working men and women or families were not designed to shelter the innocent. The young flocked to the vast new temples of public entertainment.

In *Going Out*, historian David Nasaw describes American cities filled with dime museums, vaudeville, penny arcades, amusement parks, baseball stadiums, dancehalls, peep shows and listening rooms. Americans would take to the downtown arcades to use vitascopes and projectoscopes, motorgraphs, cinematographs, biographs, rayoscopes, eidoloscopes, viveoscopes, cinegraphoscopes and animatographs.

Put a nickel in the slot and listen to an Edison phonograph play the hit music of the day. Or watch a flickering image of Little Egypt doing the hootchie-coo. The new amusements were intoxicating and, some feared, addicting. Newspapers carried stories about "nickel madness."

•

The amusements seem to point, like Diana's arrow, toward a new world built on pleasure. Sex is in the air itself. One observer visiting a Yiddish music hall remarked, "The songs are suggestive of everything but what is proper, the choruses are full of double meanings and the jokes have broad and unmistakable hints of things indecent."

The city is carnal. The explosion of change has caught the attention of the Committee of Fourteen, a group of wealthy men who have gathered to ponder the new energy. They are not puritans, but they view themselves as moral custodians of the great metropolis and, indeed, the entire country. They give rise to a group of doctors named, similarly, the Committee of Fifteen. After studying the new city, the physicians issue a tome called *The Social Evil*, in which they report:

"A great part of the population of a modern city consists of young men who have drifted thither from the country and small towns, attracted by the greater opportunities of rising in social life and by the greater degree of personal comfort that the city offers. As a rule, the income that a young man earns, while sufficient to secure a fair degree of comfort for himself, does not suffice for founding a family. As his income increases, his standard of personal comfort rises; accordingly, he postpones marriage until a date in the indefinite future or abandons expectations of it altogether. His interests center almost wholly in himself. He is responsible to no one but himself. The pleasures that he may obtain from day to day become the chief end of his life. A popular philosophy of hedonism furnishes him with a theoretical justification for the inclinations that are developed by the circumstances in which he is placed. It is not unnatural then that the strongest native impulse of man should find expression in the only way open to it—indulgence in vice."

The American family is under attack. A blueprint that had existed since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, one that had been enforced by law, public punishment in the stocks and the occasional hanging, is being ignored by millions.

Lewis Erenberg, a historian of nightlife, describes the old order in *Steppin' Out*: "In the privacy of the domestic sphere, women taught men duty and the channeling of their passions through willpower. Passion was one element that could distract men from success, weaken their resolve and ultimately destroy their will. It was thus considered bad for business, and businessmen's wives and daughters were expected to conform to the kind of sexual relationship that made the least trouble. Women had to be what men were not—refined, controlled, nurturing, self-effacing and stable—so as to provide the one noncompetitive and nurturing environment in the anarchic and hostile world. This generation understood the delights of sensuality but kept them outside their own culture. Placing stock in the purity of women, they practiced a double standard, which set their own women above the demands of the body and above the sexual status of men. For both men and women, sexuality was separate from romance. . . . Women provided the order in life and the social order to men's identities, and for that reason they had to live in their own private world above the temptations of the town."

THE WAR ON VICE

In a tiny office in the heart of New York City, Anthony Comstock studied the annual report for the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. This bull-necked man, dressed in black, was physically stalwart, as grim and serious as the task he'd set for himself. Only muttonchop sideburns—once ginger-colored but now turning white—deviated from the severe. This was a man who, serving as a 20-year-old in the Civil War, had persuaded three like-minded Christian recruits to take a pledge against swearing, drinking and chewing tobacco. He'd acted as self-appointed chaplain for his unit. Now he had a higher office, also self-appointed, of national censor.

As usual, the report began with an apology:

"It is always a difficult matter to write the report for this society. The character of the evils, often found circulating among young people in institutions of learning, is so gross that no adequate idea can be given of it to the members of this society, much less to the public in general. . . . We can neither reproduce the books and pictures nor describe their true character. We cannot name the child, family or school, nor show into what circles of society we are called to make investigations. The nearest approach to a description of the evils which we war against will be found in the following tabular statement:

"Book and sheet stock seized and destroyed: 52 pounds. Obscene pictures and photos: 19,260. Negative plates for making obscene photos: 842. Articles for immoral use of rubber, etc.: 1000. Boxes of pills and powders used by abortionists: 66. Circulars, catalogs, songs, poems, etc.: 7891. Newspapers containing unlawful advertisements or obscene matter: 22. Obscene pictures framed on walls of saloons: 7. Obscene plays stopped or places of amusement closed: 1."

Anthony Comstock—special agent to the U.S. Post Office and secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—did not read books. He weighed them. Depending on your point of view, he was either a Christian champion or a one-man American Inquisition. The son of a deeply religious farm couple, Comstock was born in New Canaan, Connecticut in 1844. He applied the Puritan work ethic to the rooting out of sin, of playfulness, of

(continued on page 108)

"Care to join in any reindeer games?"

a holiday fantasy to ring your chimes

WHEN JENNY MET SANTA

WHAT DO YOU give the man who has everything? How about a date with the woman everyone wants? Of course that's Jenny McCarthy, PLAYBOY's 1994 Playmate of the Year. Now starring on MTV's *Singled Out* and featured on calendars and posters and in male fantasies everywhere, Jenny is fast becoming America's most wanted blonde—the funniest, least stuck-up sex symbol ever. They may seem an unlikely pair—tanned, curvy Jenny and Santa with his polar pallor and weight problem—but these celebs are all about spreading good cheer. Both bring joy to millions. And both know how to dress. Santa drapes his unbuffed shape in red while Jenny wears bikinis, the teenier the better. Or even less, on special occasions.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

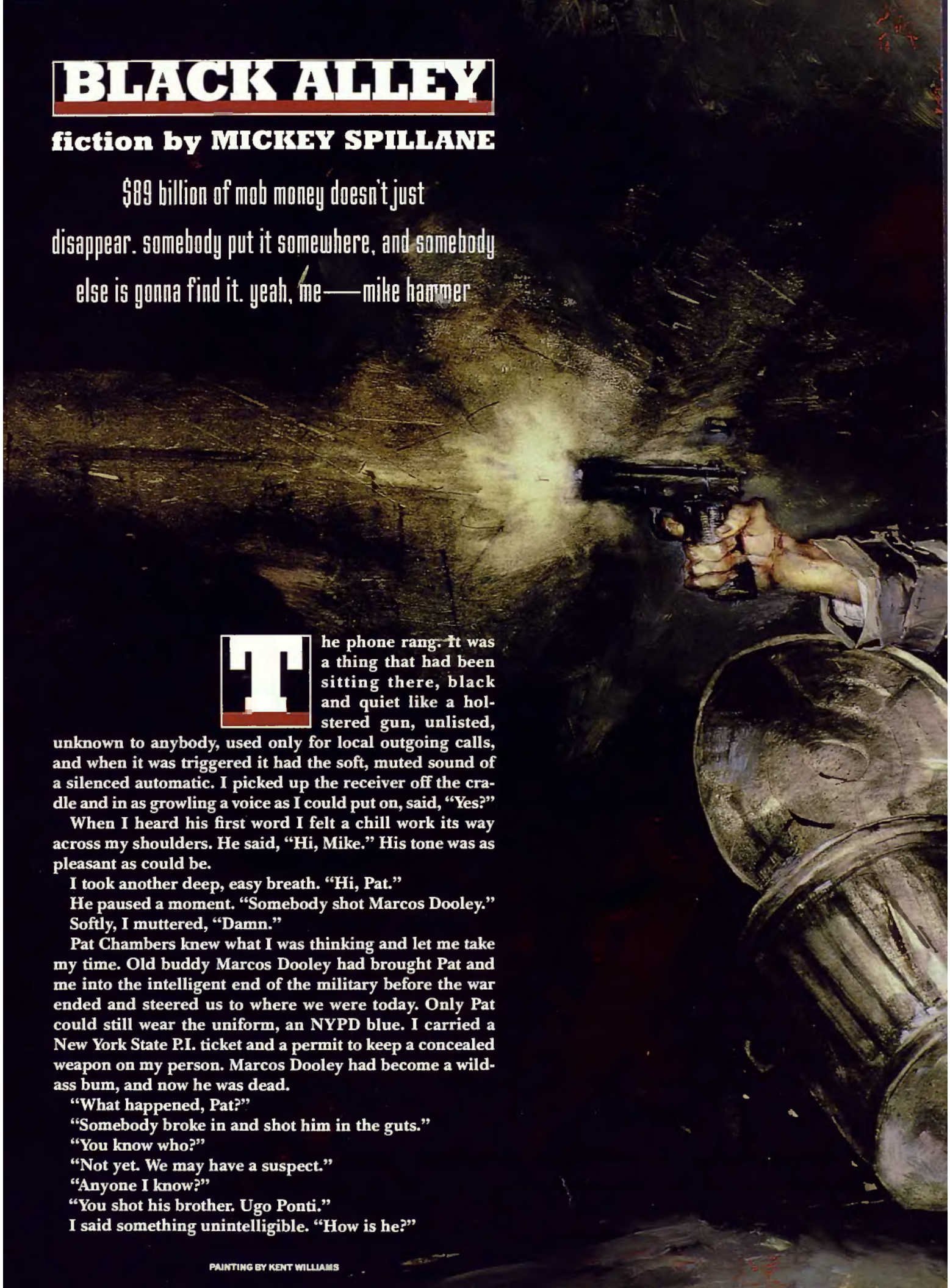
Fantasies Come True Dept.: As Miss October 1993, Jenny included these turn-ons on her Playmate Data Sheet. She wanted a hard-driving man, a daredevil who wasn't afraid to emote. Binga: one sleigh-driving chimney escape artist whase laughter is legendary. More vital, however, was the dream she confided to us—"ta succeed in TV Land." Soon MTV and *Singled Out* made her queen af the singles scene.

Spotting major beauty can be a tough job, but we think we have it licked. Marilyn Monroe was followed by a parade of perfect women to delight any grown-up on Christmas morning. Jenny has the wit, spontaneity and body to make an irresistible package; it's clear that even Santa's smitten. We're proud we singled her out back in 1993, before she met her panting public. All together now, say woof!

BLACK ALLEY

fiction by MICKEY SPILLANE

\$89 billion of mob money doesn't just disappear. somebody put it somewhere, and somebody else is gonna find it. yeah, me——mike hammer



The phone rang. It was a thing that had been sitting there, black and quiet like a holstered gun, unlisted, unknown to anybody, used only for local outgoing calls, and when it was triggered it had the soft, muted sound of a silenced automatic. I picked up the receiver off the cradle and in as growling a voice as I could put on, said, "Yes?"

When I heard his first word I felt a chill work its way across my shoulders. He said, "Hi, Mike." His tone was as pleasant as could be.

I took another deep, easy breath. "Hi, Pat."

He paused a moment. "Somebody shot Marcos Dooley."

Softly, I muttered, "Damn."

Pat Chambers knew what I was thinking and let me take my time. Old buddy Marcos Dooley had brought Pat and me into the intelligent end of the military before the war ended and steered us to where we were today. Only Pat could still wear the uniform, an NYPD blue. I carried a New York State P.I. ticket and a permit to keep a concealed weapon on my person. Marcos Dooley had become a wild-ass bum, and now he was dead.

"What happened, Pat?"

"Somebody broke in and shot him in the guts."

"You know who?"

"Not yet. We may have a suspect."

"Anyone I know?"

"You shot his brother. Ugo Ponti."

I said something unintelligible. "How is he?"

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

"Dying. He wants to see you."

"I'll be there."

•

Pat had made the way easy for me. A plainclothesman I recognized met me at Bellevue Hospital and took me in.

I turned the knob, went in and closed the door behind me.

The place was a death room. It hung heavy in the air. Light came from the instrument panel behind the bed, the glow a pale orange yellow. You could smell death.

When my eyes adjusted I saw the mound under the sheet. Quietly, I walked over and stood beside the bed, looking down on something with a hole in it that let life leak out. His breathing was shallow but even, the pain of the wound buried under the weight of narcotics.

While I was trying to figure out a way to wake him he seemed to sense he was not alone, and with an effort his eyes opened, strayed vacantly, then centered on me. "You made it, huh?"

"Sure, for you, Dooley. Why didn't you ask for Pat?"

"He's not a snake like you are."

"Come on——" I started to say, but he cut me off with a shake of his head.

"Mike . . . you're a mean slob. You're . . . nasty. You do the damnedest things. Pat's not like you."

"He's a cop, Marcos."

"Uh-huh." He coughed lightly and his face twitched with pain. My eyes were almost fully adjusted to the gloom and I could see him clearly. The years hadn't been good to him at all and the final indignity of getting shot had drained him.

There was a clock ticking behind his eyes. I knew it and he knew it. Each tick took him closer to the end. He strained to see me again, finally found my eyes. "Mike . . . remember Don Angelo?"

I thought he was drifting back along memory lane. Don Angelo had been dead for 20 years. At the age of 90-something he had died in peace in his Brooklyn apartment, surrounded by his real family. His other family was a hundredfold larger, spread out over the East Coast domain the don called his own.

"Sure, Dooley. What about him?"

His expression looked strained and there was shame in his eyes. There was a long pause before he said, "I worked for him, Mike."

It was hard to believe.

"Dooley," I asked him, "what kind of work would you do for the Mob? You were no gunhand. You never messed around in illegal business."

He held his hand up, and I stopped talking. "It was . . . a different . . . kind of business." My silent nod asked him a question and he answered it. "Do you know . . . what the yearly take . . . of the . . . " he groped for the words and said, "associated mobs . . . adds up to?"

"It's a pile of loot," I said.

"Mike," he said very solemnly, "you haven't got the slightest idea."

"What are you getting at, Dooley?"

His chest rose under the sheet while he took several deep breaths, his eyes closing until whatever spasm it was had calmed down. When he looked up his mouth worked a bit.

"Mike, remember when the young guys tried to take over . . . the family business?"

"But they didn't make it, Dooley."

"No . . . not then." He sucked in another big lungful of air. "But it made the dons think."

"What are you getting to, Dooley?"

Once again, he gave out a grunt, this time of satisfaction. "They . . . were all getting screwed . . . by their kids. The ones they put through college. The ones they . . . tapped to run the business . . . when they handed it over."

"The dons weren't that dumb," I interrupted.

"Computers," Dooley said.

"Computers!"

"They learned . . . how to use them . . . in college. They didn't want to wait. They wanted it now . . . and were getting it. Now shut up and don't talk until I'm finished."

"I don't like it when somebody tells me to shut up," I said with mock indignation. Then added, "But now I'm shut up."

"OK. Stay that way . . . and listen. All the old dons . . . never exploited their wealth. They might spend it, but they never looked like they had a dime. Lousy apartments, their wives did the cleaning and cooking. The kids . . . the bad ones . . . didn't know where the dons kept it." He was starting to breathe with an unnatural rhythm and I didn't like it, but there was no way to stop him now. "That was when . . . they got hold of me."

A little red light flashed on the panel behind his head. It stayed on about two seconds, then went off. Nobody came in, so I ignored it.

He said, "Nobody really knows . . . how they did it. Cash and valuables got moved by truck with different crews so that no one knew where it came from or where it was going. Except the last crew."

"What happened to them?"

"Like the old pirate days. Their skeletons are still there. When their job . . . was done . . . so were they." He rolled his eyes up to mine again. "Now stay shut up . . . OK?"

I gave him the nod again.

"All their heavy money . . . was in paper. They cashed in everything they had and turned it into dollars. They pulled out all their numbered accounts in Switzerland, the Bahamas, the Caymans. The cash flow was still coming in from gambling and drugs and all that . . . crap, you know?" I nodded again. "That's what fooled . . . the young bucks. The walking . . . walking-around money was there, but the capital had disappeared."

"When did they find out?"

"Maybe a year ago. The computers came up with it. At first they . . . they thought it was . . . like a mistake. When the machines said no way, then they . . . thought they were being ripped off. All those hotshots went nuts."

He made sense. There had been unrest in the upper echelons of the underworld fraternity a couple of years back.

Dooley said, "The dons were getting old by then. When they died off . . . it all . . . seemed natural. You know, strokes and heart attacks, falls down stairs."

"I remember that. There was a regular parade of those gaudy funerals."

I looked straight down at Dooley, and he read my thoughts perfectly.

"I was . . . working for Lorenzo Ponti, Mike. Ponti . . . was in charge. He moved faster than the kids . . . he kept ahead of everybody, that guy."

"Did he move right in when the others died?" I asked him.

"Hell, Mike, they didn't . . . just die. They were killed. All of them. Except Ponti. And when he goes there won't be any more dons . . . just the young phonies howling mad because their inheritance has disappeared. *Poof!* Just . . . like that." He tried to snap his fingers but didn't have the strength.

"Dooley, doesn't Lorenzo Ponti know where this hoard is?"

"He thinks he does."

"But somebody faked him out?"

"Me," Dooley told me. "I faked . . . him out. I changed the road signs . . . covered up paths . . . and I disguised everything."

Suddenly sheer, raw pain flashed across his face and his back arched under the covers. He was beginning to look down his own black alley now, and it was too fearful to believe.

"How much time, Mike?"

I said, "Any minute, kiddo. You're close. They probably think it's better if you just drift off alone. It won't hurt."

His smile was brief and there was a small glow of relief on his face. "Listen to me," he said. "What would you do . . . if you had . . . $89 billion?"

"Buy a new car," I told him.

"I said . . . $89 billion, Mike."

Facetious words that started to come

"That's <u>all</u> you've got to say—'sure beats milk and cookies'?"

out stopped at my lips. His eyes were clear now and hard into mine.

Softly, I said, "Only a government has that kind of money, Dooley."

"That's right," he agreed. "It's a government all right. It's got citizens and taxes and soldiers and more money than anyone . . . can imagine."

When I scowled at him he knew I had gotten the message. He didn't want me to speak because he had more to say and no time to say it. "They left $89 *billion*, Mike. Billion, you know? I know where it is. They don't." Before I could speak I saw the spark begin to go out.

His voice was suddenly soft. It had the muted quality of great importance and I leaned forward to hear him better. He said, "You can . . . find out . . . where it is." His eyes never closed. They just quietly got dead.

•

I pushed open the office door and there was Velda behind her desk, chin propped in her hands, watching me. I said, "Am I supposed to say good afternoon or kiss you?"

She gave me an insolent moue and pointed at my private quarters. "The arresting officer is in there."

I went over and kissed the top of her head before I went in. Pat Chambers was comfortably folded into my nice, big office chair, his feet up on a half-opened desk drawer, drinking one of my cold Miller Lite beers like he owned the place.

"It's for the clients," I told him.

"Oh. You going to tell me how you did with Dooley?"

I pulled a chair away from the wall and sat down. "He died practically in my arms, Pat. Didn't he have anybody else?"

"You know Dooley. He was a loner. I wondered why he didn't call for me."

I let a few seconds pass, then said, "You really want to know?"

He set down the beer on my blotter and squinted at me. "Sure I do!" he said. "Hell, after all we went through together you'd think——"

"Dooley thought you were too soft."

"For what?"

"To do what has to be done," I said.

I sat there and studied my friend. Pat Chambers, a captain in the homicide division. Smart, streetwise, college educated, superbly trained in the nuances of detection. Tough, but not killing tough. His conscience was still finely honed, and that's what Dooley had meant. There was no way I could tell him what Dooley had told me.

Pat picked up the beer can and emptied it in two swallows. There was nothing else in the wastebasket under the desk, so the can made a clanking sound when it hit bottom. "He wants you to nail the guy who shot him," he said flatly.

"Something like that," I replied.

"There's a lot of street talk over who wiped out Azi Ponti, Mike."

"I shot the punk. I took him out with one fat cap-and-ball .45."

"That's what I figured," Pat told me, "but if I were you, I'd keep it to myself."

"By the way," I said, "how big a bundle would a million bucks in hundreds make?"

He looked at me like I was kidding, but my eyes said I wasn't.

"A big carton full. Clothes-drier size."

"Then a billion would take a thousand cartons like that."

Pat was puzzled now. "Yeah, why?"

I chose a smaller number for easier figuring. "Then how big a place would you need to store 80,000 cartons?"

"How about a great big warehouse?"

"That's what I figured." I grinned at him and said, "What would you do with a bundle that big, Pat?"

"Buy a new car," he growled.

"That's what I thought," I said.

•

Downstairs, Pat and Velda and I caught a cab over to Richmond's funeral parlor and saw DOOLEY neatly lettered on a mahogany sign with an arrow pointing to the chapel on the left. The silence was dank. Like a fog.

I was expecting to find the place empty, but there must have been two dozen people there. Four of them were gathered around a chest-high display table that held a graciously curved urn.

I knew what that was. It was Marcos Dooley.

And the guy looking at me was wishing it was me instead. He was almost as tall as I was, and from the way his $600 suit fit you knew he worked out on all the Nautilus equipment and most likely jogged 50 miles a week. He had the good looks of a Sicilian dandy and the composure of a Harvard graduate, but under that high-priced facade he was a street punk named Ponti. The *younger*.

I walked over. We had never met, but we didn't need an introduction. I said, "Hello. Have you come to pay your respects?"

Under his coat his muscles tightened and his eyes measured me. He was like an animal, the young male in the prime of life who now wanted to challenge the old bull.

I played the old bull's part perfectly. I said, "You haven't answered my question."

His eyes flicked around. "Dooley worked for my father."

"I know that." I got a frown again, strangely concerned this time.

"And how do you know him?"

"We were in the Army together. So was that cop over there." Ugo didn't have to look. He knew who I meant. Pat was looking right at us. He got that twitch again and I knew the young buck had lost the confrontation. But there would be another time, and the young buck would get strong and the old bull would be aging out of the picture. He hoped.

At the display table, I got a close look at Dooley's encapsulation. It was a dull metal urn, modestly decorated at the top and bottom, with a plaque in the middle engraved with gold lettering.

His name, age and birthplace were at the top, then under it a brief history that gave his GI serial number in eight digits and a record of his service aboard the U.S. destroyer *Latille*. Nothing about his Army time at all. He had served in, and then ducked out of, the U.S. Navy.

The funeral director sidled up to me and asked, "Can I see you a moment, Mr. Hammer?"

I nodded and followed him to the far side of the room. He stood there, wondering how he should explain his situation. "When Mr. Dooley purchased our services, he asked that you see to his remains."

"Be glad to," I told him. "What did he want done with them?"

"He said he had a son named Marvin, and he wanted you to deliver his ashes in the urn to the boy."

"I never knew about a kid."

"Apparently he had one."

"Well," I said to him, "if that's what he wanted, that's what he gets. I sure owe him that much."

He looked at his watch. Half the crowd had signed the register and already left. The others would be out in a few minutes. "I'll box the urn for you and you can pick it up in my office."

As we waited, I said to Velda, "Tomorrow I want you to go down to the Veterans Administration and run down Dooley's service record." I scanned the serial numbers on the urn and wrote them down, then handed the slip to Velda.

"What am I looking for?"

"His kid. He's supposed to have a son. All that information would have been recorded when he signed up. If they want a reason for the query, tell them we're trying to find an inheritor."

The three of us left the parlor with Dooley in my arms, packed in a box.

•

The next day no new business had come in and I was ready to close up

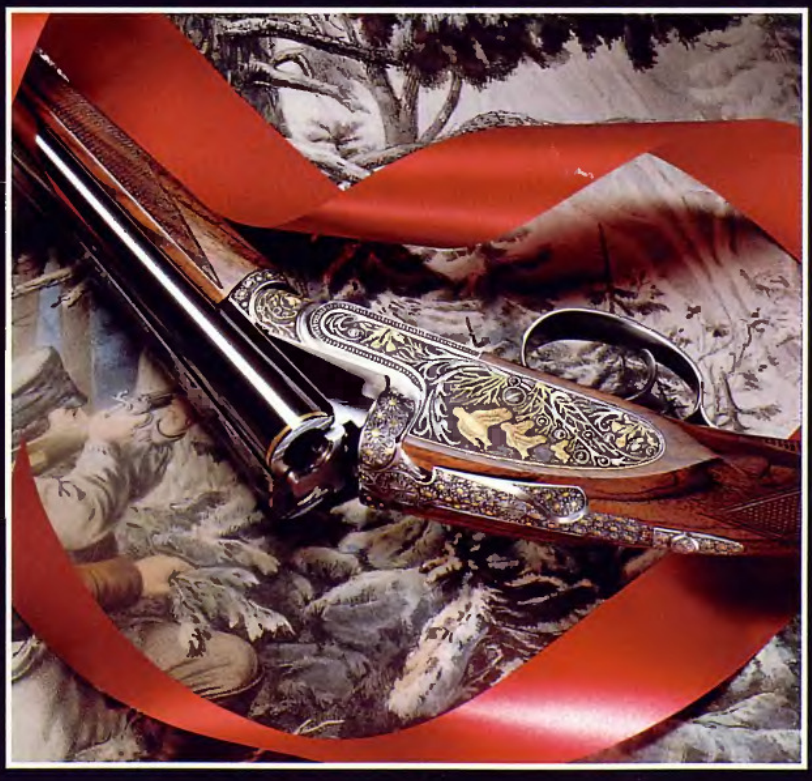
(continued on page 150)

Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide

'Tis the Season for Extravagance

If Santa gets his mitts on Yamaha's Royal Star, Rudolph may be lighting up the unemployment line. Priced about $13,500, the Royal Star combines the muscular styling of a Thirties American cruiser with the ultimate in modern motorcycle engineering. Features include a liquid-cooled, 1300cc V-4 engine; a high-geared, five-speed transmission for low-rpm riding comfort; a smooth, horizontally mounted suspension; and a five-year warranty.

Above: The J. Peterman Co.'s Gladstone travel bag is made of full-grain cowhide with brass fittings ($479). Next to it: A leather passport case from T. Anthony ($135) holds a ticket to East-West's ten-month catamaran world tour. Seven passengers (plus captain) participate in sailing a 55-foot luxury catamaran from Tahiti to the Antilles ($52,000). Above right: The Psion 3a mini-PC can build databases, keep track of schedules, create three-dimensional spreadsheets and more ($400 to $600, depending on memory). Below left: Comsat's Planet 1 satellite digital communications system lets you place voice calls and send faxes or pages around the world, yet it weighs less than six pounds (about $3000). Below right: Holland & Holland's .410 sporting shotgun is handcrafted in London and features a walnut stock and gold-inlayed birds ($68,000).



Below is a cedar-lined walnut-and-brass replica of the humidor Milton Berle gave John F. Kennedy, which subsequently sold for more than $500,000. This one is available in a limited edition (35) for $7500 signed by Berle, or unsigned for $5000. It is stocked with HMH Gran Coronas by Don Diego ($212.50 for a box of 25). Also in the humidor: a sterling silver cigar tube ($480) and lighter ($430) handcrafted by John Hardy in Bali.

Top left: The computer in Nikon's F5 professional 35mm camera calculates aperture and shutter speed by comparing exposure info from the scene you're shooting with more than 30,000 stored in its memory (about $3350). It's pictured with a Nikon 300mm f/4 lens ($1470). Top right: Sony's brushed-aluminum MJ-L1 ministereo recorder lets you enjoy CDs, minidiscs and radio at 30 watts per channel ($1900). Bottom left: The K2 Four "smart" skis with sensors that eliminate vibrations ($625) are paired with Salomon's Performa 9.0 Equipe boots, which have a lining that forms to the shape of your feet ($560). Bottom right: Honoring the author of such swashbuckling tales as *The Three Musketeers*, Montblanc offers this Alexandre Dumas fountain pen, with marbled barrel, 18-kt. gold nib and a "book" case bearing a facsimile of Dumas' signature ($750).

The sterling silver wine cooler by Asprey ($6950) holds a rare bottle of Krug Collection 1976 champagne ($250). Near it is a Forties sterling silver cocktail shaker from Fortunoff ($1900) in which we've mixed martinis that have been poured into Tiffany glasses ($32 each). For lighting great smokes and telling time, there's Alfred Dunhill's giant silver-plated clock/table lighter, available in a limited edition of 200 ($2800).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 208.

Hangin' With The Prez

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

the adventures of a sporting man in a seersucker suit

I PICKED OUT my seersucker suit, appropriate for the Atlanta heat, along with a white shirt and a blue tie. I took particular care, which is unusual for me. In the taxi out to Kennedy, I told the driver I wanted to be dropped off at hangar 12. It crossed my mind that he might be impressed by this—perhaps presuming me to be a passenger on a private aircraft, surely a big tipper. We stopped at a checkpoint. *Air Force One* loomed in front of us, blue and white, mammoth. My driver, being a New Yorker and impervious to anything that might strike wonder, seemed hardly to notice. I gave him a hefty tip nonetheless.

I went through a search. A bomb dog put his nose in my tote bag. "How do you train these dogs?" I asked a Secret Service agent.

"Repetition," he said.

"How has he done on finding things?"

"Well, that depends."

I hoped the president was going to be more forthcoming about his sports career and the Olympics.

We waited by the airplane for almost three hours. The president was in a nearby motel talking to the families of those lost on TWA flight 800. He appeared finally, dressed in a severe blue suit, and spoke from behind a podium to a bleachers-like stand of photographers and reporters. Hillary Clinton stood off to one side. The president's remarks were somber and moving. I kept thinking that the plane we were about to board was the same model that had gone down off Moriches Inlet.

My seat on *Air Force One* was in a small compartment reserved for Secret Service agents. They took off their coats and hung them over the backs of their seats. Their pistols and what looked like small flashlights in black cases rode on their belts. My seat companion told me that her pistol was of German make—a Sig Sauer, a 9mm weapon with 16-shot capacity. She professed not to know how many of her fellow agents were on *Air Force One*, but I would have guessed a dozen or so, certainly enough firepower to rival Tombstone in the old days.

We were served lunch. As I gazed at it, the president appeared at the side of my seat. I tried to shoot to my feet, impeded by a tray that had on it a pepperoni pizza, a glass of lemonade, a salad, a small wafer, napkin and cutlery. And

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ULRIKSEN

then there was the problem of my secured safety belt. A piece of tomato landed in my lap, on my seersucker trousers. The president was saying, "No, no, don't get up."

"A wrenching morning, sir," I said.

A curious, glazed look crossed his face, as if I had said something distasteful. I thought how compartmentalized the mind of anyone in high political office must be—able to dismiss one problem, however despairing, and then move on.

"Yes, wrenching," he said. Then he smiled, an abrupt shift in his facial expression. "We're going to have a great time," he said.

"Absolutely, sir," I said.

A steward gave me a tour of *Air Force One*. Impressive enough. Various compartments—the press sits in one (in the rear), the special agents in another, the White House staff in a third. There was also a conference room, two galleys (one amidships, one aft), a communications center in the upper-level bubble, another room that can be turned into a hospital, and washrooms with a selection of toiletries on the shelves. Forward, with the door to it closed, were the president's quarters—a sitting room, I was told, and a bedroom in the nose of the plane. President Bush kept a pair of furry bedroom slippers aboard, with the presidential seal embroidered on the toes. President Clinton keeps a pair of cowboy boots, I was informed, also embossed with the presidential seal.

The president suddenly materialized opposite the forward galley. He was in shirtsleeves. I remarked that I hoped to spend some time alone with him to chat about sports. He nodded and then urged me to have a piece of peach cobbler ("after all, we're headed for the Peach State") and leaned in a kind of teller's window to order it for me, joshing with the kitchen staff within. He turned to me and said again, "We're going to have a great time."

The cobbler, topped with sorbet, was brought to my seat. I offered to share it with my agent friend, since apparently no desserts were forthcoming from the aft galley, certainly not peach cobbler. She shook her head politely. I was to learn from the press afterward that the fare aboard *Air Force One* is notoriously sparse. No outcry from the taxpayers in this department!

Back at my seat, I was given a little souvenir packet containing a few small boxes of M&M's along with a half-dozen matchbooks, both items fixed with the presidential seal and the candy boxes bearing Bill Clinton's signature. I was told that originally packs of cigarettes were in the gift packet; those went, but not the matches. An odd juxtaposition—candy and matches.

We landed at Dobbins Air Reserve Base in Marietta, Georgia. The president stepped off the plane wearing a blue blazer and olive slacks. Brown suede shoes. No cowboy boots. Mrs. Clinton was wearing a tan pantsuit. Both of them worked the fence, shaking hands as flashbulbs popped. The motorcade set out for the Georgia Dome, headed by a phalanx of motorcycle cops, their blue strobe lights flickering far ahead. I was in a van with five reporters, all longtime White House hands. Behind us was a van identified as the valet car. We moved swiftly, the on-ramps dense with cars waiting for us to pass, long lines snaking back into the countryside. The drivers closest often stood on the roadside to watch us go by. I imagined that some of them were not very pleased, especially those with pressing appointments—a golf date, a contract signing, a clandestine lunch date. I wondered how many Democrats waiting impatiently became independents and independents Republican.

We disembarked. A lot of milling around. A stranger came up and said, "Hey, it's nice to see someone wearing a seersucker suit. Not too many of those around—only the very old Atlanta gentry wear them."

"Is that so," I said.

We caught up with the president. He was walking out of a reception room where he had congratulated the women's basketball team, which had just walloped Zaire. We walked down a corridor together. He mentioned that he had met the team members previously and had taken them out on a jog from the White House, during which—he told me with a grin—two of the players appeared quite out of shape and couldn't keep up. I asked how far he had run them, and the president told me five miles, which is his normal distance. He runs the last mile in the quickest time because he suffers from mild asthma that clears up after four miles. He said he wished we had seen them play Zaire, and mentioned with considerable enthusiasm Pam McGee, who had come back from serious injuries to make the team. He obviously admires those who survive adversity: He also mentioned Kerri Strug, the gymnast who had sprained her ankle minutes before she nailed her last vault. "I invited her to the White House," he said. "She was kind of disarming. She said that was all right but would she be able to see the president!"

The corridors in the Georgia Dome seemed endless. I walked for a while with Hillary Clinton; in front of us were photographers moving backward and a television crew, a clotlike group scuttling like a rapidly retreating rugby scrum. She took no notice, chatting easily about her basketball-playing days at school outside Chicago, in particular about a maneuver in women's basketball back then called juggling, which I understood to be a move allowing a player to continue a dribble.

The first event we attended was women's gymnastics. I was stationed immediately behind the Clintons, between two Secret Service agents. My notebook was at the ready, but trying to carry on a conversation with the Clintons in the next row down, or even to overhear what was being said, turned out to be almost impossible unless I leaned forward and hung my head between them like a balloon. So I chatted with the Secret Service people on either side, who seemed self-absorbed. I kept an eye on the Clintons, including Chelsea and a girlfriend from Little Rock. Chelsea, teeth braces gone, appeared truly out of the awkward stage—self-possessed, slim, long-legged and with a passion, I was to hear from her friend, for the ballet, both as student and scholar. She had been to the Games from opening day and knew what was what. She was explaining the finer points of the competition to her parents. I strained to overhear. Watching the four-ring circus of women's gymnastics, I found it difficult to figure out the various permutations. The midget size of the performers didn't help. One ached for television to make sense of it. Or Chelsea. I leaned forward and asked:

"Which are the Chinese?"

She looked back over her shoulder. "They're dressed in yellow and red."

Hillary Clinton was summoned to do an interview with gymnast Mary Lou Retton, the talkative star of the games in Los Angeles. She came back grinning broadly and reported to the president that Retton had asked her if she felt there were any similarities between gymnastics and politics. She had thought a bit and replied that indeed there were similarities—that she'd seen a lot of tumbles out on the floor that afternoon, costly to the performer, and that it was the same in politics: one mistake, one error in judgment, and disaster! Retton had then asked Hillary which gymnastic event paralleled her own political career. "The balance beam," Hillary had replied, and the president bent over in laughter.

Next we traveled in the motorcade to the swimming competition at the Georgia Tech Aquatic Center, a beautiful open-air arena. The place was packed. I looked around for anyone wearing a seersucker suit. Nope. The swimmers were seated together in the

(continued on page 100)

"What's your address? I want to send you a Christmas card."

Women
Stories of Passion

meet the babes from the steamy tv series in which women call the shots

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

Beautiful, passionate women shedding their inhibitions and acting out their wildest sexual fantasies. That's the recipe for *Women: Stories of Passion*, the breathtaking undertaking in female erotica that airs on Showtime every Saturday night. Not only is this new series of

You may have noticed Shannah Laumeister (below and above left) in *Bullets Over Broadway* or *Mondo New York*. Since studying theater at Colorado State, Lesli Kay Sterling (opposite page and above right) has made a splash in daytime soaps. She plays a sheriff in the film *Denim and Lace 2000* and stars in *Cyberella*. Kimberly Rowe (top left) and Kate Rodger (top right) are caught in the midst of the action.

half-hour stories a feast for the senses, it also was created with a delicious twist: The episodes were written and directed by women. Which means it could prove to be educational as well as entertaining. Did we mention that the series was produced by Playboy Productions? Give it a good look, and a listen. In the meantime, in case you missed the first few tales in the series, we would like to introduce you to some of its stars. If you have been fortunate enough to catch the show on cable, then consider yourself to be twice blessed. Lights, camera, stop-action.

The irrepressible Sally Kirkland (near right and center above) has been a Shakespearean and a queen B, and she earned an Oscar nomination for Best Actress in *Anna*. As a stripper in the *Women* story "Blind Love," Cheryl Bartel (far right and center below) sheds the bikini she has worn on *Baywatch*. Kimberly Rowe (left) plays it tough in *Rumble in the Street*. In *Women*, she plays a shy college student who undergoes a sexual awakening in "For the Sake of Science."

Kate Rodger (top and at left) has received notoriety for her spoken-word performances as well as her film work (*Club V.R.*, *Stealthunters*), and has appeared on *Saturday Night Live*. A graduate of UCLA in theater and film, Kira Reed (above and at right) has earned roles in *Mr. Saturday Night* and *Live Wire*. Skilled in martial arts, Gabriella Hall (opposite page) kicks up her heels in *Clean Slate*, lets down her hair in *Full Body Massage* and stars in *Deceit*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Hangin' With The Prez *(continued from page 92)*

I asked about the card game. "I'm in a slump," the president said. "Lost four games in a row."

closed side of the arena, cheering on their teammates. Again I sat behind the Clintons with the "guns" on either side. Chelsea knew the swimmers by name. "Come on, Beth!" she cried. She was carrying a little American flag.

The president moved back a row and sat next to me. Big chance! I asked him, if he could have been an Olympian, which sport would he have picked.

"The decathlon and swimming," he replied. "I like the feel of swimming and the idea that you're out there against yourself as much as against others, pushing the limits. I like the decathlon because it rewards balance—you don't have to be the best at everything. It tests one's ability to develop in an area where one might not have much natural ability. You're forced to do this because you're competing in ten events. It's fascinating. I have no idea whether I could have succeeded if I'd started working on it as a young man. But the event has always captured my imagination."

He mentioned Al Oerter, the famous discus thrower who never did well in track and field meets until it came time for the Olympics. He won four golds, one of them (in Tokyo in 1964) when he was injured—yet another example of overcoming adversity.

"Do you know about Robert Garrett?" the president asked. Garrett had gone to the first Olympics in Athens in 1896 as a member of the American team without having seen a proper discus. In the U.S. he had practiced with something that weighed about 27 pounds. In Athens Garrett was astounded at the distances the Greeks were throwing the discus until he discovered that what he had been throwing was about 23 pounds too heavy.

"So he stepped up and threw one of these little discuses just about out of the stadium," the president said.

What he was telling me was by no means in an uninterrupted flow. There were constant demands on his attention—the introduction of an athlete, often from a foreign country, always with a beaming coach equipped with a big handshake, a translator hovering behind, the offering of the country's Olympic pin, the pop-flash of a camera to record the event.

One of the president's staff members leaned over us and murmured that the victorious American swimmers were about to receive their gold medals. The national anthem would be played, the cameras would search out Clinton for a photo op—the president standing at attention, facing the flag with a hand over his heart. I had to assume that the staff member was telling the president it would be preferable if he were flanked by his family rather than picked out by the cameras standing next to a stranger wearing a seersucker suit.

When the swimming award ceremony was over, the president visited the U.S. team. A photo was suggested. The swimmers reminded me of slightly unruly high schoolers as they jostled to position themselves for the photographers. They wanted the president in the middle of the picture. He preferred to stand on the side so he wouldn't block out anyone. "Can't you duck?" one swimmer called out. "I do that every day," Clinton replied.

In the corridors of the aquatic center the crowds collected in entryways to wave and cheer. A small boy raised a camera, and when it didn't work he first shook and then pummeled it in despair. The president noticed this and reached out to shake the boy's hand. I was close enough to the president to overhear odd bits of information—including the fact that Atlanta was his first Olympics, though he had jogged around the Olympic track in Seoul before the Games opened in 1988.

On the way to the airport the president stopped at the Georgia International Convention and Trade Center for an interview with Bob Costas of NBC—supposedly a 15-minute halt. Time droned on. An hour. Someone in the press van remarked that once Clinton starts talking, he rarely stops. Another suggested that he, Hillary and Chelsea were in the pool with the synchronized swimming team. Yet a third commented that Clinton could be eating. "Dangle an onion ring anywhere near Clinton and he'll go for it." The card game Hearts was also mentioned—the president's favorite, especially on trips. Occasionally, one of the old-timers said, the press corps has to stand by for long periods of time until he finally calls it quits and comes down the ramp of *Air Force One*.

"Hey, if you have your talk with him," someone said, "get him to stop when we reach Washington. If we have to hang around for an hour, we'll storm the plane."

"Absolutely," I said.

When *Air Force One* was about halfway to Washington I was informed that the president wished to see me. The aide led me forward to the conference room. The president, again in his shirtsleeves, was playing a lively game of Hearts with three members of his staff. The first-class galley had provided him with a sandwich and a bowl of pretzels. A glass of ginger ale stood by his plate. He looked up and nodded. I sat down at the far end of the table. A steward appeared and I ordered a scotch and water.

I don't play Hearts and could make out little of what was going on, except that the games went by quickly, the participants seeming only to glance at their cards before passing on the discards. It was apparent that the president wasn't doing well. He moaned at one point and flipped his cards over before jotting down the score on a pad.

After a few games, keenly conscious that we were closing in on Washington, I joined Mrs. Clinton, who was sitting on a couch with a friend. We chatted amiably. She talked about how much she had enjoyed Martha's Vineyard, where the Clintons had vacationed two years before and where we had friends in common. Another moan went up from her husband at the table.

"Do they play for money?" I asked.

She said she didn't think so, and suspected her husband keeps score only for bragging rights.

We were talking about Russia—she was saying that she could never think of Kiev without remembering its multitude of trees—when the president finally threw down his cards. He motioned to me and we went forward, through a sitting room where Chelsea and her friend were curled up asleep on a room-length sofa, into the bedroom in the nose of *Air Force One*.

I asked about the card game. "I'm in a slump," the president said. "Lost four games in a row." He went on to say that Hillary's brothers had taught him how to play pinochle. At Oxford two girls had taught him bridge, but he hasn't played since. He enjoyed a game called Spades, but Hearts—he couldn't remember where he had learned it—is his true passion. "The nice thing about Hearts is that it's a different game every time you play with different people, and whether you're playing with three, four or five friends. The more people playing, the more difficult it is to control the game. Lots of fun, really a great game."

Our talk ranged over a number of topics. He reminisced about his earlier trip to the opening-day ceremonies.

(continued on page 206)

"Now, Arnold, let's not spoil Christmas for the children . . . !"

fashion by Hollis Wayne

The Look Of Lounge

SMOOTH STYLINGS OF THE NEW COCKTAIL CULTURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE

BY CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

From the martini bar to the nightclub, downtown is dressing up. Maybe not all together, maybe not even on the same evening. But there are retro strains in the air, Zippos on the bartops and drinks with names your dad would recognize. This is a trend that's about to gel as fast as Brylcreem. The look, cocktail confreres, is lounge.

The ladies are stealing style points from Sharon Stone in *Casino*, so now's the time to place your bets. We've made lounge sharp without the piercings, lizardly without the slime. For the right blend of insouciance and style, choose one of the slim-fitting suits you'll find on the racks this winter. Make it a shiny suit in silk (but definitely not washed silk). Textured cloth works (designers call it silk shantung); so do silk-like, space-age blended fabrics. Now you will look like those swinging, singing and sinning patron saints of lounge, Francis and Dino.

You might recall that Mr. Sinatra preferred a hot orange pocket square in his jacket's breast pocket, while Mr. Martin favored bright red. We'll go one further. Accent these sleek suits with shirts in bold colors, solid matching ties and an identical swirling pocket square.

The real beauty of lounge is that while there's plenty of history to draw from, no one is keeping track. You can mix and mismatch elements from the kitschy Fifties and sybaritic Sixties. Lounge is a combination of shtick and sophistication. For a night on the town, think splashy Vegas reviews; on the home

Left: Bachelor number one is in a two-button fitted jacket ($1750) and pants ($670) by Richard Tyler; stretch shirt from Donna Karan ($220); matching tie and pocket square by Robert Talbott ($105 and $43). Number two is wearing a chalk-stripe suit ($995), cotton shirt ($250) and matching silk tie ($95) all by Ralph Lauren. Opposite: A sharkskin two-button suit by Nicole Farhi ($750); a cotton shirt ($175) and silk tie ($105) by Robert Talbott; and a gold tie bar by Cartier ($1650); the leather belt is by Gucci ($160) and the shades are by Cutler and Gross ($195).

PROPS AND WOMEN'S STYLING BY STEFAN BECKMAN
PHOTOGRAPHED AT MARION'S CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT & LOUNGE, NYC

What sort of girl drinks o cosmopolitan? All sorts, these days. Serve it to your next date: 2½ parts Absolut Citron, 1½ counts Rose's Lime and a hint of cranberry juice.

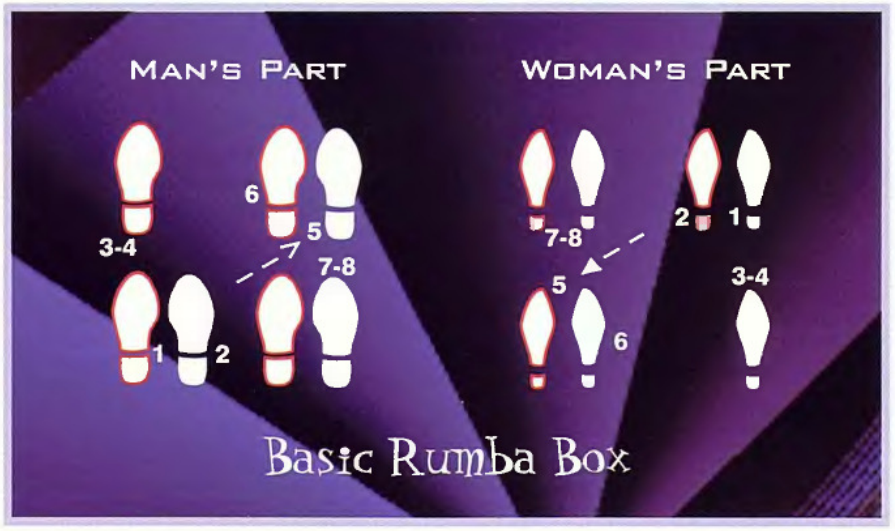
To palm a bill, fold it twice and slip it to your man during a handshake. The gold-ploted links ("curb feelers" to Dino) with onyx rings are by Alfred Dunhill ($180).

"Need a light?" Present her with an open flame by rolling the flint of o nondisposable lighter agoinst your pant leg. Hold steady. Silver Zippo from Paul Smith ($70).

Like this wotch? Then head to Time Will Tell in New York City and hand over $5900. It's a vintoge Cartier with a block foce, an 18-kt. gold cose ond a 14-kt. mesh bracelet.

Accessorize with the his-ond-hers smokes of the moment. A box of Fontasio Lights in assorted colors by Nat Shermon ($4.75) sits on the Nat Shermon Classics ($4.75).

When it comes to shoes, nothing beats black. No oxfords here—they're for stiffs. These leather split-toe loofers with a horse bit are by Gucci ($385). She has Versace.



Ah, Havana in the Fifties. The rumbo, above, incorporotes the Cuban Motion: a small sidestep on the left foot; your knee storts bent and then straightens as you tronsfer weight to your hip. Your right foot slides over and you tronsfer weight back to the right hip. Bring your left foot forward with o similar motion for the third and fourth beots. Then stort over and speed it up; if the condition persists, go see a doctor or a Carmen Miranda movie.

front, dens and recliners. A modern lounge lizard is familiar with Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and the post-war obsession with Polynesia, when tiki bars and grass skirts equaled passion. Also resurgent is artist Edgar Leeteg, who at one time sold his black velvet paintings of Tahitian nudes Stateside for $10,000 a pop. And now, as then, everyone carries a Zippo. (Check out the *Smoke King* catalog, featuring Zippo art by Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, among others.) You can even pick up a Zippo inscribed by designer Paul Smith for just $70.

You should also strap yourself in with a designer belt buckle. It will go nicely with some flashy jewelry—a pinkie ring and a gold watch. You can play it straight up with a gold tie clip and cuff links or get some vintage girlie designs featuring mini pin-up art. Girlie links, lighters and playing cards are almost as cool as anything sporting dice or a *(concluded on page 198)*

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 206.

eftie has a four-button cotton-and-nylon jacket with shirt collar, by Calvin Klein ($775; matching pants $395). The iridescent cottan shirt is by Nicale Farhi ($155). It's a nice setup far Tammy Hilfiger's silk tie ($48). The right-hand man (standing) wears a woal-blend suit with reflective stripes, by DKNY ($645); an iridescent silk shirt ($225) and a jacquard tie ($80) by Paul Smith; and a pocket square by Robert Talbatt ($43). The ladies' dresses are by Versace and Iceberg.

HAIR BY DICKEY FOR PIERRE MICHEL, NYC
MAKEUP BY GIANPAOLO CECIATO FOR VISAGE, NYC

HUNTERS' HARVEST

a modest proposal to thin the herd

By Joyce Carol Oates

In New Jersey, exciting steps have recently been taken to curb the rampant and potentially treacherous wild turkey population with the reintroduction of seasonal hunting (official term, harvesting) of these ungainly birds. (A historic note: The wild turkey became extinct in New Jersey in the 20th century through land development and overhunting and had to be reintroduced from Vermont 20 years ago.) Deer hunting by gun and by bow and arrow is allowed, in fact, encouraged, in certain counties, in an effort to control the burgeoning deer population, which numbers now in the many thousands and is a considerable problem to motorists and to suburban property owners whose trees, shrubs and flowers are devoured by the starving animals. Of course, there is widespread sentimental opposition to hunting on the part of individuals, often female, with an unreasonable repugnance for the display of human violence against helpless, semitame creatures; and on the part of individuals who more selfishly shrink from the sight of wounded and dying creatures staggering about on their property—deer with clumsily aimed arrows through their haunches or *(concluded on page 226)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

SEXUAL REVOLUTION (continued from page 72)

Like other reformers, Comstock justified meddling in the affairs of adults by championing youth.

simple pleasure. He was repression personified. The report to the society provided career totals for Comstock's work. Prior to 1900, he had arrested 2385 people. (By the end of his career, that figure would top 3600—enough, he would say, to fill a passenger train of 61 coaches, 60 coaches containing 60 passengers each and the 61st almost full.) By the beginning of this century, he had destroyed 73,608 pounds of books, 877,412 "obscene" pictures, 8495 negatives for making "obscene" photos, 98,563 articles for "immoral" use of rubber, 6436 "indecent" playing cards and 8502 boxes of pills and powders used by abortionists.

Comstock looked forward to the new century. The vice report—sent out to schools and the pious with a request for funds—pointed out that in 1902, Comstock would celebrate the 30th anniversary of his crusade against smut. The society wanted to create a permanent fund of $300,000 so that it would no longer be dependent on annual contributions from the devout.

Comstock was a newspaper darling and, to a certain extent, a newspaper creation. He made for good copy, with boasts that he was hunting down sinners like rats. In March 1872 Comstock, accompanied by a police captain and a *New York Tribune* reporter, raided two stationery stores. Comstock bought pictures and books, then declared them obscene. Six employees were arrested, and Comstock got his first headlines.

With the support of the YMCA and some of New York's wealthiest men, he formed a vigilante group, the Committee for the Suppression of Vice. Cashing in on the notoriety from his raid, Comstock took a suitcase of the choicest items of pornography to Washington. He persuaded a scandal-ridden Congress to pass a bill intensifying the punishment of those using the mail to send obscene materials. The new law, which came to be called the Comstock Act, also added contraceptives, abortifacients and "things intended for immoral use" to the list of materials prohibited from the mail. The politicians gave him an official appointment—special agent of the Post Office (without salary, at first)—and a badge, then turned him loose on the country.

The committee incorporated itself as the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and provided Comstock with an office and a salary. According to its charter, the SSV would receive half of the fines collected from his activities.

Comstock guarded America from an invisible conspiracy that used the U.S. mail to disseminate evil. In a way, he was attacking the technology of the times, the first instrument of an emerging culture. The Post Office had noticed that after the Civil War the mail was being used to send erotic postcards from abroad. The practice continued to increase during the Gilded Age and became a commercial form of entertainment. One could pick up the *National Police Gazette* and find ads for "Naked truth and secrets of nature revealed . . . engravings from nature" or "The Female form divine, five photos, not tights, 50 cents."

Comstock never described the objects he suppressed, but some pictures survive. Even today these postcards have the power to arouse. A series from San Juan shows a woman in a straw hat, barely able to keep a straight face as she aims a stars-and-stripes dildo at a male partner. Another shows a woman reclining on a black velvet mattress. At one end of her body, an athletic young man prepares to enter her. At the other, a second woman plants a kiss so quickly, her hair blurs. In a third postcard a buxom woman giggles as she squeezes her partner's erect penis between her breasts. There is a sense of novelty, discovery or daredevil abandon before the camera.

For Comstock, these images had the danger of infectious disease. His tactics were the epitome of deceit. He posed as women and sent letters to abortionists, then arrested them when they mailed back items he deemed offensive. He posed as a collector of racy prose and busted the "nefarious" publishers who solicited titillating fiction.

In *Anthony Comstock: Roundsman of the Lord*, Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech write that by the turn of the century, Comstock had cleared the shelves of titles such as *The Lustful Turk*, *Peep Behind the Curtains of a Female Seminary*, *Amorous Sketch Book*, *Voluptuous Confessions*—books that might incline one's thoughts toward the sexual, that might prompt the young to debase themselves through masturbation.

By the turn of the century only a quarter of his actions involved the mail. Many states had passed mini-Comstock laws and spawned similar antivice groups. Comstock would stalk the streets of New York, intimidating store owners into removing "offensive" material. If something offended his eye, it was plucked.

Like other reformers to come, Comstock justified meddling in the affairs of adults by championing youth. He thought he was chosen by God to protect the moral purity of children. He viewed Satan as a foe who set traps for the young.

He found these traps in newspapers, dime novels and saloon paintings. He despised circulars and advertisements that might lure innocent passersby. But his career as censor stretched beyond images and ideas into the realm of behavior. He was the Christian champion defending his view of the family in a war for the soul of the country.

Comstock's worldview did not go uncontested. In 1878 the National Liberal League and the National Defense Association sent a petition with more than 50,000 signatures, measuring 2100 feet, to Congress, asking that it repeal the Comstock Act. "Your petitioners . . . are convinced that all attempts of civil government, whether state or national, to enforce or to favor particular religious, social, moral or medical opinions, or schools of thought or practice, are not only unconstitutional but also ill advised, contrary to the spirit and progress of our age and almost certain in the end to defeat any beneficial objects intended. That mental, moral and physical health and safety are better secured and preserved by virtue resting upon liberty and knowledge than upon ignorance enforced by governmental supervision."

Congress refused to change the law.

For Comstock, sex was a controlled substance. A modern eye looks at his tabulations and thinks of other government wars. Imagine a headline: FEDS SEIZE TEN TONS OF OBSCENE LITERATURE, STREET VALUE: 6 MILLION DOLLARS and wonder, how much escaped Comstock's snare? The figures are valuable as a measure of the nation's appetite for sexual information.

Comstock had the government at his disposal; no one would stand up in favor of freedom for fear of being next on his list. At the trial of D.M. Bennett, a man targeted by Comstock for the circulation of obscene literature, the assistant district attorney addressed the jury: "Gentlemen, this case is not titled 'Anthony Comstock against D.M. Bennett'; this case is not titled 'The Society for the Suppression of Vice against D.M. Bennett.' . . . It is 'The United States against D.M. Bennett,'

(continued on page 166)

"We were sitting around the workshop, rapping, and I sez 'hey, do you guys ever want anything for Christmas??'"

VICTOR VICTORIA

this scandinavian beauty made sure her cinderella story came true

The world thinks everyone in Sweden is tall and blonde," says Victoria Silvstedt, who is grandly both. At six feet plus in high heels, Miss Sweden 1993 is blondeness perfected, the tallest and fairest of all. Growing up in the village of Bollnäs near the Arctic Circle, Victoria had two goals: "I wanted to live

On her first day in Los Angeles, Victaria had to walk Hollywaad's Walk of Fame (above). "It was amazing. Tourists stopped to take my picture, like I was a celebrity," she says. America ta Victoria: Yau are. Our photagraphers adore you whether you're in your party dress (tap right) or jeans, rabed ar disrobed (right and below). Yaur Cinderella story has come true.

Victoria was so chunky as a teen that her mom put a lack on the refrigerator. "Then I grew inta my bady. I was more like a woman," she says, "and the bays started noticing me." The whole cauntry noticed in 1993 when Victoria was crowned Miss Sweden.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

"We are more open about sex in my country," says Miss December. "I was 13 my first time, when I sneaked out the window of my parents' house and met a boy. He was 13, too. We both knew whot we were doing. We learned oll about it in school, so for us it was like doing homework. I remember thinking ofterward, Is that it? But we got better, and now sex is like ice cream. I always want more."

in Paris and to be in the American PLAYBOY," she says.

Miss December accomplished both goals this year. At 22, she has an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. "I adore Paris. Frenchmen love to date models, so a girl can always have dinner for free. Of course, some guys think that means they can take you to bed," she says. "But it's not always so." Victoria models all over Europe and occasionally in Asia, where she is seen as the ultimate blonde, the one to call when your product's sales need a boost. Impulse buyers love her. But Victoria says, "I was doing well but wasn't where I wanted to be"—meaning she wasn't well known in her favorite country. "The whole world watches America. Even if we have to wait a year, we see all the American movies and wear all the American clothes. Even before I got to Paris I knew I wanted to make it in America." This month the village girl whose teen rivals derided her ambitions officially

becomes victorious.

"I want to make my boyfriend proud and my enemies jealous," Victoria says. What better reasons to be a Playmate? Her Parisian boyfriend knew nothing of her plans. "I just told him I had a job to do," she says. "Then he called the number I left him. They answered, 'Hello, Playboy Mansion,' and he said, 'Aha!' He was mad. But I think he'll like the pictures." As a world traveler, she gets weary of being away from her mate. "Too much telephone sex. I'm always seeing cute guys when I'm on my own—it's frustrating! But who knows what might happen? I'm not married yet, am I?" she asks, smiling. Life wasn't always so full of good opportunities. In tiny Bollnäs, "most girls get jobs or go away to the university. A few go to Stockholm, but most stay in the village." Victoria entered the Miss Sweden pageant, which she won. Next came modeling jobs worldwide, and one day this blonde tower of Scandinavian design appeared at our Los Angeles offices. She said that she was ready to be a Playmate. We considered it for about one second before saying *Ja*.

—RALPH MARINO

Paris swarms with greedy, horny predators. "Too mony men are sharks. They will promise anything to get what they want," Victoria says. Now she has a new ambition: "I know I could make someone a very good housewife."

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Victoria Silvstedt

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Victoria Silvstedt

BUST: 90cm WAIST: 63cm HIPS: 93cm

HEIGHT: 1.79m WEIGHT: 63 kg

BIRTH DATE: 9-19-74 BIRTHPLACE: Skellefteå, Sweden

AMBITIONS: To live and work in Paris and LOS Angeles and make all of Sweden proud of me!

TURN-ONS: A suntanned wet body and a sexy butt!

TURNOFFS: Pushy people, dishonesty, show-off guys!

AMERICAN MEN: They are aitave, gentlemanly good looking — but I don't know how they are in bed yet!

FAVORITE FOODS: Lebanese and Japanese — and American of course, because the portions are so big!

SEX ADVICE: Don't go too far too fast.

LAST WORD: Watch out — I'll be back!

What a smile! Swede 16 A top model

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mongo's old lady decided she wanted to do something special to please him on his birthday, so she bought a pair of crotchless panties. That night as he came into the house, she lay sprawled on the couch spread-eagle.

"Hi, hon," she purred sexily. "Y'all want some of this?"

"Hell no!" he roared. "Look at what it's done to your undies."

What's a Yankee? The same as a quickie, only a guy can do it alone.

Howard, Henry and Robert were in the middle of a high-powered business meeting when Howard's beeper went off. He lifted his wristwatch to his ear and began talking into the tip of his tie. When he was finished, he explained, "I have an earpiece built into my watch and a microphone sewn into my tie. That way I can take a call anywhere."

The meeting continued. Five minutes later, Henry's beeper went off. He tapped his earlobe and began speaking into thin air. When his call was completed, he explained, "I have an earpiece implanted in my earlobe and a microphone embedded in my tooth."

The meeting continued. A few minutes later, Robert emitted a rumbling belch. "Somebody hand me a piece of paper," he said. "I'm receiving a fax."

What's the difference between a congressman and the bluebird of happiness? Money can't buy happiness.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Bob faxed his wife that he'd be home a day earlier than planned. When he walked in the door, he was shocked to discover his wife in bed with another man. He stormed out of the house, checked into a hotel and called his lawyer.

The next morning he received a phone call from his mother-in-law. She insisted there must be a good explanation for her daughter's behavior. Bob was in no mood to listen and cut her off.

The following day his mother-in-law called again. "Did I tell you?" she said. "Did I tell you there was an explanation? I just got through talking with her. She never got your fax!"

The brain alerted the organs of the body of its annual meeting. After a rigorous systems check was completed, the session was opened for comments.

"Sir," the heart said, "I would like to retire. My master eats too much and all that fried stuff is clogging my arteries."

"I'll consider your request," the brain said. "Who's next? Please get up."

"I am," the stomach said. "This guy has been eating chili peppers for 30 years. I can't take it anymore. I'd like to retire."

"I'll think about it," replied the brain. "Who's next?"

A squeaky little voice spoke from the back. "Who's that?" the brain thundered. "Get up."

"Sir," the little voice said, "if I could get up I wouldn't be retiring."

What do you get when you cross an Irishman with a German? A guy who's too drunk to follow orders.

Billy Joe," Tammy asked, "what are those bulges in your trousers?"

"They're hand grenades," the good old boy replied. "Next time that queer scoutmaster comes feeling my balls, I'll blow his friggin' fingers off!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do women and condoms have in common? They spend more time in your wallet than on your dick.

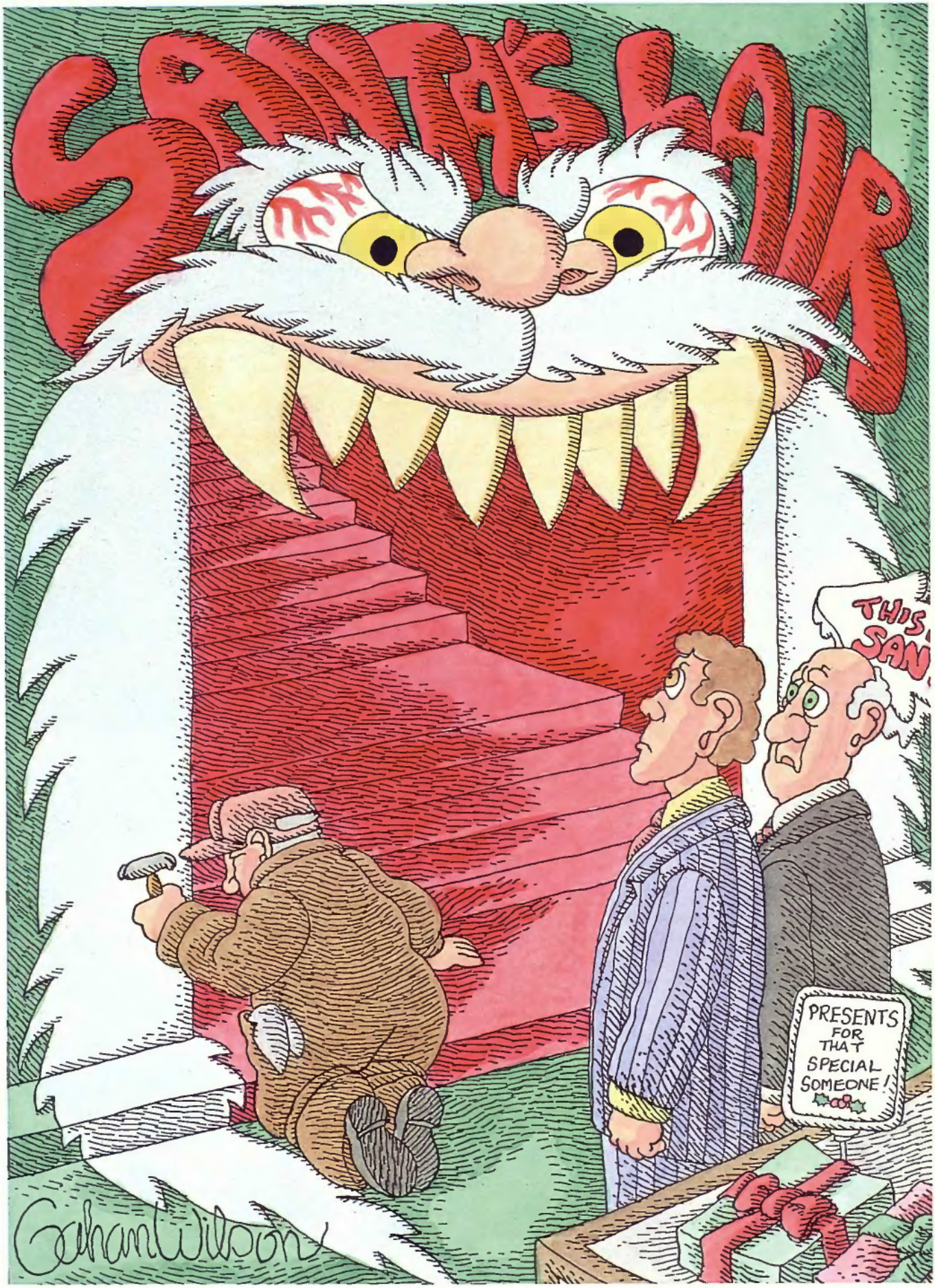
The distressed-looking man had downed several drinks in rapid succession before the bartender asked him, "You trying to drown your sorrows, buddy?"

"You could say that," the guy replied.

"It usually doesn't work, you know."

"No shit," the man moaned. "I can't even get Marlene anywhere near the water!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Gee, I don't know—does it really say Christmas?"

PLAYBOY PROFILE

LOOKING FOR AL

having conquered such complex characters as michael corleone and richard III, al pacino confronts a much tougher enigma—himself

By Lawrence Grobel *In the early Seventies, when Al Pacino played Michael Corleone, the son who followed in his father's footsteps to become godfather, it was also a symbolic passing from one generation of actors to another, from Marlon Brando to Pacino. Later, the reclusive Pacino agreed to sit for a "Playboy Interview," but only with "the guy who did Brando." So Lawrence Grobel, who had interviewed Brando for* PLAYBOY *in January 1979, spoke with Pacino, and their conversation appeared in December of the same year. But that wasn't the end for the actor and the journalist, who became close friends and have never stopped talking.*

Outside the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills, an attractive woman in an African-print dress spotted Al Pacino standing on the corner. She crossed the street, swallowed hard and hesitantly approached him. "Excuse me," she said to the unshaven actor whose wrinkled clothes looked more Sears than Armani, "but I'm in the middle of this fixation with you. I've been watching your films every weekend, and I just want to tell you how much I think of you."

Pacino smiled, thanked her shyly and said he hoped she would see the film he has recently produced, directed and starred in. "It's called *Looking for Richard*," he said. "It's a kind of docudrama about Shakespeare's *Richard III*, only it's more than that. I think you might enjoy it."

The woman promised to look for it and graciously left without asking for his autograph.

"See what I mean," Pacino said, encouraged by an exchange that, a few years earlier, would have made him uncomfortable. "I told you if we got out of the house we'd have encounters. People on the street come up to me, they talk to me."

We walked through the hotel lobby and out to the patio, where we ordered coffee. "Mr. Pacino, I hate to trouble you," a waiter said nervously. Pacino looked up and smiled. What performance did he want to ask about? Michael Corleone? Tony Montana? Big Boy? Lieutenant Colonel Frank Slade, for which he won an Oscar in *Scent of a Woman*?

"The last time you were here you forgot to pay your bill," the waiter stammered, holding the charges in his shaking hand. "I'm sure it was just an oversight."

"Why didn't you charge it to me?"

"You don't have an account here. I can just leave it, and you can take care of it with today's bill."

Pacino nodded, still smiling. He is known as a generous tipper and would never welsh on a food bill.

"You wanted to get out," I said, laughing. "You're out."

Pacino looked over to a young man sitting alone, his head buried in a book. "That guy there, reading and eating, annoys the hell out of me. He's not tasting his food, I can tell you that right now."

"I do that when I'm alone," I said.

"You read and eat? How can you read and eat? You don't enjoy your food. That's like reading and listening to music. You read and listen to music?"

"Yes."

"You can listen to Beethoven and read a book?"

"Yes, and I sometimes write with Beethoven in the background, while eating a sandwich."

"You're a drag, is all I can say. You're just a drag."

"Why shouldn't I be stimulated while I'm thinking?"

"I say, 'Who do you think you are?' That's what I say. Either you're listening to Beethoven, because that's what's happening, or you're reading a fucking book. You can't do both," Pacino said, his eyes fixed on the guy. "Should I go over and tell him? Think it would matter?"

"Sometimes eating is just nourishment," I said.

"Then you should do it intravenously."

"Now you're being silly."

"What else can I be? I've been talking to you for two days, you haven't asked me one fucking intelligent question."

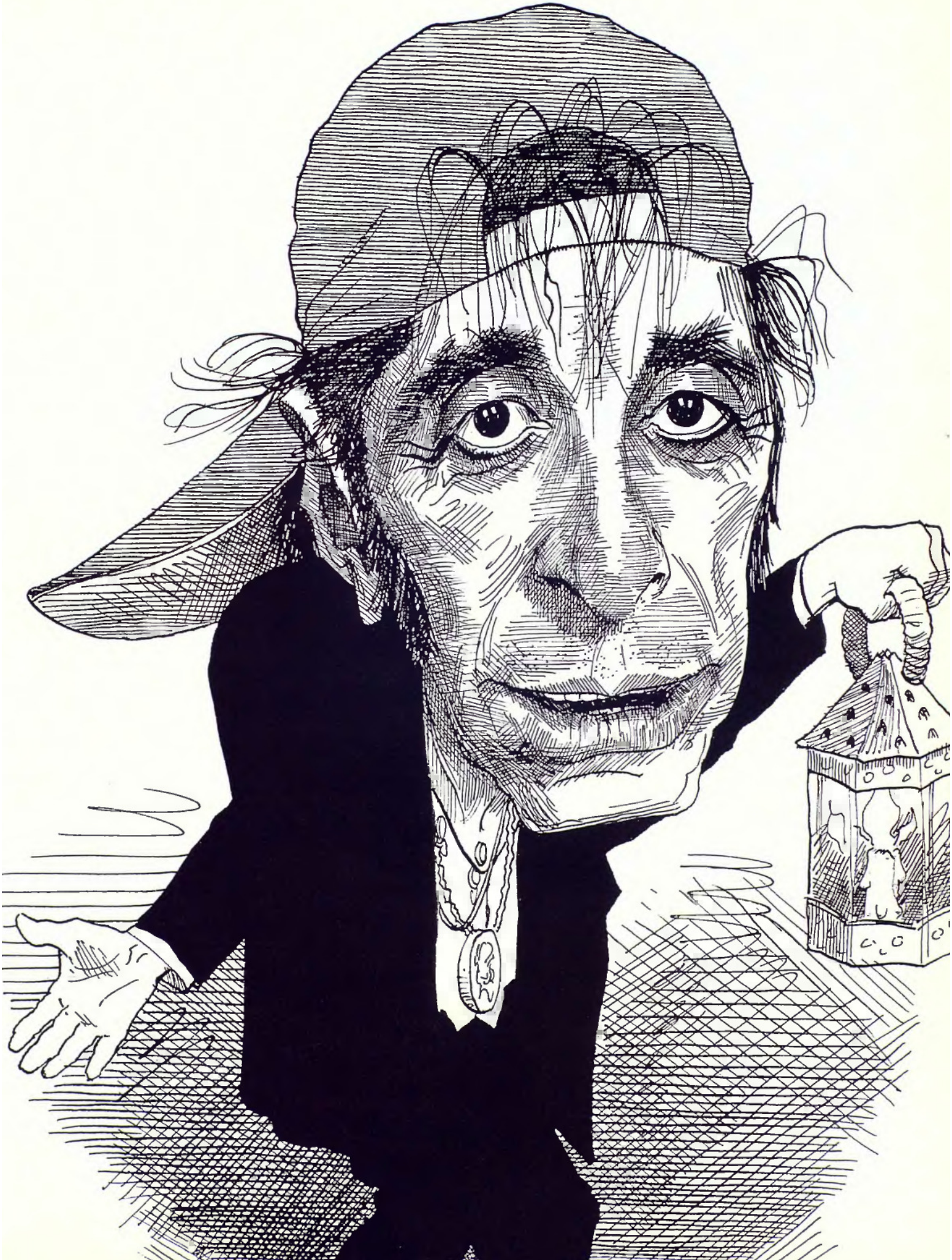
"If O.J. Simpson were sitting where that guy is and came over to shake your hand, would you?"

"That's an interesting question. People think, What would I do if I ran into O.J.? At first you see someone whose face is familiar. Then you have to think about the context. You'd have to decide whether you think he's guilty or not, and should you be shaking his hand, and you drive yourself nuts. I would trust my reaction."

"Do you think he got away with murder?"

"I wouldn't go on the record with that, one way or the other. I would stay away from that."

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



"Would you have stayed away from him—or whoever was killing Nicole—if you had been Ron Goldman and stumbled onto that scene?"

"You never know how you're going to react," Pacino said. "Something strange happened to me recently in the city. I was coming from my apartment on the East Side late at night, and a woman across the street was being sort of accosted by a guy walking behind her. He wasn't doing anything physical, but she was nervous. Suddenly I'm in a drama, the knees-shaking kind. I had to do something. So I went out to the middle of the street and started walking in a way that made my presence known. I was monitoring my distance to her and the guy and thinking about what would happen if a weapon were drawn, and I thought, I'm in the middle of this, this is nuts. But I did it. She saw me and came into the street and started walking behind me, and I was thinking, What the hell am I going to do if this explodes? Then another guy came out and everything was cool again. Manhattan."

"The city you can never leave."

"I ever tell you about the coat I bought when I was feeling cold?" Pacino asked. "I was wandering around the city, it must have been winter, and I saw this tan overcoat in a window. I went in, got fitted, paid the guy. He wanted to do a little thing to the coat, so I left it at the store and was going to pick it up later. But I forgot the store where I bought it. Now somebody's got that coat, and I paid for it."

"Somebody also has your BMW."

"Oh, that was funny. I paid cash, $35,000, for this BMW, and while I was purchasing it I knew it was wrong. First of all it was white, and new, and I'm not really a good car person. I should have a Jeep or something. I drove it to my apartment and parked it in front, but I kept thinking, It doesn't fit, it's making me uncomfortable, it looks too showy. So I went upstairs and had a cup of coffee, came down and the car was gone. I just started laughing. It was a vivid moment."

"Do you lose a lot of stuff?"

"With me it's a trail of missing things. Lighters, cigarettes, umbrellas. I've long given up on umbrellas—that's why I wear hats."

"At least those things aren't expensive, like the car."

"It's all expensive. Everything costs $1000, no matter what it is."

"Are there things you want?" I wondered. "I mean the way the character in Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King* had this nagging voice inside him, saying, 'I want, I want, I want.'"

"Yeah," Pacino said, "I've heard that voice. It said, 'I want, I want, I want—pizza.'" He laughed and poured more coffee. "I don't know," he said, "we know nothing. If somebody wants—I don't know what the hell that is. Want what? It's all relative to me. So Saul Bellow's guy goes into the jungle—I don't envy the guy. Where is he now?"

"Still on the pages of Bellow's novel."

"Did you ask Bellow if he ever went into the jungle?"

"Only in his mind—he wrote the book never having been to Africa."

"He probably never goes out of his house. See what I mean?"

"Not really. Why don't you tell me what you mean."

"Sometimes you ask a question that is so general, so unspecific, I think you've become laid-back or something. When did that happen? That's California. You used to have those piercing eyes. Now you just say, 'This guy's dull, he's a dull actor, he thinks he's Don Rickles.'"

"Hey, I have never thought that."

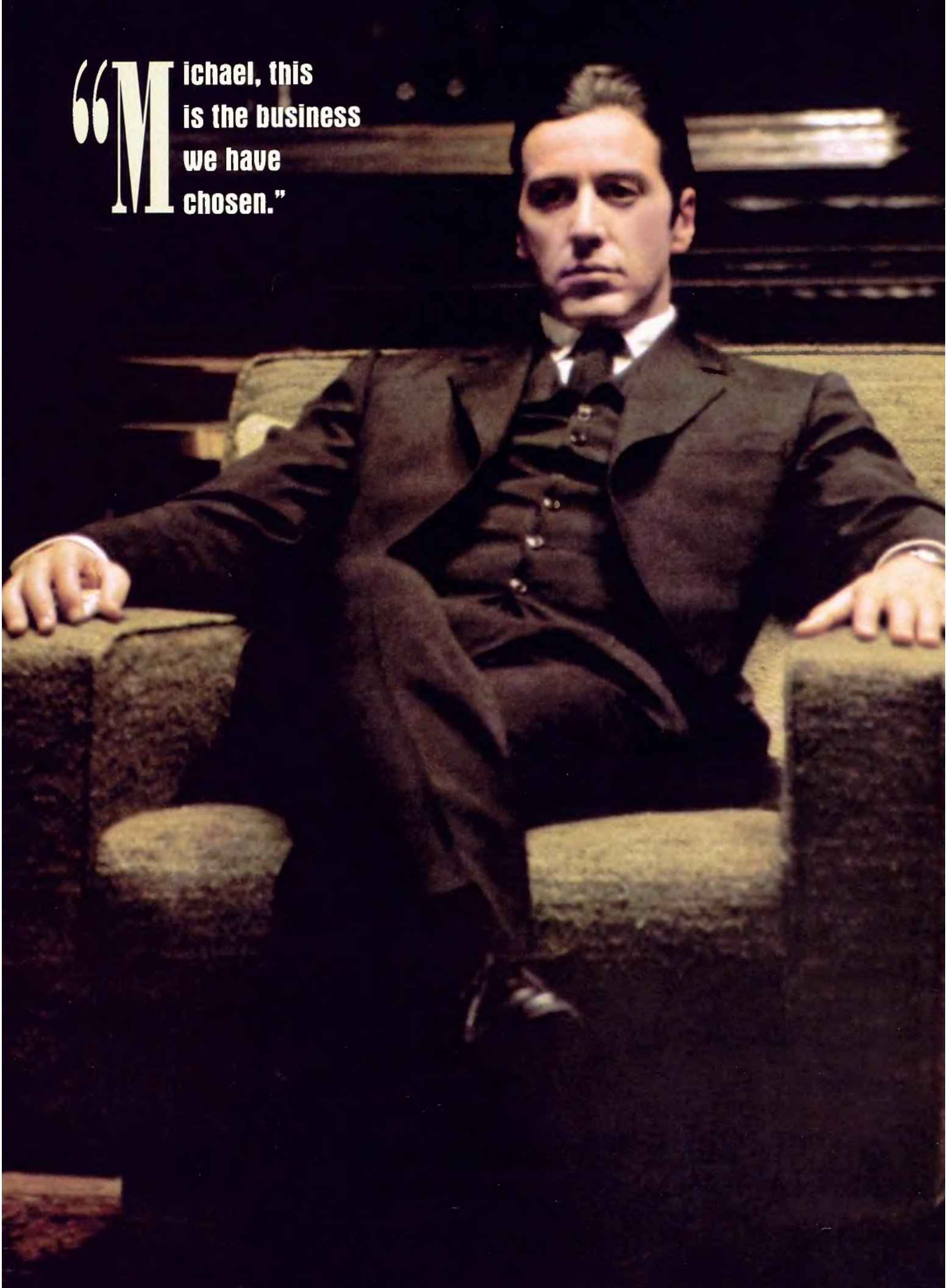
"I wish I were. Sometimes I get this urge to be funny in public and think that I can do what Robin Williams does. So I try it and it's a real turkey."

"You were pretty funny dancing the tango with Barbara Walters on TV. What was that about?"

"That was about a guy who was hiding. I was terrified, and I managed to reveal very little, which was not her fault because she was scared herself. I was a tough interview. I'm thinking of going on *Larry King Live* for *Richard*, but it scares me to death because what happens is you hurt yourself. You can't help it. You say things you don't mean."

(continued on page 132)

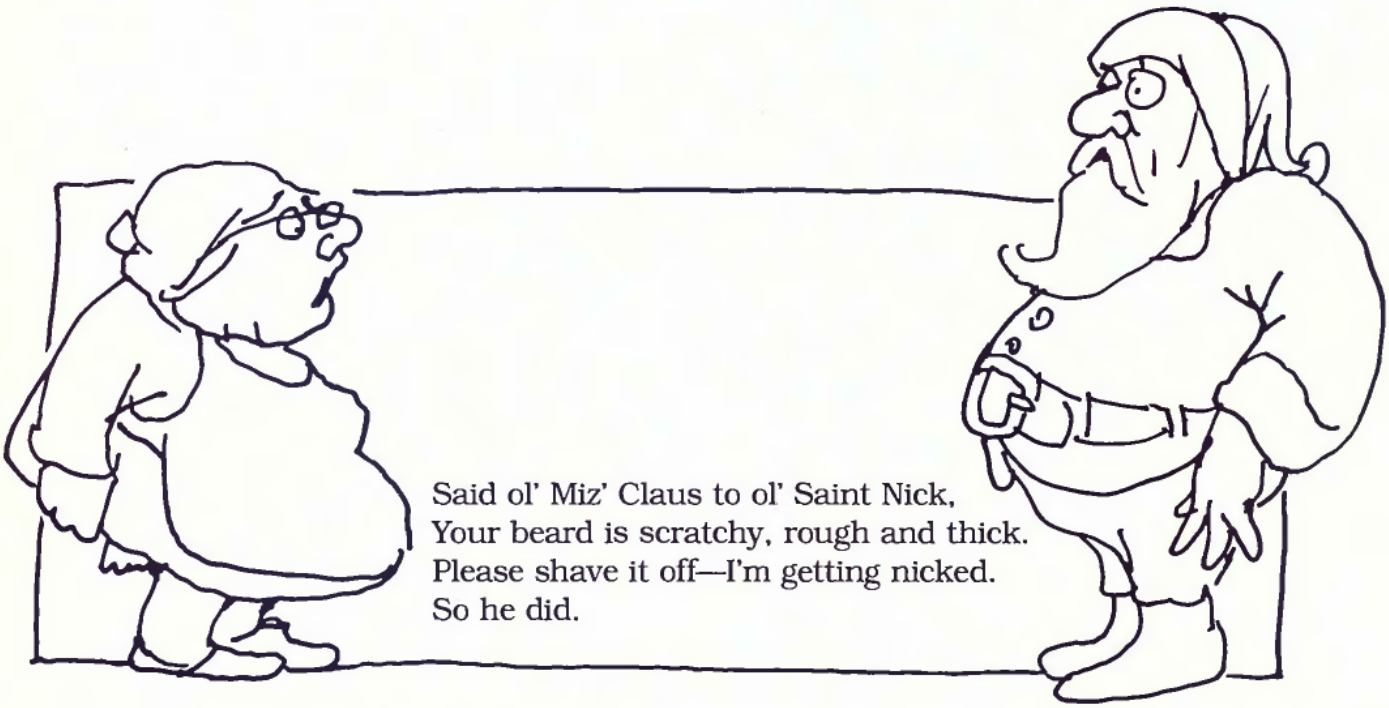
Al Pacino has made a career of over-the-top bravado. In 1972 he turned *The Godfather*'s Michael Corleone (top right), a character he reprised in two sequels, into a tortured legend. In *Serpico* (top left) he brought the same intensity to the flip side of the law. Cop or robber, Pacino is always juiced. He got personal with Ellen Barkin in *Sea of Love* (second row, left) and went ballistic in *Scarface* (second row, right). Pacino's bisexual bank robber instigated a protest rally in *Dog Day Afternoon* (third row, left). Playing blind in *Scent of a Woman* (third row, right), he stole the show. In his latest film, *Looking for Richard*, Pacino examines Shakespeare's Richard III. He both directs (with Julie Moret and Kevin Conway, bottom left) and stars (bottom right) as the evil king.


"Michael, this is the business we have chosen."

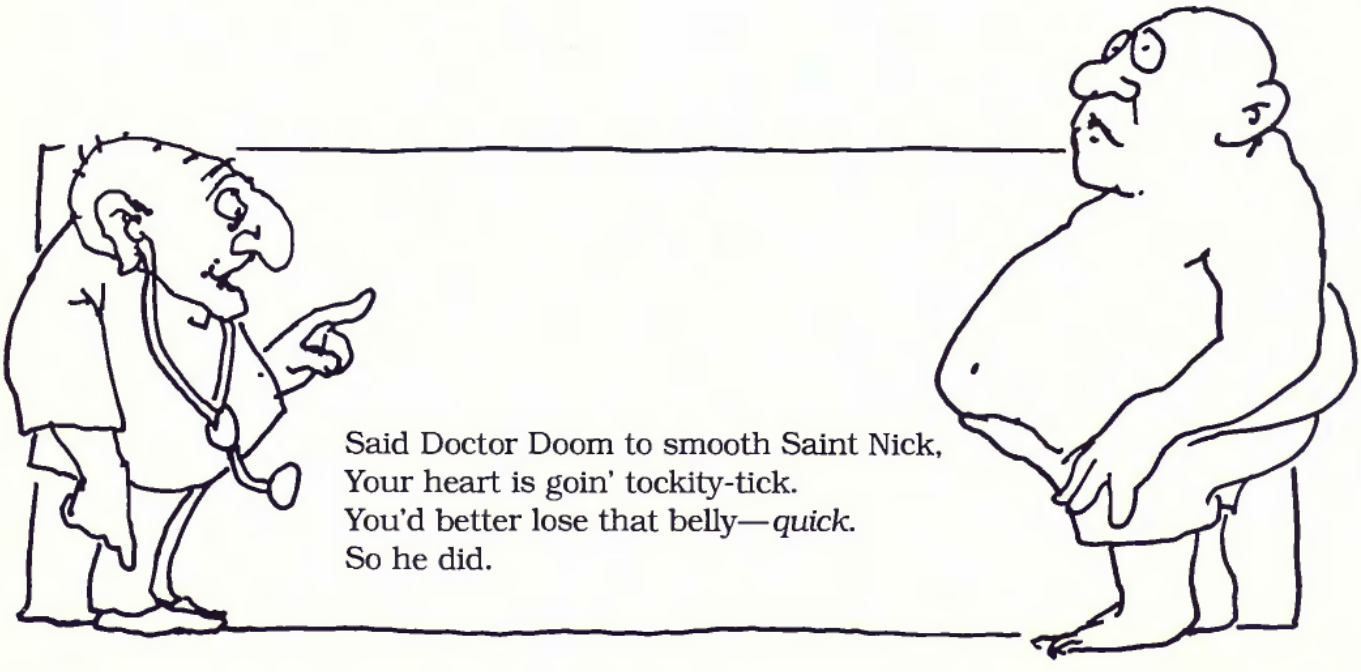
NEW ST. NICK

BY

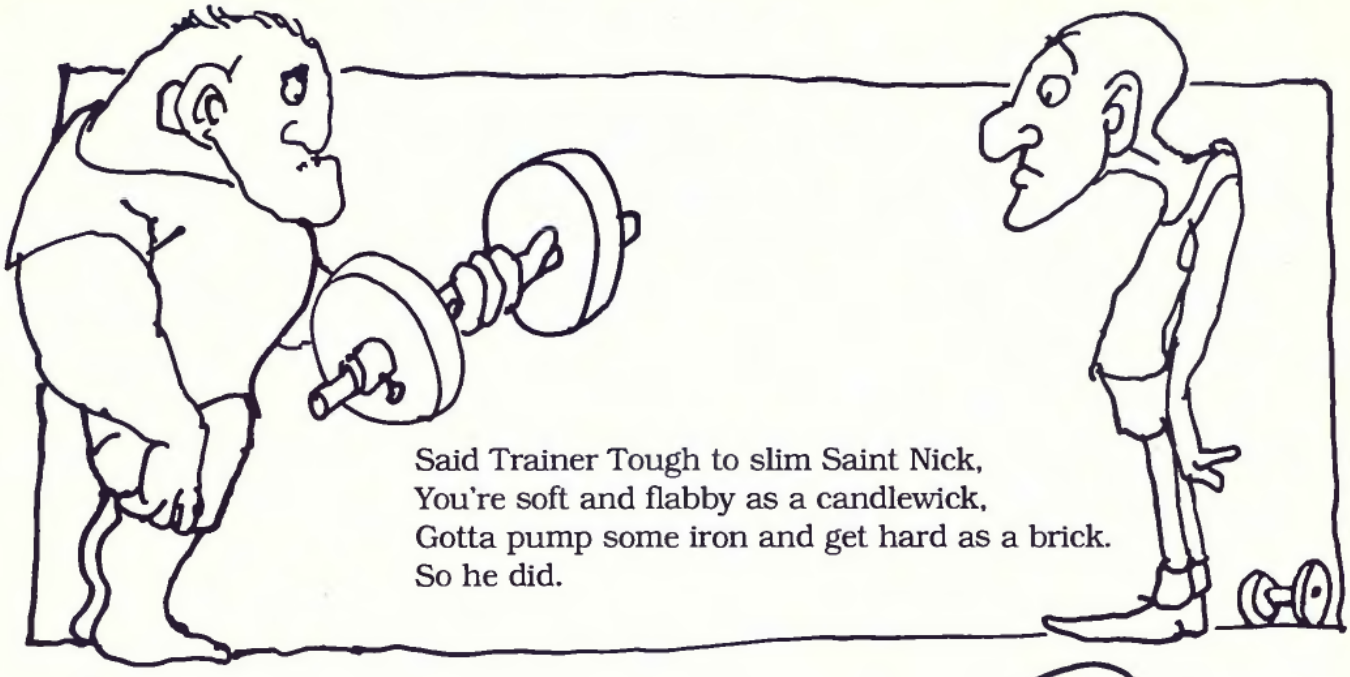
SHEL SILVERSTEIN



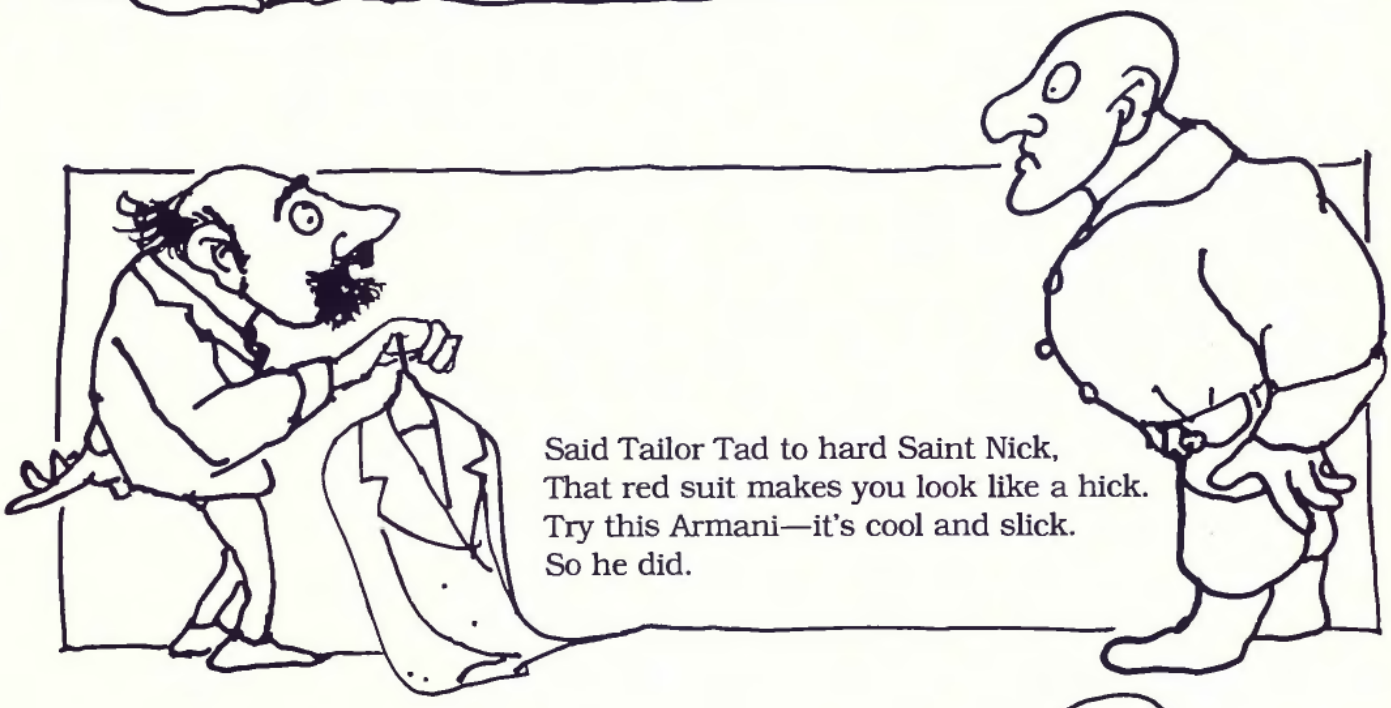
Said ol' Miz' Claus to ol' Saint Nick,
Your beard is scratchy, rough and thick.
Please shave it off—I'm getting nicked.
So he did.



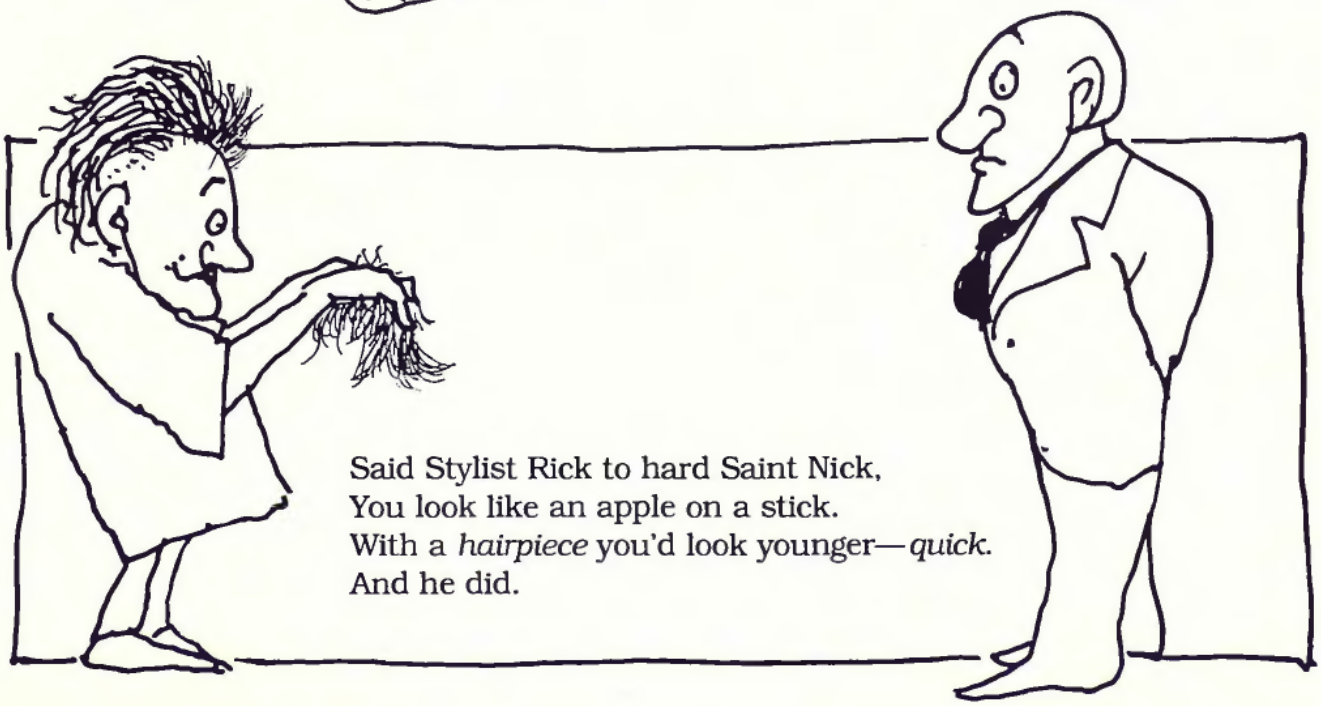
Said Doctor Doom to smooth Saint Nick,
Your heart is goin' tockity-tick.
You'd better lose that belly—*quick.*
So he did.



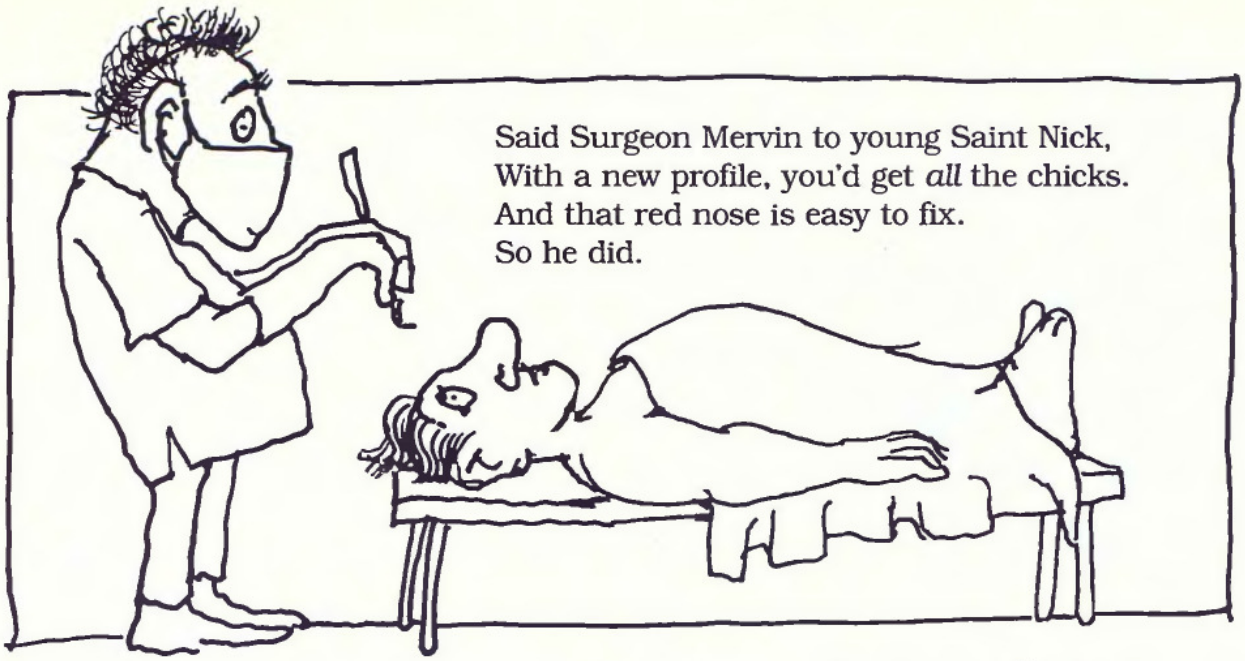
Said Trainer Tough to slim Saint Nick,
You're soft and flabby as a candlewick,
Gotta pump some iron and get hard as a brick.
So he did.



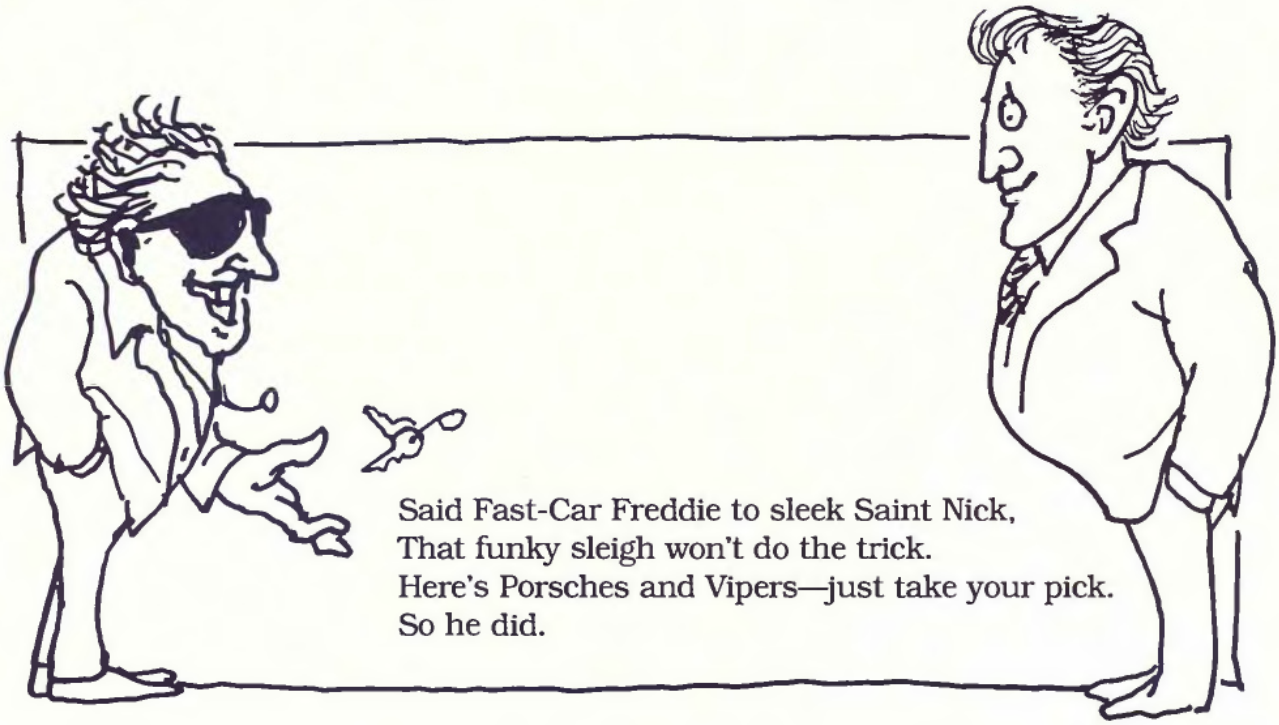
Said Tailor Tad to hard Saint Nick,
That red suit makes you look like a hick.
Try this Armani—it's cool and slick.
So he did.



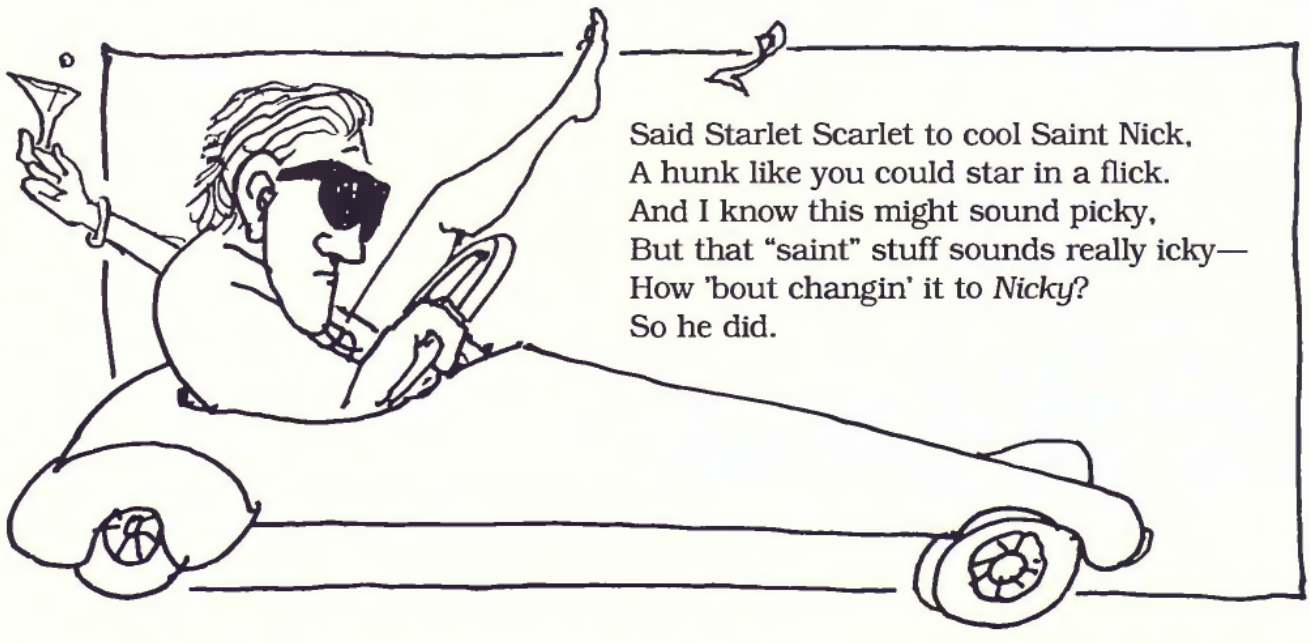
Said Stylist Rick to hard Saint Nick,
You look like an apple on a stick.
With a *hairpiece* you'd look younger—*quick*.
And he did.



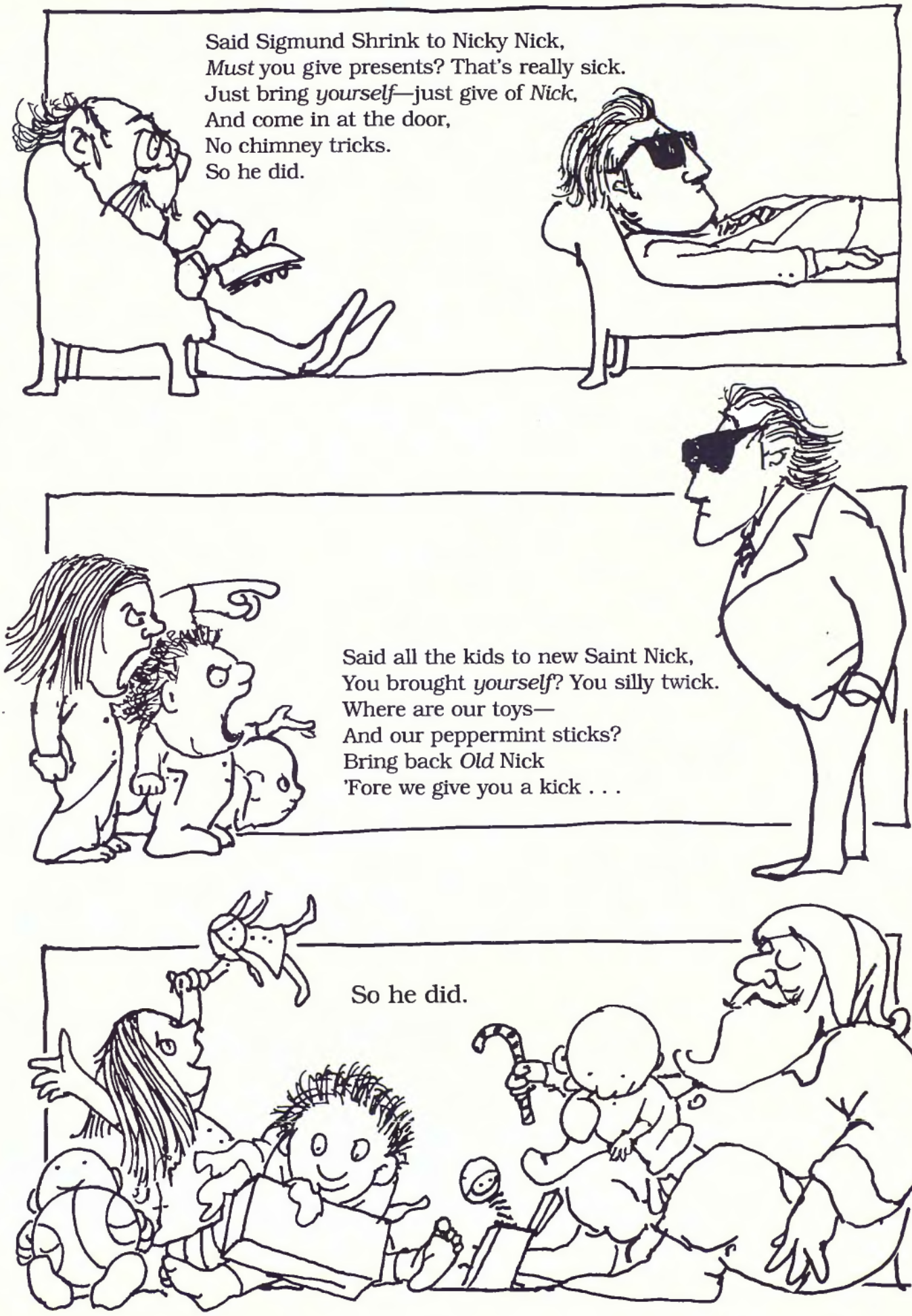
Said Surgeon Mervin to young Saint Nick,
With a new profile, you'd get *all* the chicks.
And that red nose is easy to fix.
So he did.



Said Fast-Car Freddie to sleek Saint Nick,
That funky sleigh won't do the trick.
Here's Porsches and Vipers—just take your pick.
So he did.



Said Starlet Scarlet to cool Saint Nick,
A hunk like you could star in a flick.
And I know this might sound picky,
But that "saint" stuff sounds really icky—
How 'bout changin' it to *Nicky*?
So he did.


Said Sigmund Shrink to Nicky Nick,
Must you give presents? That's really sick.
Just bring *yourself*—just give of *Nick*,
And come in at the door,
No chimney tricks.
So he did.
Said all the kids to new Saint Nick,
You brought *yourself*? You silly twick.
Where are our toys—
And our peppermint sticks?
Bring back *Old* Nick
'Fore we give you a kick . . .
So he did.

AL PACINO

(continued from page 126)

"Have you thought about what you'll be asked by the women who will inevitably call into King's show?"

"I don't care about the questions. It's how I answer them."

"You're going to get the marriage questions. Why haven't you been and will you ever?"

"I don't know why I haven't gotten married. It seems simple to me, but I guess it's more complicated than I admit to myself. There were a couple of times I maybe could have done it, and I sort of feel I should have, at least once. Maybe I don't care about marriage. Maybe I don't believe in it."

"Do you or don't you?"

"On that subject I am unclear. My mother and father didn't make it together. There's a high divorce rate. Maybe people shouldn't think about that when they're married. You've got me talking about this stuff, and I don't think I have anything to add to the subject of why people marry or don't."

"I think you touched on it with your mother and father."

"Well then, there are a lot of me's around, because a lot of people come from broken homes. My dad's been married five times. The only time I think about it is when somebody talks to me about it. But I know if I were in a situation with someone where I felt it worked for us, I would marry. I have no problem with marriage. I'm as ready to get married now as I ever was."

"Yeah—you're not at all ready to get married, and you have plenty of problems with marriage."

"Would you be asking me these questions if I had been married once?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because you would have gone through the experience."

"You'd just say, 'How come you're not married now?'"

"No, because you would have shown you could commit to someone."

"This used to be fashionable five years ago. Now nobody talks about it. Look at 'commit' in the dictionary. Marriage is not part of the definition. I'll tell you what, the library's downtown, why don't you go there and call me in a week. I think I'm gonna commit you."

"You know what the antonym to commit is?"

"What?"

"Al Pacino."

"You're out to lunch," he said, laughing, as the waiter brought coffee. "I've committed to people my whole life."

"On your terms," I challenged.

"Believe me, it wasn't always my terms. I don't know what world you are in."

"Not the same one you're in," I admitted. "You've been famous a long time. Ever wish you weren't?"

"I want to tell you about anonymity for an actor. Very important to me. That's why I'm reluctant about interviews. Once you know things about an actor, as you're watching his work you start to read into it. I read a book on Montgomery Clift and then saw him in *A Place in the Sun*, which was fascinating. But I was fascinated with the guy I read about, and I wasn't in the picture, in his performance as much. That's what concerns me and always has."

"Did reading about Montgomery Clift diminish him?"

"It's not a question of diminishing. It alters his work and what he as an artist is trying to portray. But we are in a world of promotion today. So while you do that, you still try to maintain your——"

"Mystery?"

"Yeah. I don't try to be mysterious for the sake of being mysterious. I do it for the work. The overexposure of an actor is a strong idea with me."

"How come you can talk to me?" I asked him.

"Because somehow we found a mutuality. You were at a certain point in your life, as I was in mine, and the timing was there for it. I knew when I met you, what, 17 years ago? That wouldn't happen again."

"Didn't it ever worry you, to befriend a journalist?"

"In the end," Pacino said, "it doesn't matter what you do but who you are. I don't know why we clicked when we did, but we did. I got to see you and your family and your house and to know you as a human being. We've gone through so much. I told you about my having a kid before almost anyone else. The one-on-one as a journalist is a whole other thing. You collect information in a certain way. You assume your own rules. Sometimes, you just don't get it, but, then, you're coming from a different place. The big thing is that I trusted you because you were fair to me. Do you still think of me as your older brother?"

"Sometimes. When we wrestle. How would you describe yourself?"

"I'm easy. I know you don't think so. If something were bothering you, you'd tell me, wouldn't you? You'd trust me?"

"Sure."

"Would you trust me with your life?"

"What does that mean?"

"That in the end, no matter what you think of me, and we've been through a lot, I think you would. That says something about a relationship. I'd trust you with a secret, I'd trust you to keep your word, and I think you'd trust me that way."

"At what point would you not trust me?" I wondered.

"In what way would you not trust me?" he volleyed.

"I asked you first."

"No, you didn't," Pacino countered. "Listen to the tape, play it back. I asked you first. Trust me." He laughed. "Got you there."

"All right, I'd trust you with my life. Would you trust me with yours?"

"Yeah."

With our coffee getting cold and more people coming out to the patio, I suggested a small coffee shop off Sunset where we could get good fruit smoothies. In my car I asked him why he kept coming back to Shakespeare, for his stage experience with *Richard III* didn't meet with critical success.

"Shakespeare is the writer most likely to touch us," he said animatedly, "because he speaks to the emotions and feelings that are in all of us, and he speaks to them in the grandest way. He encompasses the size of stuff we feel. To block yourself off from the deepest, primal places that Shakespeare goes because of some idea that he is highfalutin or above it all would be to deprive yourself of something. It's not everybody's taste, but there are a lot of people who don't like Beethoven either."

"Why did you want to make your directorial debut with such a risky project?"

"Because it was the one I knew best, having done it so many times onstage."

We arrived at the coffee shop, sat at a small table outside and ordered two strawberry-banana shakes. Pacino found a small Tootsie Roll in his pocket and put it in his mouth. "Here, you can eat the wrapper," he said. "It's got a little flavor on it, that paper." I ordered a muffin instead and asked him how he came to make *Looking for Richard*:

"What you've done isn't exactly the play as Shakespeare wrote it. You're out there interviewing street bums and Oxford scholars, you're swinging on a swing wearing a baseball cap backward and reciting monologs, you're setting off fire alarms in Shakespeare's bedroom in Stratford, you're sitting around a table with Kevin Spacey and Penny Allen arguing how to play a scene, you're in costume seducing Winona Ryder, sending Alec Baldwin to the tower, screaming for your horse. People are going to have to be prepared for this—it's unlike anything they might expect."

"Yes," Pacino answered, "but I think there is an audience for this movie. Everybody's always interpreting it in

(continued on page 136)

a bank beauty who sent our interest rate soaring

The bank managers who hired Christa Speck before she became our Miss September 1961 knew a competent secretary when they saw one. They also recognized beauty, and Christa was given a desk near the front window. "They put me on display," she says, laughing. The German-born gymnast quickly became a reader favorite. "I didn't speak much English, so when Hef said, 'We have news for you—you're Playmate of the Year,' I could only ask him, 'What is that?'"

PLAYMATE REVISITED: CHRISTA SPECK

In one of PLAYBOY's most celebrated photographs, above, Christa gets a friendly push into the pool at a Mansion porty. "I hod never been photographed totolly nude, so I was slightly embarrassed," she recalls. "However, by the time I hit the water, I was over it."

After being named Playmote of the Yeor in 1962, Christa met and married puppeteer Marty Krofft. Today she has three grown daughters, two grandchildren and o hectic schedule os director of talent relations for the family's Los Angeles–bosed entertainment company.

AL PACINO

(continued from page 132)

different ways. This is just another way. I didn't want to do the entire play; I wanted to do a taste. Maybe that's what it should be called: *A Taste of Richard*. It's not like we're doing it backward or something."

"Why did you use your own money to finance it?"

"There's something liberating about that, because you don't have anyone to answer to. All you have is your canvas and your paints, and you start putting it up there and seeing where it goes. It's like writing something on spec, except the paper is very expensive and the pen costs a lot too. But I'm not doing anything that hasn't been done before. Orson Welles, John Cassavetes, they spent their lives doing that. They'd give up their houses to do a movie. When your passion is connected to it, you go for it."

"I've seen eight different cuts of *Looking for Richard* over the years," I said, "and I still have a hard time pinning it down. Is it a documentary? A film about the making of a play? How do you define it?"

"That's what I say to myself: What is it? I'm worried about that. When you say Shakespeare, people aren't going to want to come. Then you say documentary, and they're really not going to want to come. The fear is that it's a documentary of Shakespeare, or it's a docudrama, and linking those two words is almost insurmountable. So you have to be careful how you pitch it, because it isn't that. It's entertainment." The proprietor brought out our shakes. "They want me to call it a personal film, a personal journey," Pacino continued. "Harvey Weinstein at Miramax thinks it's a nonfiction film. It's a jaunt, it's jubilant. I enjoy the humor of it; the things that happen spontaneously on the street are very funny. We can call it *Funnybones*."

"And will you promote it as 'Al Pacino as you've never seen him before'?"

"I've got a problem with that. That stuff has always been a pain in the ass, frankly. Who is Al Pacino? What does that mean? After this many years of being an actor, it's almost insulting to ask me about who I am. I hope every part I play is as-you've-never-seen-me from the last part I played."

"But in this particular film there are many different you's: there's the on-camera director and producer, there's the contemporary actor struggling to get his part and the meaning of the play, there's the character of Richard III and there's the guy I'm talking with right now. So it is like nothing the audience has seen before."

"You want to say that, go for it. But it seems egocentric. Al Pacino is separate from the part I'm playing, from what I'm trying to say as an actor. Al Pacino is personal. As the actor and the filmmaker, you want Al Pacino to stay out of the way. But at the same time you need him because he's selling the picture, giving it a kind of identity. But you can't promote it like that—it sounds artificial, Barnumesque." He took a sip of his shake and made a face, not liking it.

I said, "There are moments in the film when you're walking the streets of New York, people are recognizing you, and then you start to become King Richard. It's a metamorphosis that takes place before our eyes. Where did that inspiration come from?"

"I got that from watching Picasso paint in a documentary. He had a glass he put in front of the camera and it started off as a flower and then it turned into a woman's private parts and then it blossomed out into the rest of her—this flower became this woman. He finished the sketch in less than two minutes right in front of your eyes, then he stood there with the sketch and it was magical. It didn't matter that we had just seen him do this. It had its own life. I was inspired by that and wanted to see if that kind of thing could happen in acting—and *Richard* was the opportunity to do it. In regular movies you want the story to take us away and get us involved, but the nature of this film is showing process, and eventually you get into *Richard* and you forget about process. You're into the story and you don't know how you got there. That's the trick."

"This is the second film you've done at your own pace with your own money. The first, *The Local Stigmatic*, you've never released. Would it be fair to call these your private obsessions?"

"No. Obsession is a pejorative. I don't think one's work, one's passion, is obsession. I think one has a fixation on something. We spend a lifetime doing stuff that's out of our hands. I just made a movie, *Donnie Brasco*, and whatever I did is in that director's hands. But I'll tell you this, *Looking for Richard* has cured me of documentary filmmaking. It's easier to do something already written than this freewheeling spinning and putting it together."

The proprietor came out and asked Pacino why he hadn't drunk the shake he had made for him. "Tell me what's wrong with it, because my smoothies are famous," he said.

"How'd you hear about my not liking it? Was it on radio?" Pacino asked.

"On *Hard Copy*," joked the owner.

"Don't worry about it. Maybe my taste is really ca-ca." When the man left, Pacino watched me drink and wondered how I could put something in my body that tasted like perfume. "I think instead of drinking it you should pour it on yourself," he said. "Dab it behind your ears. Wonderful scent. Scent of a smoothie."

"I hope that Oscar hasn't gone to your head," I said. "Your puns were better when you were an eight-time nominee rather than a one-time winner."

"You know, I was surprised how I felt after that. There was a kind of a glow that lasted a couple of weeks. I'd never had that feeling. It's kind of like winning an Olympic medal because it is so identifiable. Only in the Olympics you win it because you're the best—with the Oscar that's not necessarily the case. It's just your turn." He laughed.

"You've been singled out for recognition at the Venice Film Festival, the American Museum of the Moving Image, the Golden Globes. What has all this glory done for you?"

"I think it has helped my paddle-ball game," he said, lighting a cigarette. "Every time I lose a point I think of my awards, and I get back in the game."

"I thought you quit smoking."

"They're herbal. You don't die of cancer, you die of boredom. It smells like marijuana, so you come off kind of cool."

"When's the last time you smoked a joint?"

"I smoked dope years ago. I wasn't big on it, but I liked it occasionally with wine."

"Why not now?"

"I'm afraid of hallucinogens or mind-altering things. They make me feel muted. It's like living in a kind of gauze—it takes the power, the energy, the edge out of life."

"Have you ever done acid?"

"I had acid laid on me when I was younger, in my 30s. It was terrifying. It was a mickey finn sort of thing. I knew there was something different happening to me, and it just escalated."

"You mean it's not up there with seeing Madonna naked?"

"That's private information, Larry."

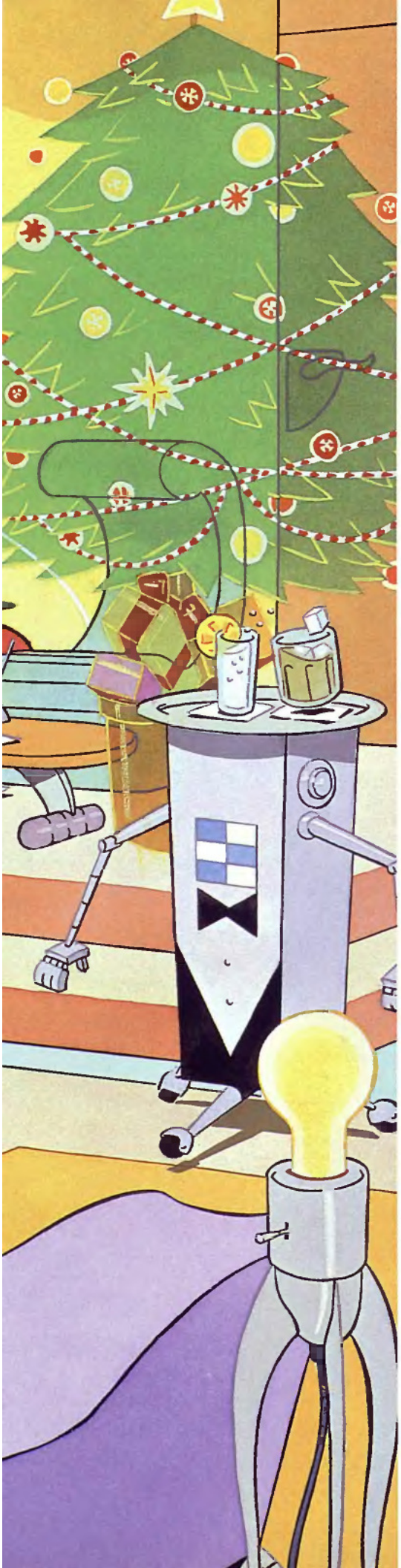
"But you have seen her?"

"Yes, I have. She was doing a dance and she was naked under her coat. In the course of the dance she became inspired and opened her coat and there it was. She has an extraordinarily beautiful body, like cut out of ivory. One day when I'm old, and I'm wheeled out onto the porch wrapped in a blanket to get a little autumn sun on my face, if I have a beatific smile as I'm basking, I'll probably be thinking of that."

Pacino looked at his watch and said that if we were going to play paddle

(continued on page 194)

"You're sure you don't mind me giving you the same thing two years in a row?"



The BURGLAR And The WHATSIT

this wasn't exactly your ordinary gift, but this wasn't exactly your ordinary santa claus either

fiction by DONALD E. WESTLAKE

"Hey, Sanity Clause," shouted the drunk from up the hall. "Wait up. C'mere."

The man in the red Santa Claus suit, with the big white beard on his face and the big heavy red sack on his shoulder, did not wait up, and did not come here, but instead continued to plod on down the hall in this high floor of a Manhattan apartment building in the middle of a cold evening in the middle of December.

"Hey, Sanity! Wait *up*, will ya?"

The man in the Santa Claus suit did not at all want to wait up, but on the other hand he also did not at all want a lot of shouting in this hall here, because in fact he was not your normal Santa Claus but was something else entirely, which was a burglar, named Jack. This Jack was a burglar who had learned some time ago that if he were to enter apartment buildings costumed like the sort of person who in the normal course of events would carry on himself some sort of large bag or box or reticule or sack, he could probably fill that sack or whatever with any number of valuable items without much risk of his being challenged, questioned or—in the worst case—arrested.

Often, therefore, this Jack would roam the corridors of the cliff dwellers garbed as, for instance, a mailman or other parcel delivery person, or as a supermarket clerk pushing a cart full of grocery bags (paper, because you can see through plastic, and plastic bags don't stand up). Just once he'd been a doctor, with a stethoscope and a doctor's black bag, but that time he'd been snagged at once, for everybody knows doctors don't make house calls. A master of disguise, Jack even occasionally appeared as a Chinese restaurant delivery guy. The bicycle clip around his right ankle, to protect his pants leg from the putative bicycle's supposed chain, was the masterstroke of that particular impersonation.

But the best was Santa Claus. First of all, the disguise was so complete, with the false stomach and the beard and the hat and the gloves. Also, the Santa sack was more capacious than almost anything else he could carry. And finally, people *liked* Santa Claus, and it made the situation more humane, somehow, gentler and nicer, to be smiled upon by the people he'd just robbed.

The downside of Santa was that his season was so short. There was only about a three-week period in December when the appearance of a Santa Claus in an apartment building's *(continued on page 142)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES

20 QUESTIONS

LISA KUDROW

Graduating from Vassar College with a degree in biology, Lisa Kudrow intended to pursue a career in medical research and work with her father, a world-renowned headache specialist. But Kudrow's brother's good friend, actor and comedian Jon Lovitz, inspired her to audition for the Los Angeles improvisational group the Groundlings. She made the cut and, after appearing with the group for a few years, was offered guest roles on television's "Coach," "Cheers" and "Newhart." During the 1995 season, she was in two popular series, "Mad About You" and "Friends." Her "Friends" character, Phoebe, is a New Age ditz and arguably the funniest member of the cast. In support of the last point, she has garnered Emmy and Golden Globe award nominations as well as one for the American Comedy Awards.

Kudrow's career has recently expanded to the big screen, with co-starring roles in Albert Brooks' "Mother"; in "Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion," in which she plays opposite Mira Sorvino; and in the independently produced "Clockwatchers," with Parker Posey. In addition, Kudrow finds time to perform with the Groundlings and a new group, the Transformers.

Robert Crane caught up with Kudrow in West Hollywood. He reports: "Lisa is prettier and taller in person than on television, and her hair should be as popular as Jennifer Aniston's."

1.

PLAYBOY: Ditz has a proud history—Judy Holliday and Marilyn Monroe, among others. Is exceptional intelligence a gift or a burden?

the thinking man's friend on the power of ditz, the truth about vassar girls and the allure of frilly tennis underpants

KUDROW: Mostly a burden. I never knew my IQ because my parents were liberal and refused to have me assessed. When I started playing stupid people, I allowed them to be in the rest of my life, too. So I'd go through life acting a little stupid or just not getting it. Life was so easy then. I did that up until *Friends*, when, for some reason, it bugged me. I wanted the rest of the cast to know that I wasn't really dumb. So I stopped and life got hard. We decide that someone is stupid when they're really nice and don't have that funny, sarcastic judgment that rips someone to shreds. If you don't have that quality, people assume you don't get it—that you're dumb. I had made a choice to be a nice person and not acknowledge the nasty stuff. But I had to stop if I wanted to be considered a person with a brain.

2.

PLAYBOY: In playing a ditz, from whom do you take your inspiration?

KUDROW: I'm not patterning myself after any actor who played a dumb person. I admire Judy Holliday, and Marilyn Monroe was very funny and played a really great dumb woman. I appreciate their work, but I don't have them in mind when I'm working. My dumb people aren't sexy dumb. Mine are regular dumb—and they're not even really dumb, I don't think. They are people who aren't focused on whatever it is the camera is focused on at the moment.

3.

PLAYBOY: Who is the model for the bad folk songs your character sings on *Friends*—Leonard Cohen?

KUDROW: It depends on what I've been listening to when we're taping the show. For one song it was Alanis Morissette—that inappropriate, out-of-nowhere anger. *Smelly Cat* was kind of Chrissie Hynde. I write the melodies because I have to. I don't really play guitar. You can't show me a tune. I have to write it. I'm with BMI—I don't have my own publishing company yet. A collection of my songs would make a fun comedy album, but part of me would feel too bad for the real musicians and songwriters who are struggling to make a living at it. Then I show up.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do people who have friends need to watch *Friends*?

KUDROW: If anyone needs to watch any TV show, they're in trouble. I don't think normal people actually let *Friends* replace their social life. Like, "I don't need friends anymore because every Thursday night I've got six actors I've never met who pretend to be other people." But it was fun when I would watch the show with Courteney [Cox] at her house and she would have people over.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do friends have to be kooky to be interesting?

KUDROW: No. In fact, someone who is kooky is the most uninteresting person in the world, because kooky is not like a real anything. Anyone is interesting. The camera just happens to be turned on this group. You can do this with any group. As long as their hair and makeup are done well and they're well lit, you're going to go, "OK, I'm supposed to pay attention to them."

I like *The Real World* on MTV. I'd like to know if it's real or not, because I've been told that the cast kind of knows the camera is there so they purposely do stuff. I think the first season was real because I know someone who edited it and who was in on the creation of it. I love *The Real World*.

6.

PLAYBOY: When you shoot *Friends*, is it cold in the studio? Courteney and Jennifer look chilly sometimes.

KUDROW: Yep. Because of the lights and the cameras and stuff it's very cold in the studio. Thank God I wear a lot of vests and things.

7.

PLAYBOY: Which companies have approached you for commercials? Martin or Gibson guitars, perhaps?

KUDROW: No, God, they haven't. A company that makes macaroni and cheese approached me. It was like, "Wouldn't it be fun if you didn't get what was going on and then you get it because you're eating a big plate of starch?" I've turned down requests because, sometimes, there really isn't enough money in the world.

8.

PLAYBOY: Jennifer Aniston has the haircut of the Nineties. What does it say about us as a people?

KUDROW: That we're sheep. If something looks good, we want to try it. Heroin is really big now. How much more of a lemming can you be?

9.

PLAYBOY: Of the things people say about Vassar girls, which are true?

KUDROW: That they overdress. Everything was a *(concluded on page 208)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATE GARNER

BURGLAR *And The* WHATSIT *(continued from page 139)*

"If anybody can get the goddamn thing to work," he said, "it's Sanity Clause."

public areas would not raise more questions than it would answer. But those three weeks were the peak of the year for Jack, when he could move in warmth and safety and utter anonymity, his sack full of gifts—not for the nearby residents but from them. And all in peace and quiet, because people leave Santa Claus alone, when they see him they know he's on his way somewhere, to a party or a chimney or something.

So they leave Santa *alone*. Except for this drunk here, shouting in the hallway. Jack the burglar didn't need a lot of shouting in the hallway, and he didn't want a lot of shouting in the hallway, so with some reluctance he turned around at last and waited up, gazing at the approaching drunk from eyes that were the one false note in the costume: They definitely did not twinkle.

The drunk reeled closer and stared at the burglar out of his own awful eyes, like blue eggs sunny-side up. "You're just the guy I need," he announced, inaccurately, for clearly what he most urgently needed was both a 12-step program and a whole lot of large, humorless people to enforce it.

The burglar waited, and the drunk leaned against the wall to keep the building from falling over. "If anybody can get the goddamn thing to work," he said, "it's Sanity Clause. But don't talk to me about batteries. Batteries not included is *not* the problem here."

"Good," the burglar said, and then expanded on that: "Goodbye."

"Wait!" the drunk shouted as the burglar turned away.

The burglar turned back. "Don't shout," he said.

"Well, don't keep going away," the drunk told him. "I got a real problem here."

The burglar sighed through his thick white beard. One of the reasons he'd taken up this line of work in the first place was that you could do it alone. "All right," he said, hoping this would be short, at least. "What's the problem?"

"Come on, I'll show you." Risking all, the drunk pushed off from the wall and tottered away down the hall. The burglar followed him, and the drunk touched his palm to an apartment door, which clicked and swung open—*that* was cute—and they went inside. The door swung shut, and the burglar stopped dead and stared.

Jack the burglar had seen a lot of living rooms in his business, but this one was definitely the strangest. Nothing in it looked right. All the furniture, if that's what it was, consisted of hard and soft shapes from geometry class, in a variety of pastel colors. Tall narrow things that looked like metal plants might have been lamps. Short wide things that crouched could have been chairs. Some of the stuff didn't seem to be anything in particular at all.

The drunk tottered through this abstract landscape to an inner doorway, then said, "Be right back," and disappeared.

The burglar made a circuit of the room, and to his surprise found items of interest. A small pale pyramid turned out to be a clock; into his sack it went. Also, this avocado with ears seemed to be a CD player; pop, in it went.

In a far corner, in amazing contrast to everything else, stood a Christmas tree, fat and richly green and hung with a million ornaments, the only normal object in sight. Or, wait a minute. The burglar stared and frowned, and the Christmas tree shimmered over there as though it were about to be beamed up to the starship *Enterprise*. What was wrong with that tree?

The drunk returned, aglow with happy pride. Waving at the wavering Christmas tree, he said, "Whaddya think?"

"What *is* it, that's what I think."

"A hologram," the drunk said. "You can walk all around it, see all the sides, and you never have to water it, and it never drops a needle and you can use it next year. Pretty good, huh?"

"It isn't traditional," the burglar said. He had his own sense of the fitness of things.

"Tra-*dish*-unal!" The drunk almost knocked himself over, he rocketed that word out so hard. "*I* don't need tradition, I'm an *inventor*!" Pointing at a whatsit that was just now following him into the room, he said, "See?"

The burglar saw. This whatsit was a metal box, pebbly gray, about four feet tall and a foot square, scattered all over with dials and switches and antennas, plus a smooth dome on the top and little wheels on the bottom that hummed as the thing came straight across the bare gray floor to stop in front of the burglar and go, "Chick-chick, chillick, chillick."

The burglar didn't like this artifact at all. He said, "Well, what's *this* supposed to be?"

"That's just it," the drunk said and collapsed backward onto a trapezoid that just possibly could have been a sofa. "I don't know *what* the heck it is."

"I don't like it," the burglar said. The thing buzzed and chicked as though it were a supermarket scanner and Jack the burglar were equipped with a bar code. "It's making me nervous."

"It makes *me* nervous," the drunk said. "I invented the darn thing, and I don't know what it's for. Whyn't you sit down?"

The burglar looked around. "On what?"

"Oh, anything. You want an eggnog?"

Revolted, the burglar said, "Eggnog? No!" And he sat on a nearby rhomboid, which fortunately was more comfortable than it looked.

"I just thought, you know, the uniform," the drunk said, and sat up straighter on his trapezoid and began to applaud.

What's he got to applaud about? But here came another whatsit, this one with skinny metal arms and a head shaped like a tray. The drunk told it, "I'll have the usual." To the burglar he said, "And what for you?"

"Nothing," said the burglar. "Not, uh, on duty."

"OK. Give him a seltzer with a slice of lime," he told the tray-headed whatsit, and the thing wheeled about and left as the drunk explained, "I don't like to see anybody without a glass."

"So you got a lot of these, uh, things, huh? Invented them all?"

"Used to have a lot more," the drunk said, getting mad, "but a bunch got stolen. Goddamn it, goddamn it!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"If I could get my hands on those burglars!" The drunk tried to demonstrate a pretend choke in midair, but his fingers got all tangled together, and in trying to untangle them he fell over on his side. Lying there on the trapezoid, one eye visible, he glared at the domed whatsit hovering near the burglar and snarled, "I wish they'd steal *that* thing."

The burglar said, "How can you invent it and not know what it is?"

"Easy." The drunk, with a lot of arm and leg movements, pushed himself back to a seated position as the bartender whatsit came rolling back into the room with two drinks on its head/tray. It zipped past the drunk, who grabbed his glass from it on the fly, then paused in front of the burglar on the rhomboid, who accepted the glass of seltzer and suppressed the urge to say "Thanks."

Tray-head wheeled around the enigmatic whatsit and left. The drunk

(continued on page 199)

PLAYBOY'S College Basketball Preview

the nba raided many top teams, but kansas emerged unscathed and ready to rumble

The Jayhawks return all five starters, including Jacque Vaughn and (at right) Raef LaFrentz.

Sports by Gary Cole

COLLEGE BASKETBALL is bleeding, and no one knows how to stop it. With a few notable exceptions, the best young players in the nation are cutting their college careers short or skipping the college experience altogether to become millionaires before their 21st birthdays.

Thirty-four underclassmen and two high school seniors made themselves available for this year's NBA draft. The NBA chose seven with its first seven picks. In all, 19 underclassmen plus the two high schoolers were selected. That's 21 blue-chip players who won't be leading the break, banging the boards or putting up threes for the likes of North Carolina, Georgia Tech, Mississippi State and Kentucky. Early exits are hurting the game. Just ask North Carolina coach Dean Smith, who would be starting Rasheed Wallace, Jerry Stackhouse and Jeff McInnis this season if each had decided to play out his college career.

To date, no one has come up with a solution. The NBA rookie salary cap, which controls a player's salary for the first three years of his professional life, has backfired, because the sooner a player can start the three-year NBA clock, the sooner he can hope to amass the sort of fortune falling to Shaquille O'Neal.

Both the NCAA and the NBA are reluctant to legislate rules prohibiting early entry because no plan is likely to withstand a court challenge. After all, who has the right to prevent someone from becoming a multimillionaire, especially if he is 6'10" and has a quick first step and a mean jump shot?

College basketball's saving grace will have to be the enormous influx of talented young players from the U.S. and playgrounds around the world. A lot of the big names may be more scattered, but there are as many diamonds in the rough as ever. Let's start the treasure hunt by running down the best players and teams on this year's college basketball scene.

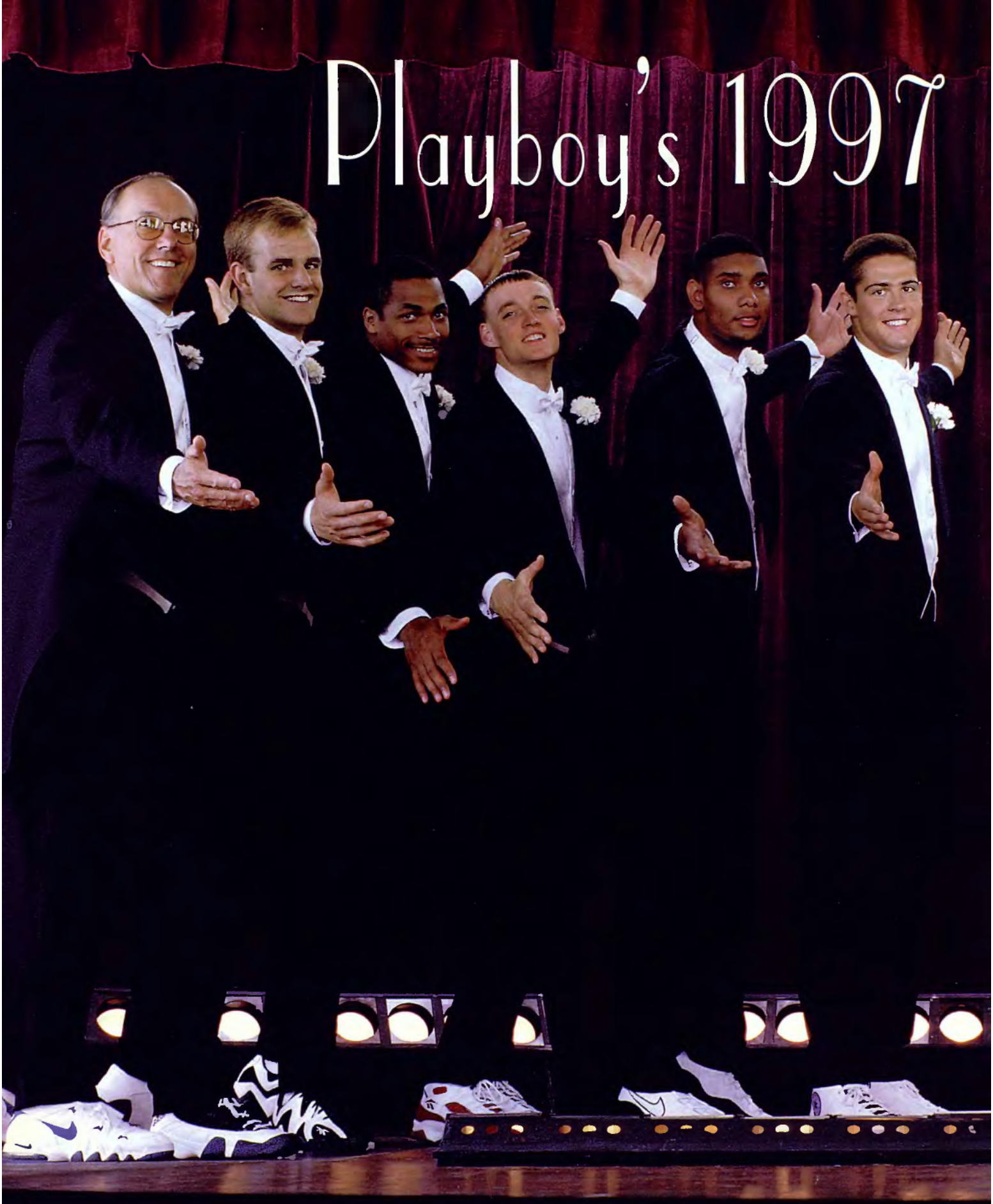
(1) KANSAS

When Playboy All-America guard Jacque Vaughn, a certain first-round NBA draft pick, decided to stay at Kansas for his senior season, he knew he would be putting pressure on himself and his team to win the national championship. What he didn't know was that he would suffer a severe injury to his right wrist during a pickup game in September, an injury that would require surgery and keep him on the sidelines until early January. But Vaughn, who maintained a 4.0 GPA this past spring and was last year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, is undaunted. "I really feel God put me in a position to be a different kind of individual, to set a standard. This injury is only one more obstacle to overcome." Six-five sophomore Ryan Robertson, who broke Jason Kidd's national high school record for combined points and assists, will probably fill in until Vaughn is healed. The Jayhawks, who finished 29–4 before being eliminated by Syracuse in the West Regional championship game, have lots of other weapons, including Playboy All-America forward Raef LaFrentz, sophomore sensation Paul Pierce and intense 6'10" center Scot Pollard. Cal transfer Jerod Haase, now a senior, should have his best year since arriving in Lawrence. If Vaughn returns to form by March and if coach Roy Williams can keep the Jayhawks relaxed on the free throw line, Kansas should win its first national championship since 1988.

(2) UCLA

OK, so the defending NCAA champ got knocked off by Princeton in the

Playboy's 1997



Jim Boeheim
Coach of the Year
Syracuse

Sea Lonergan
Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete
Dartmouth

Charles O'Bannon
Guard
UCLA

Keith Van Horn
Forward
Utah

Tim Duncan
Center
Wake Forest

Raef LaFrentz
Forward
Kansas

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

All-America Team

Jason Lawson	Danny Fortson	Matt Harpring	Anthony Parker	Jacque Vaughn	DeJuan Wheat
Center	Forward	Forward	Guard	Guard	Guard
Villanova	Cincinnati	Georgia Tech	Bradley	Kansas	Louisville

MEN'S ATTIRE COURTESY OF GINGISS FORMALWEAR

PLAYBOY'S Top 25

(1) KANSAS
(2) UCLA
(3) VILLANOVA
(4) MICHIGAN
(5) CINCINNATI
(6) IOWA STATE
(7) KENTUCKY
(8) WAKE FOREST
(9) SYRACUSE
(10) UTAH
(11) FRESNO STATE
(12) ARKANSAS
(13) TULANE
(14) STANFORD
(15) MASSACHUSETTS
(16) IOWA
(17) DUKE
(18) TEXAS
(19) SOUTH CAROLINA
(20) ARIZONA
(21) BOSTON COLLEGE
(22) NORTH CAROLINA
(23) LOUISVILLE
(24) INDIANA
(25) GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE NEXT 25: (26) New Mexico (27) Clemson (28) Illinois (29) Minnesota (30) St. John's (31) Rhode Island (32) Long Beach State (33) Tulsa (34) Old Dominion (35) Providence (36) College of Charleston (37) Illinois State (38) Texas Tech (39) Marquette (40) Oregon (41) Memphis (42) Oklahoma State (43) Oklahoma (44) Washington (45) New Mexico State (46) Princeton (47) Eastern Michigan (48) Missouri (49) Boston University (50) Colgate.

For our prediction of final conference standings, see pages 186–187.

first round of last year's tournament. Don't forget that the Bruins lost three big-time players from their 1994–1995 championship team (Tyus Edney, Ed O'Bannon and George Zidek) and had no seniors in last year's starting lineup. Plus, didn't Princeton coach Pete Carril deserve a retirement present for winning so many Ivy League titles and scaring the pants off a long list of superpowers in previous first-round tourney play? Led by two-time Playboy All-America forward Charles O'Bannon and guard Toby Bailey, the Bruins will be back with a vengeance this year. J.R. Henderson and Jelani McCoy will be much improved on the inside, and guard Cameron Dollar has recovered from hand injuries that hampered his play most of last season.

(3) VILLANOVA

While 'Nova may have lost the 20-plus points of NBA top-ten-pick Kerry Kittles, coach Steve Lappas expects the Wildcats to be even better than his 26-win squad of last year. Three reasons: Playboy All-America center Jason Lawson, already a dominant defensive player, is ready to add more offense to the mix; guard Alvin Williams has the maturity and skill to be the team leader on the floor; and the Cats are 11 quality players deep, with the addition of a top-five recruiting class that included 6'10" Tim Thomas and 6'9" Malik Allen.

(4) MICHIGAN

Coach Steve Fisher has to do something about this time-out thing. It may not have cost the Wolverines the game in their first-round NCAA tournament loss to Texas last season, but it was eerily reminiscent of Chris Webber's fateful request for a time-out that the team didn't have coming in the national championship game in New Orleans a few years ago. One of Fisher's problems is that his recruits are so good that they seldom stick around until they are upperclassmen. He has no seniors this year, though, thankfully, there are some juniors. Seven highly talented players, including 6'9" forwards Maurice Taylor and Maceo Baston, headline this year's team. Guard Louis Bullock, who proved to be Michigan's only significant perimeter threat last season, should get strong backup from junior college transfer Brandun Hughes.

(5) CINCINNATI

Three Elite Eight finishes in the past five NCAA tournaments are ample evidence that former Playboy Coach of the Year Bob Huggins has built Cincinnati into a hoops superpower. The most amazing aspect of Huggins' feat is that he's done *(continued on page 184)*

"I'm delighted you're not one of those who thinks it's the thought that counts!"

Mae West said that "too much of a good thing can be wonderful," and we have no doubt that the spirits illustrated here will make it onto your "most wonderful" Christmas list. All are rare and expensive, which is just the way yuletide indulgences should be. High in the Alps of Switzerland, Etter produces some of Europe's finest eau-de-vies and a terrific grappa. All are sold in handblown bottles that won't be tossed after the last drop is finished. Black Bowmore 1964 scotch has been described as "the greatest single malt ever made" and Richard Hennessy cognac is a gift worthy of the Magi. More than 100 vintage cognacs have been combined in a silver-trimmed and etched crystal decanter. The taste? Smooth and supple with a complex blend of spice, fruit, oak and the earthy quality of long-aged cognac. Drink these spirits on Christmas eve with someone special.

Above, left to right: Château Montifaud's exceptionally fruity and full-bodied Maurice Vallet cognac dates to 1904 and comes in a Sevres crystal decanter in a satin-lined box ($2200). Etter Kirsch is a Swiss eau-de-vie distilled from mountain-grown cherries. It's sold in a slender 375 ml "twins" bottle-within-a-bottle that's been described as "the collector's dream and the glassblower's nightmare" ($175). Black Bowmore 1964 Islay single-malt scotch was aged in sherry oak casks for 30 years before being transferred to unique scotch bottles etched with seagulls ($600). Sempé

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

The Spirits of Christmas

our yuletide wish list of lavish holiday liquors

Armagnac Extra Grande Reserve is an exceptional blend of brandies (some more than 50 years old) that's sold in an exotic-looking bottle with a prism inside that takes the form of three brandy snifters. As the Armagnac is poured, the snifters gradually empty ($175). Etter's Swiss grappa, which is aged in oak for one year, is as delicious as its handblown bottle is beautiful ($165). Created as a tribute to Richard Hennessy, who founded the cognac dynasty more than 230 years ago, Richard Hennessy cognac is undoubtedly one of the finest spirits the company has ever created ($1500).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 206.

BLACK ALLEY *(continued from page 84)*

Velda came up the stairs and took his breath away long enough for him to lose his attitude.

shop when Velda returned from the VA.

"What did Dooley tell you?" she asked me shrewdly.

"Eighty-nine billion dollars is stashed somewhere." It was the first time I had mentioned the numbers to her and she opened her mouth in disbelief.

"Mike . . . you said billion. Each billion is a thousand million."

"I think Dooley wanted to tell me where it is, but all he said was that he had changed the signs so nobody could find it."

"Why did he call you in, Mike?"

Now I grinned real big. "Because I'm not nobody."

"And what do you do with it after you find it?"

"Buy a new car. Hell, you can have some. New dress, shoes, things like that."

"Get serious," Velda told me.

"I am," I said. "Now, what about Dooley's history?"

The change of pace rattled her for a moment, then she stumbled over a page of her notebook. For a moment she frowned at it, and then her eyes drifted up to mine. "Those Navy serial numbers are wrong, Mike. They weren't his."

Before I could answer her she cut me off with a wave of her hand. "Oh, I found him, all right. I ran down the personnel on the destroyer *Latille*, and there he was. Then I got his proper ID. I had to mention a few names to get his son's name and address, but I knew you wouldn't mind." She ripped a page out of the notebook and handed it to me.

I looked at the address in New Brunswick, memorized it and tucked the paper under my desk blotter. "We still have a problem, kitten."

She waited for me to say it.

"What are those other numbers on the urn, then?"

"Maybe . . . " she searched for the name, "Marvin can tell you."

A little nerve tugged at my jaw. Nobody ever forgets his military serial number. Nobody. You don't forget where to wear your hat either. Or put on your socks.

•

Velda had charted the run to New Brunswick right on the nose. There were no wrong turns, no stopping to ask directions, just a straight, easy drive. When I stopped in front of the decrepit old building where Marvin Dooley lived, she said, "You like my navigation?"

I grinned. "Beautiful, kitten. I hope you can cook like that."

The place had a common vestibule that housed eight mailboxes, a single overhead bulb and the smell of multiracial cooking. The slots beneath the mailboxes held names, except for one, and since DOOLEY wasn't in any of the others, the blank one had to be Marvin's. I pushed the button and tried the door. It swung open with no trouble. Muted TV voices overlapped and somewhere a radio was tuned in to a rock station that thumped out a monotonous beat. Behind me, Velda closed the door.

To our left was a wooden staircase leading to the second level. A door creaked open, feet clicked across the floorboards and a male voice yelled down over the banister, "Yeah, whaddya want?"

"Marvin?"

There was a moment's hesitation before he answered, "Who wants him?"

But by then I was up the stairs and his head jerked around, not knowing whether to hold his ground or duck back into his room. "I'm Mike Hammer, Marvin. I was in the Army with your father."

"He's dead."

Just then Velda came up the stairs and took his breath away long enough for him to lose his antagonistic attitude. I said, "You mind inviting us inside?"

He glanced at me a few seconds, frowned, then stared at Velda long enough to change his mind and nod toward the door. I waited for him to go in first and followed him closely. Then I waved at Velda to come and close the door.

As I expected, it was a nothing place. One room with a cot that doubled as a sofa, a two-burner stove, small sink and a narrow, old-fashioned refrigerator that took up a corner. The kitchen table had two wooden chairs, and an old canvas beach chair was right in front of a fairly new TV that was on the floor. But he was clean. No dirty dishes, no dust accumulation, no pile of clothes. The only lingering smell was that of antiseptic soap.

He caught my thoughts and said, "I'm poor but neat, Mr. Hammer." His eyes shifted to Velda and he added, "No woman's here, lady. It's something I picked up in the Navy."

"The lady is my associate," I told him. "Her name is Velda."

No surprise showed in his expression. He nodded toward her and said, "The paper mentioned her. At the funeral."

"Why weren't you there, Marvin?"

He shrugged eloquently. "What good would that have done?"

"Marvin—how do you know? When was the last time you saw your father?"

"Before I went in the Navy. We hardly kept in touch. There were a couple of letters and a card that gave me his new address." Shrewdness seemed to touch his eyes and he looked directly at me. "What did the old man leave me, Mr. Hammer?"

"An urn full of ashes, kiddo. What did you expect?"

"Don't give me that crap, buster. You didn't come all the way down here to tell me that. He left you something and you need me to get it."

"I need you like a hole in the head," I said. I took out a notepad and wrote down a name and address, then handed it to him. "His ashes are in this repository. Do you want them?"

He studied me again, his teeth gnawing at his lips. "You said you were in the Army with my father?"

"That's right."

"How the hell did he get in the Army? Damn, that doesn't make sense. All the old man ever wanted was to get out on the ocean."

"He ever do that?"

"Not before he joined the Navy. All he ever did was run that old boat of his up and down the Hudson River."

That was something Dooley had never mentioned to us. "What kind of boat?" I asked him. "Where did he keep it?"

"A Woolsley, in a little marina a few miles north of Newburgh. Nothing much there now, but back in the old days there were about a dozen yachts docked."

Marvin rubbed his hands over his face, then ran his fingers through his hair. "Do you want anything else?" he asked.

"Would you give it to me if I did?"

"Depends."

I handed him one of my cards, some of which Velda had put in my pocket. "Just one thing, Marvin."

"Oh?"

"Your father was killed for a reason. Whoever did it might think he entrusted information to you and——"

"He didn't tell me nothing! He——"

"I know that, but there's a possibility that the quicker we get the killer the

(continued on page 212)

Marilyn Monroe defined the role of a sex goddess in the Fifties, and Raquel Welch gave it an exotic twist in the decades that followed. Equally outspoken about her private life and Hollywood, she embodied the daring Seventies. This Terry O'Neill photo led our 1970 *Sex Stars* feature, when Raquel was hot off her title role in *Myra Breckinridge*. Her December 1979 PLAYBOY pictorial showcased Raquel's best side—which was any way you happened to look at her.

Christmas Cards from the Rich & Famous

for those in the news, season's greetings can set the entire year right

humor by Joe Queenan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

I tried to e-mail you this Christmas card, but your antiquated software wouldn't support this platform. Also, without Windows 95, the graphic interface won't allow you to download the amazing three-dimensional hologram of baby Jesus in the manger. Send me $79.95 and I'll boot up Windows 95 for you by Easter. And let me know if you want next year's card in a straight text or an ASCII format.

—Bill Gates

Sometimes when we touch,
The honesty probably is too much.

—Connie Sellecca and John Tesh

And they lay the infant in a manger in swaddling clothes. Swaddling clothes that were most likely made in a sweatshop by five-year-olds in Ethiopia or somewhere. But his parents had no way of knowing that. And back then, there weren't horrible media to jump all over the Blessed Mother just because she dressed her kid in swaddling clothes from some sweatshop. And another thing: I'll bet those kids in Ethiopia were glad to have the work. On a personal note, Regis says that "Jesus" is the biblical equivalent of "Cody."

—Kathie Lee Gifford

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
Thought that you got rid of us,
In Independence Day?
Wrong!

—The Aliens

I'll be home for Christmas,
Dating Charlie Sheen,
Dressed like a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader,
But only in his dreams.

—Heidi Fleiss

And on that night, as they lay tending their flocks, lo, the Angel of the Lord appeared and said unto them: "Go and worship the newborn king who is born this day in Bethlehem." And they did, because they had nothing better to do with their time, and there were lots of other shepherds to cover for them. Which is the way it used to be at AT&T before we RIFed 40,000 extraneous employees. If workers have time to lay tending their flocks and think nothing about going off to worship some newborn king, clearly management is not doing its job. At AT&T, if the Angel of the Lord appears to any employee on company time, we'll call security and get this thing sorted out fast. All the best to you and your family.

—Robert E. Allen

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Cocaine sprinkled on my clothes.
Although it's been said
Many times, many ways,
I do not push off every down.
I'm a pro.

—Michael Irvin

JENNY MC CARTHY She Wants Her MTV

The 1994 Playmate of the Year, hostess of MTV's *Singled Out*, is an Internet heavy hitter and has a deal for two more shows.

SEX STARS 1996

they're bigger than ever. it's the screens that are getting smaller

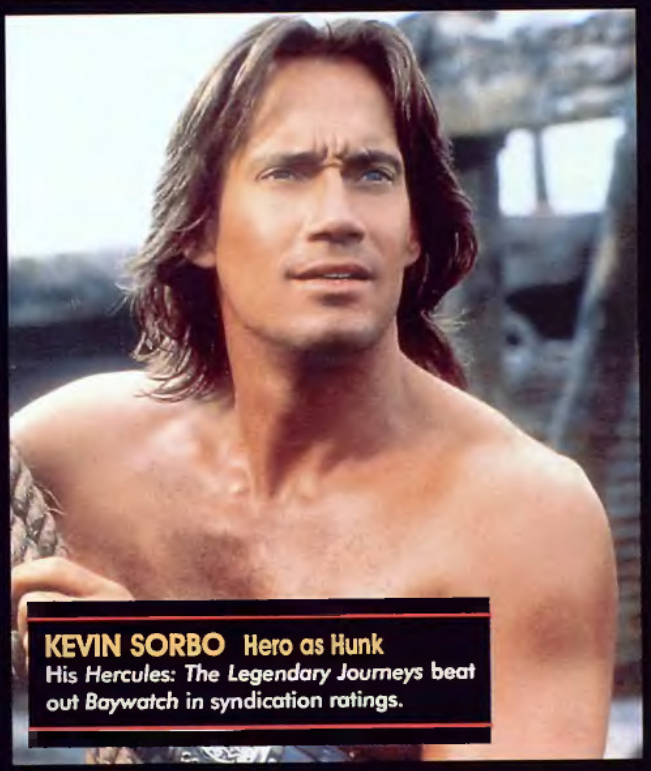
text by **GRETCHEN EDGREN** **Something is definitely happening in Sex Star Land. For one thing, the screens from which today's idols cast their spells are as likely to be attached to computer keyboards or cable jacks as they are to be part of the local Multiplex. Gen Xers are quick to hail their favorites. Among the five most-wanted personalities on Web pages this year, three—Jenny McCarthy, Pamela Anderson Lee and Anna Nicole Smith—are Playmates in their 20s. (The other two, according to the Internet search engine Hot Bot, are actresses Demi Moore, 33, and Alyssa Milano, 23.) The newcomers about whom Hollywood is most excited, *A Time to Kill*'s Matthew McConaughey and *Stealing Beauty*'s Liv Tyler, are 26 and 19, respectively—and Liv is the daughter of November 1974 Playmate Bebe Buell. And 1996 was definitely the year in which men became objects of unabashed lust. This was nowhere more evident than in sports. Olympic athletes were characterized as "studmuffins," and the Chicago Bulls' Dennis** *(text continued on page 164)*

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY Heir Apparent
Billed as the new Paul Newman, the star of *A Time to Kill* settles in as Hollywood's flavor of the moment.

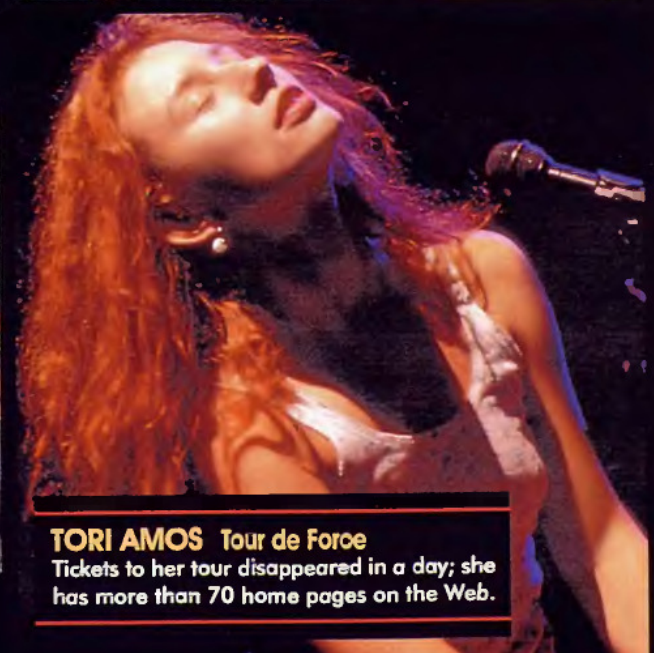
LIV TYLER Bebe's Baby
The daughter of Playmate Bebe Buell and Aerosmith's Steven Tyler becomes an international ingenue.

SHANNON TWEED Thriller Diller
The queen of erotic thrillers, 1982's PMOY adds kickboxing and a *Playboy Celebrity Video Centerfold* to her résumé.

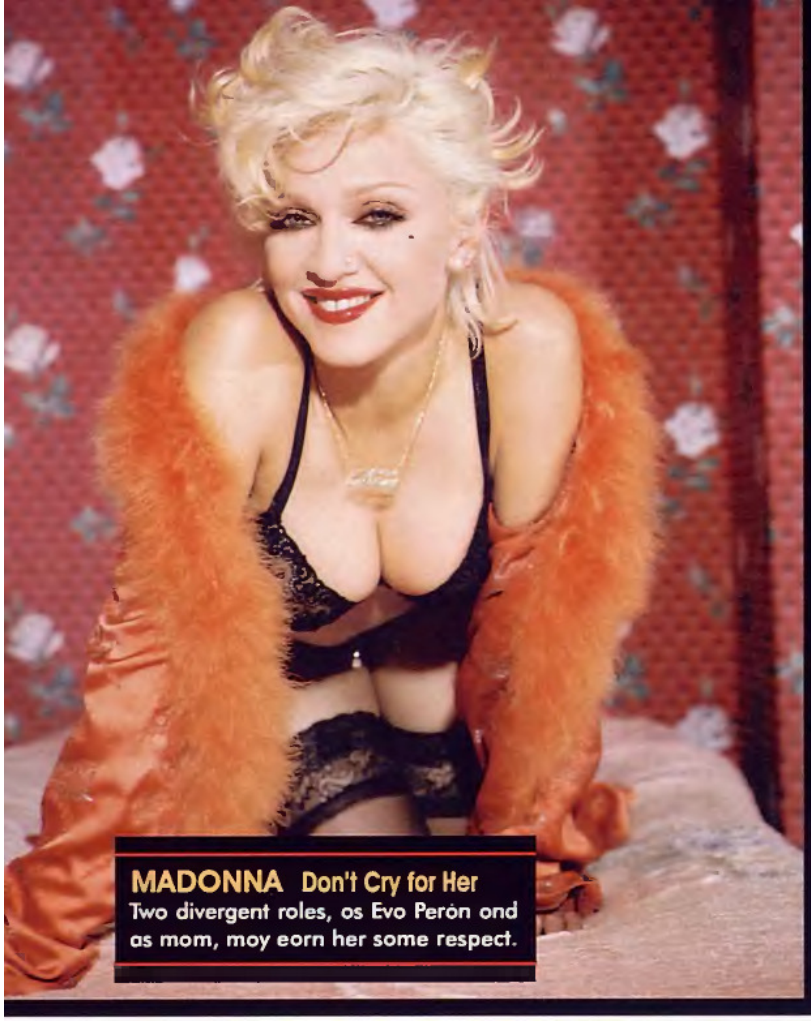
LUCY LAWLESS Princess Valiant
Her *Hercules* spin-off, *Xena: Warrior Princess*, is TV's top new syndicated show.



KEVIN SORBO Hero as Hunk
His *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys* beat out *Baywatch* in syndication ratings.

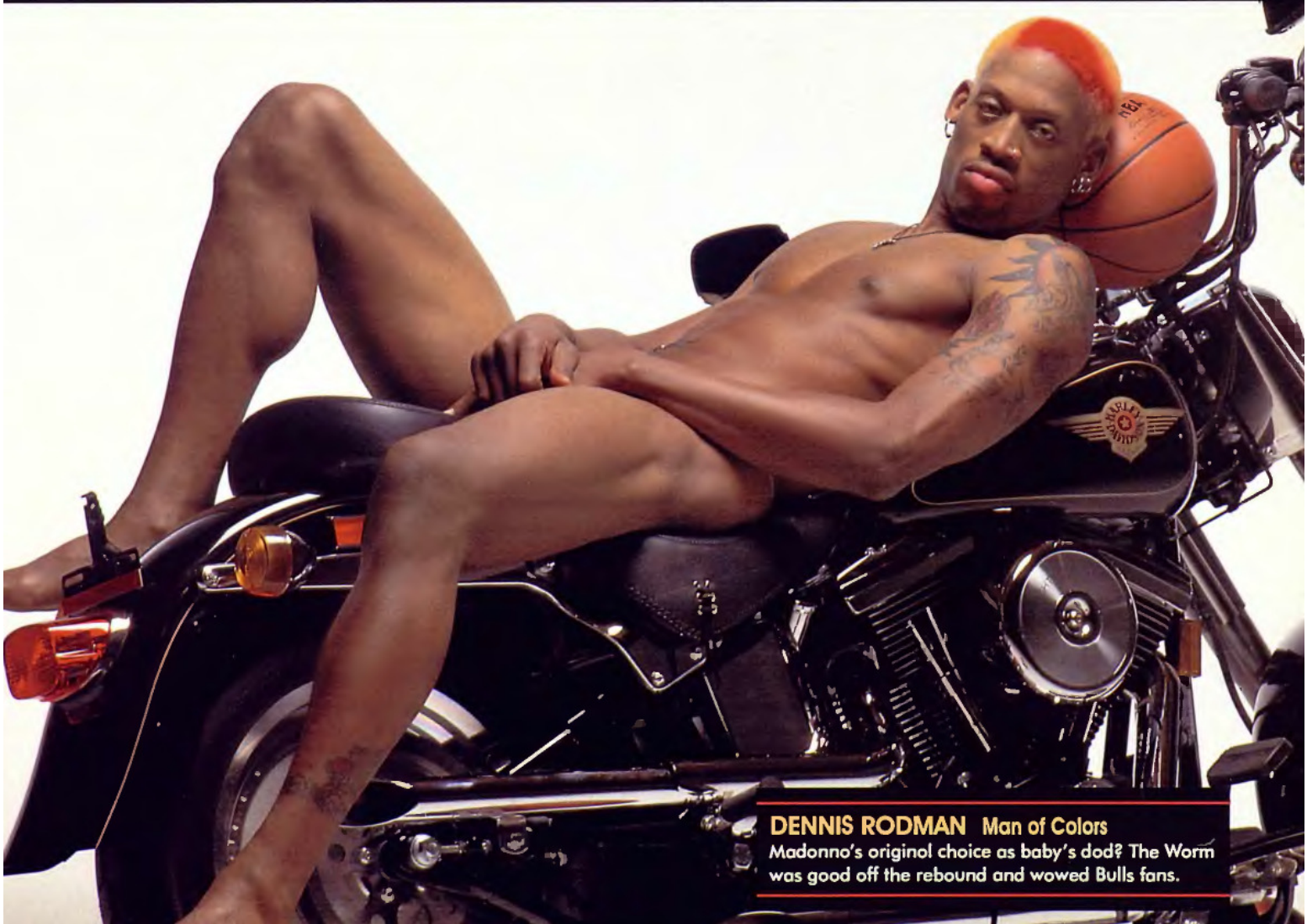


TORI AMOS Tour de Force
Tickets to her tour disappeared in a day; she has more than 70 home pages on the Web.



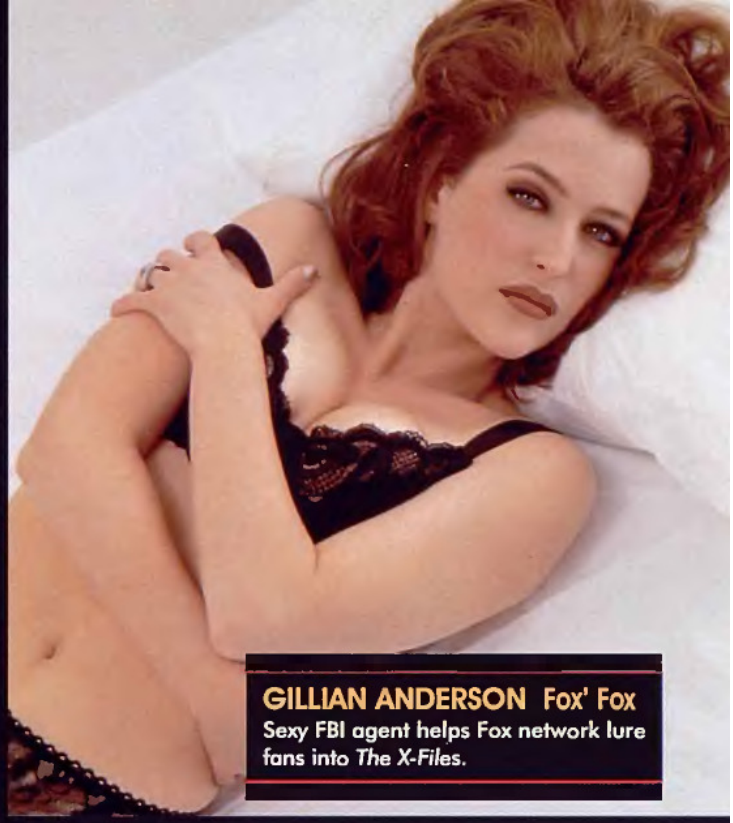
MADONNA Don't Cry for Her
Two divergent roles, as Evo Perón and as mom, may earn her some respect.

CARLOS LEON Sperm Bank
Fitness trainer (not hers) gets a new gig as the father of Madonna's child.



DENNIS RODMAN Man of Colors
Madonna's original choice as baby's dad? The Worm was good off the rebound and wowed Bulls fans.

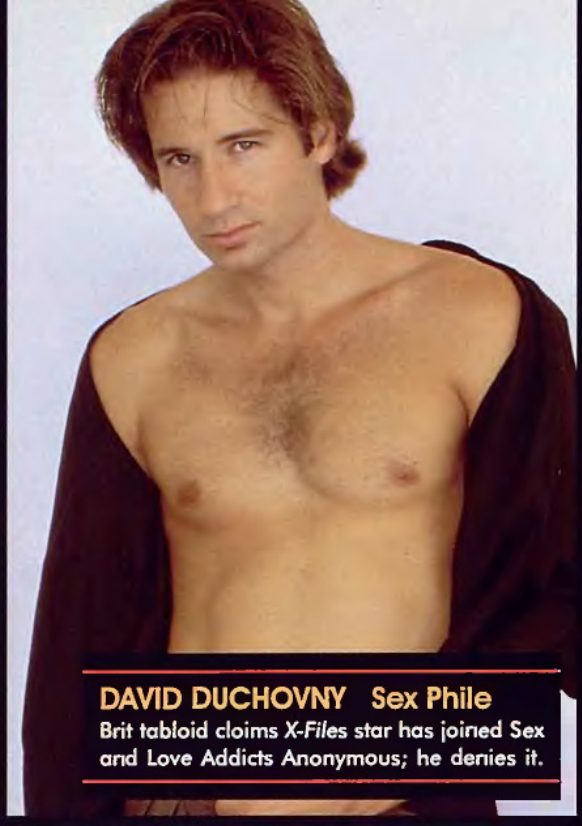
SAMANTHA FOX Nice Pipes
Singer and former page-three girl accepts her first modeling job in years—ond does it for PLAYBOY.



GILLIAN ANDERSON Fox' Fox
Sexy FBI agent helps Fox network lure fans into *The X-Files*.

ROCCO SIFFREDI Italian Stallion
The well-endowed star takes adult films to new levels af erotic debauchery.

UMA THURMAN Beached Blonde
Paparazzi caught her topless in St. Barts; next, she's Paison Ivy to Gearge Claoney's Batman.



DAVID DUCHOVNY Sex Phile

Brit tabloid cloims *X-Files* star has joined Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous; he denies it.

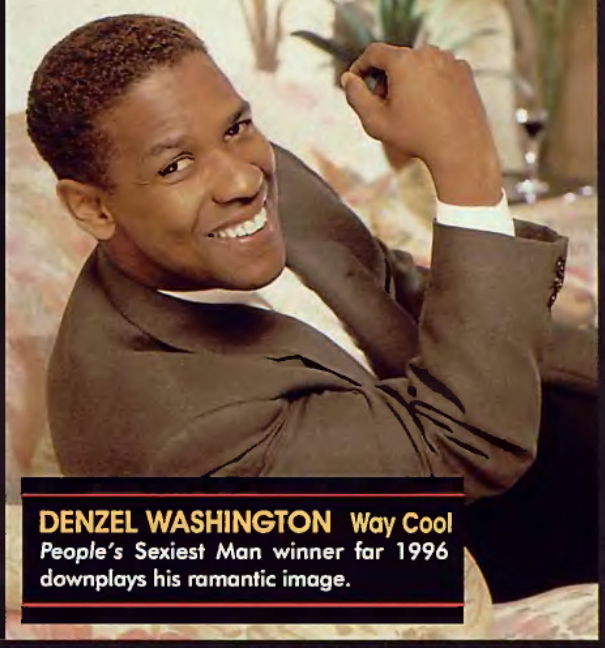
JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. By George

America's sexiest publisher weds longtime girlfriend Carolyn Bessette in Georgia.

DONNA D'ERRICO New *Baywatch* Babe

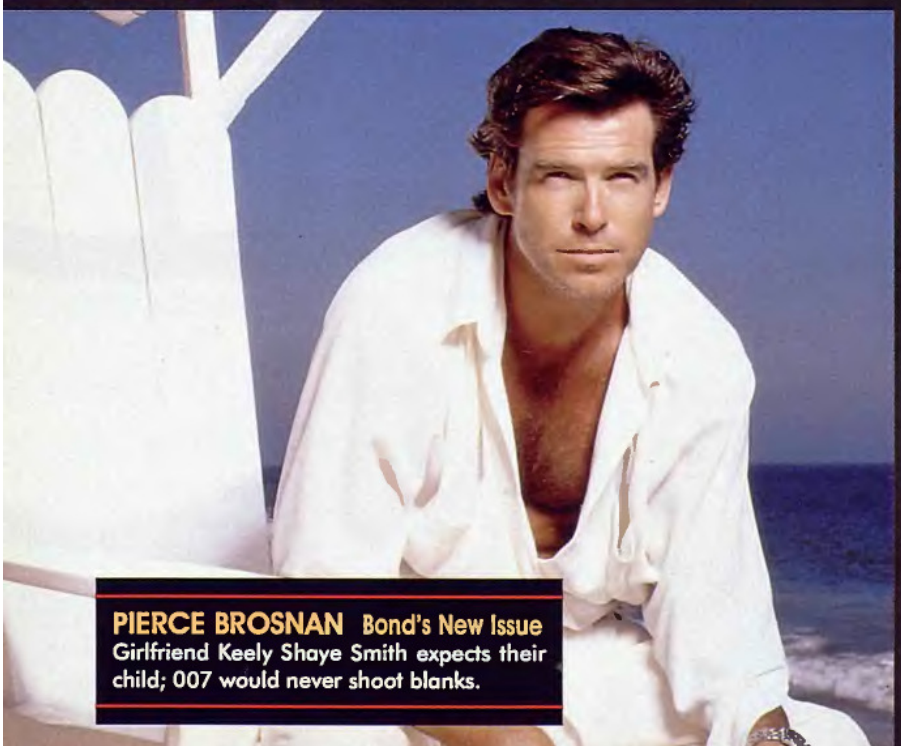
The new Playmate on *Baywatch*, Miss September 1995, gets to keep her *Nights* job.

STACY SANCHES Centerfold of Attention
Texas beauty's selectian as Playmate of the Year wins her $100,000 and rockets her ta the Sex Stardom galaxy.

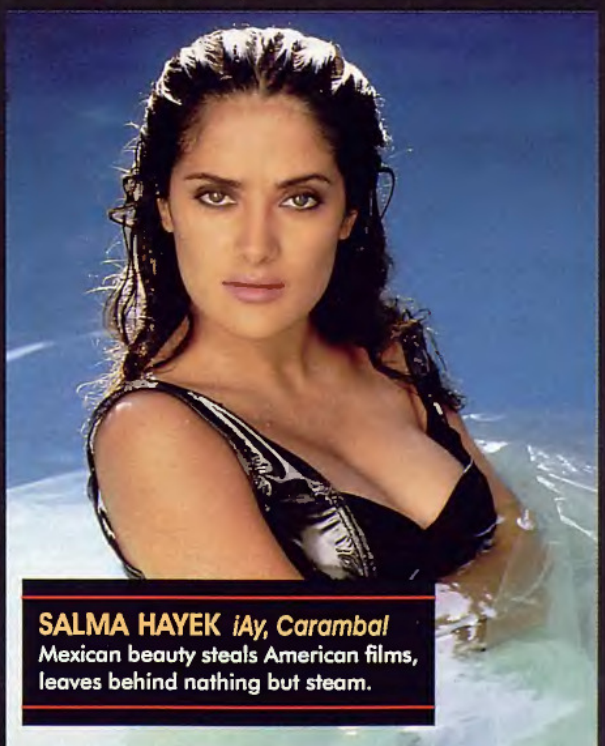


DENZEL WASHINGTON Way Cool
People's Sexiest Man winner far 1996 downplays his ramantic image.

BRAD PITT Lust Object
Last year's Sexiest Man is MTV's Most Desirable Male far 1996.



PIERCE BROSNAN Bond's New Issue
Girlfriend Keely Shaye Smith expects their child; 007 would never shoot blanks.



SALMA HAYEK *¡Ay, Caramba!*
Mexican beauty steals American films, leaves behind nathing but steam.

CINDY CRAWFORD Deep Dish
She ties with Sharon Stone as the woman you'd most like to share pizza with.

MIRA SORVINO Oscar's Darling
Best Supporting Actress for *Mighty Aphrodite* plays Marilyn Monroe on TV.

AMBER SMITH It's Her *Funeral*
Supermodel's sex scene steals the show in movie *The Funeral*.

ANTONIO SABATO JR. Win, *Place*, Show
Former *Melrose Place* hunk fills out his career in some Calvin Klein underwear.

ELLE MACPHERSON Batcast
In upcoming film, she wins Batman—until Uma Thurman steps in.

ANTONIO BANDERAS M & M Man
Married to Melanie Griffith, the Spanish *pistolero* plays Che to Madonna's Evita.

SHARON STONE Semiprecious
Praised for *Casina* and *Last Dance*, she makes Gap and Timex stylish.

CARMEN ELECTRA New Power Overload
This protégée of the artist formerly known as Prince sets fire to cancert stages and PLAYBOY pages.

PAMELA ANDERSON LEE Global Warming

Miss February 1990, the most popular blonde on the planet and a new mom, fascinates her fans on TV and the Internet while titillating the public with tales of her torrid sex life with her rocker hubby, drummer Tommy Lee.

Rodman, who displayed on his buffed bottom an awesome array of tattoos, announced that he wants to play his last NBA game in the nude. Because Rodman re-signed with the Bulls, that's a treat his fans will presumably have to wait for. But fear not—he's on view in his weekly MTV show *Rodman: The '96 D Tour* and is booked for the **Jean-Claude Van Damme** thriller *The Colony*. In the world of fashion, as *Newsweek* observed, men's trousers are now "so tight they're anatomically correct." Remarked *Details* fashion director Terence McFarland: "The time is right for men to be considered sex objects." Example: **Antonio Sabato Jr.** in his Calvin Klein shorts.

Here at PLAYBOY we're inclined to put our money on the centerfolds—especially **Jenny McCarthy,** 1994 Playmate of the Year and hostess of MTV's *Singled Out*. Jenny is due to leave *Singled Out* in midseason, but her new variety show is scheduled to bow on MTV in December. (MTV is also helping her develop a Lucille Ball–style sitcom to air elsewhere.) *Entertainment Weekly* has been running a Jenny-O-Meter tracking her press exposure, which has included items on the CD *Jenny McCarthy's Surfin' Safari*, her chart-topping Playboy video *The Best of Jenny McCarthy* and her near-simultaneous cover appearances on *Rolling Stone*, *TV Guide* and PLAYBOY. And then there are her movie roles, in *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead* and *The Stupids*. **Pamela Anderson Lee,** her rocker husband **Tommy Lee** and their newborn son Brandon have also been the objects of considerable media attention. While *Barb Wire*, Pam's film debut, sank like a stone, she helped keep *Baywatch* watchable—with a boost from fellow Playmate **Donna D'Errico,** who is also appearing on *Baywatch Nights*. PLAYBOY's 1982 PMOY, **Shannon Tweed,** long established as the queen of erotic thrillers, has added adventure films to her résumé, making use of the kickboxing skills she developed to shape up after her latest pregnancy. She now has two children by rocker **Gene Simmons,** a reinvigorated sex star via Kiss' new tour. Shannon is also on view in a brand-new *Playboy Celebrity Video Centerfold*.

Matthew McConaughey, a relative unknown (he had been in *Dazed and Confused* and *Angels in the Outfield* before director Joel Schumacher and writer John Grisham picked him for *A Time to Kill*), looks disconcertingly like a young Paul Newman. **Liv Tyler** is the daughter of Aerosmith's Steven Tyler. Liv grew up believing she was the child of another rocker, Todd Rundgren. Her mother—herself a model and musician—lived with Rundgren before her fling with Tyler. Bebe, wanting to protect her unborn child from Aerosmith's then-druggie lifestyle, returned for a time to Rundgren, who agreed to go along with the ruse. The truth came out some eight years ago, when, according to Bebe, Liv confronted her and asked, "Mom, how come I don't look like Todd and I do look like Steven's daughter Mia, and how come Steven cries every time he sees me?" Liv's showbiz genes are confirmed by her performances in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*, **Tom Hanks'** directorial debut *That Thing You Do*, Sundance Festival prizewinner *Heavy* and the forthcoming *Inventing the Abbotts*. In another demonstration of hereditary talent, **Mira Sorvino**—daughter of actor Paul Sorvino—managed, as a hooker in *Mighty Aphrodite*, to steal a Woody Allen movie from Woody Allen and win a best supporting actress Oscar in the bargain.

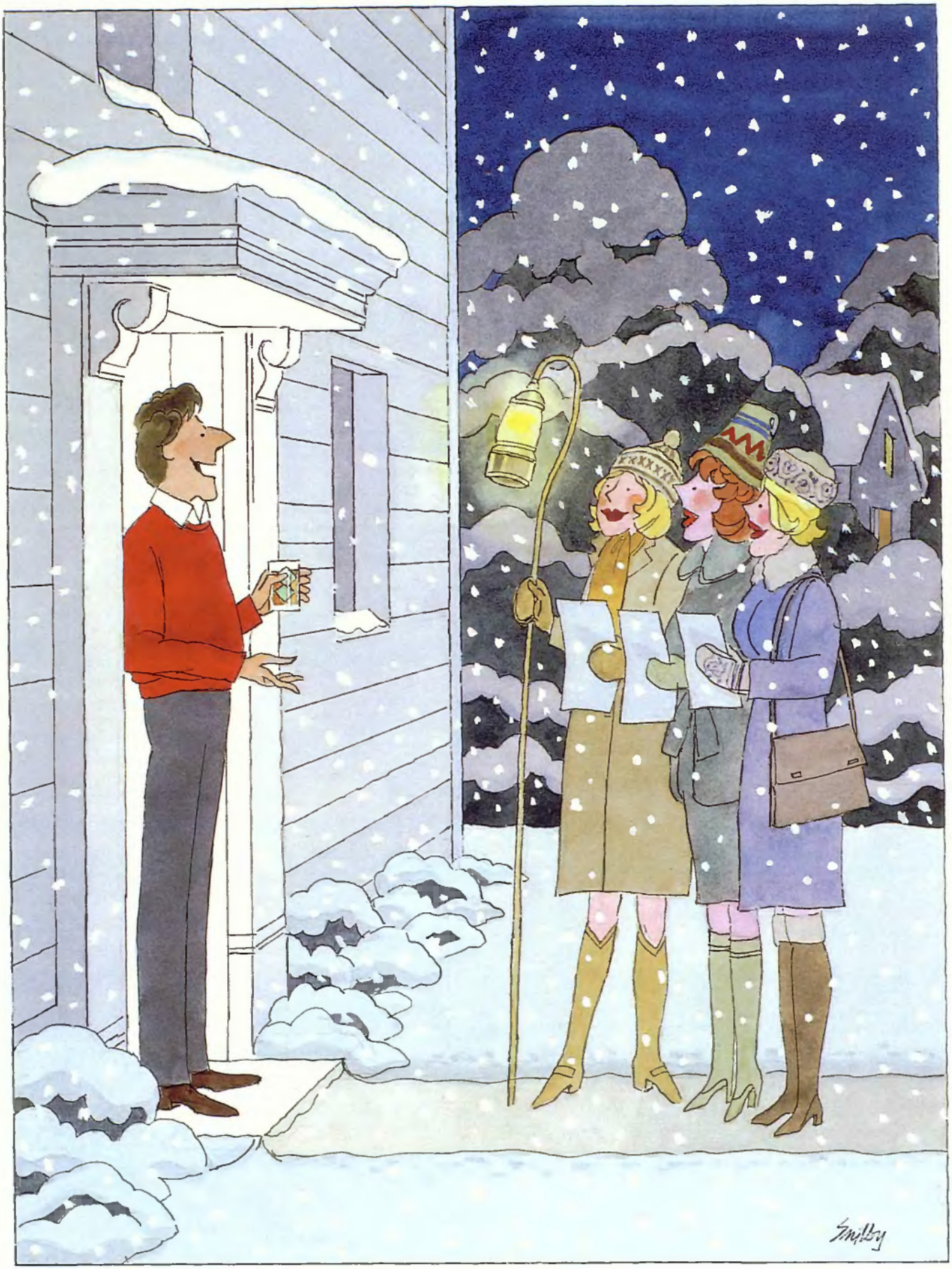
Television continues to produce sex stars, but of late they're popping up in syndication (*Baywatch*, *Hercules: The Legendary Journeys* and its spin-off, *Xena: Warrior Princess*), on cable (*Singled Out*) and on the fourth network, Fox (*The X-Files*). **Kevin Sorbo,** a former University of Minnesota football player and Budweiser pitchman who lost the Superman role in *Lois & Clark* to Dean Cain, stars in *Hercules*, which recently surpassed *Baywatch* in the syndie rankings. New Zealand's **Lucy Lawless,** nearly six feet of raven-haired wonder woman, plays Xena in outfits designed for maximum display of cleavage ("It makes you crotchety to be trussed up like a chicken," she complained to one interviewer). Xena began her life as a villain in three episodes of *Hercules*; her own show is now the 1996 season's highest-rated new syndicated series. On *The X-Files*, the romantic impulses of FBI agents Scully and Mulder are strictly submerged, but a *Rolling Stone* cover showed stars **Gillian Anderson** and **David Duchovny** the way viewers would like to see them: in bed. Fans have established the Gillian Anderson Testosterone Brigade and the David Duchovny Estrogen Brigades on the Internet, speculating that Anderson and Duchovny might be less buttoned-down in real life than they are on the tube. She's a former punkster teen who pierced her nose and wore a Mohawk, and confessed to *TV Guide*: "I'm raunchy." As for Duchovny, the British tabloid *News of the World* reported, following his breakup with girlfriend Perrey Reeves, that he had joined a 12-step group called Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous. Duchovny denies it.

Also quickening pulses with their television personae: *ER*'s **Julianna Margulies,** described by her *Traveller* co-star **Bill Paxton** as "a classic Forties movie starlet—exotic, sultry and voluptuous"; and **George Clooney,** set as the fourth movie actor to don Batman's trunks. The past season's most intriguing new personality, **Daniel Benzali,** the moody, bald lead attorney on *Murder One*, was inexplicably bounced from the series, which had struggled in a succession of ineptly chosen time slots. It remains to be seen whether the loss of Benzali, who had developed a legion of female fans, will cause further damage. His planned marriage to sexy actress **Kim Cattrall** should help assuage his pain, and **Anthony LaPaglia,** taking over as *Murder One*'s top counsel, may well appeal to the younger fans ABC hopes to attract.

People magazine anointed **Denzel** (*Courage Under Fire*) **Washington** the Sexiest Man Alive and **Brad** (*12 Monkeys*, *Sleepers*) **Pitt** took MTV's Most Desirable Male. Pitt's girlfriend, **Gwyneth** (*Emma*) **Paltrow,** actress Blythe Danner's daughter, may be the best judge of that.

Supermodels' grip on the public imagination seems to be fading, with a few exceptions. **Cindy Crawford's** movie debut in *Fair Game* didn't do well, but the Revlon spokeswoman was paired by the press with both **Val Kilmer** and **Dennis Rodman** (who gave her his jersey after a game against the Seattle Supersonics) and was invited to tea at Kensington Palace with a pair of younger fans, princes William and Harry. **Amber Smith's** three-way with Paul Hipp and Vincent Gallo in Abel Ferrara's *The Funeral* steamed up the screen (as noted in last month's *Sex in Cinema*), and she will appear in *Private Parts* with shock jock **Howard Stern. Elle Macpherson,** seen in *Jane Eyre* and *If Lucy Fell*, is cast as Anthony Hopkins' wife in *Bookworm* and as Clooney's fiancée in the new Batman feature. Meanwhile, the supermarket press has been having a field day with Macpherson's private life, linking her at times during the year with **Sean Penn** (before his marriage to **Robin Wright**), **Kevin Costner,** a Swiss banker and, perhaps inevitably, co-star Clooney. Macpherson's rival in the Batman film, Poison Ivy, will be played by **Uma Thurman,** who gave an impromptu performance on a beach in St. Barts that PLAYBOY chronicled in its September issue.

Latin lovers, male and female, are adding salsa to the screen these days. **Salma Hayek,** formerly the smoldering star of Mexico's most popular soap opera, *Teresa*, blazed through *Desperado* and *From Dusk Till Dawn*. An Italian performer, **Rocco Siffredi,** who wrote,



"Oh you poor things—why don't you come in for a moment, have a drink, and slip out of those wet clothes!"

starred in and directed *Never Say Never to Rocco Siffredi*, won the best European actor award at the Hot d'Or fest in Cannes. His efforts have brought new heights of eroticism to adult films. Spanish heartthrob **Antonio Banderas, Melanie Griffith's** new hubby and father of her baby, won the title role in *Zorro*, causing its producer, Elizabeth Avellan, to admit that when "watching him up close, my socks fell down." Banderas plays Che Guevara to **Madonna's** Eva Perón in the spectacular movie musical *Evita*, which the erstwhile Material Girl finished just as her pregnancy (by handpicked fitness trainer **Carlos Leon**) started to show.

Elsewhere, Ireland's **Liam Neeson** followed up his portrayal of Scottish legend Rob Roy with one of IRA founder Michael Collins. Insiders are talking Oscar for this one. Another Irishman, **Pierce Brosnan,** after successfully assuming the mantle of James Bond, moved into the volcano disaster flick *Dante's Peak* (and had tabloids speculating as to whether he would wed his pregnant girlfriend, *Unsolved Mysteries* correspondent **Keely Shaye Smith**). Virile Scottish screen veteran **Sean Connery** lent his voice to *Dragonheart* and his persona to *The Rock* to prove, in the words of *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll, that he's still "sexier than all those Hollywooden young studs, at 65, an international treasure, the magnetic male animal."

And what of 38-year-old **Sharon Stone,** the longtime PLAYBOY favorite glorified by *Esquire*'s Bill Zehme as the Last Great Broad? Oscar-nominated for her star turn in this past year's *Casino*, she eschewed nudity in 1996's *Last Dance* and *Diabolique*, took up the cause of AIDS research and set the fashion world on its ear by showing up at the Academy Awards in a Gap shirt and at other occasions with a Timex watch on her wrist. That's what we love about Sharon: She does it her way, with style.

When it comes to sex-star durability, though, no one compares with the originals. Steve Sullivan, author of the book *Va Va Voom!* and collaborator with photographer Bunny Yeager in the bimonthly publication *Glamour Girls: Then & Now*, has been conducting a poll via the Internet to determine the most popular pin-ups of all time. His rankings, as we go to press: (1) **Marilyn Monroe,** (2) **Jayne Mansfield,** (3) **Bettie Page.** All three were Playmates, as were number 14, **Cynthia Myers,** and number 17, **Anna Nicole Smith.** Keep an eye out for the final results and a PLAYBOY pictorial tribute.

"She's going to be absolutely crazy about your gift or my name isn't Cynthia Morgan, Apartment 2B, 510 West 87th."

SEXUAL REVOLUTION

(continued from page 108)

and the United States is one great society for the suppression of vice."

THE WOMAN WHO SLEPT WITH ANGELS

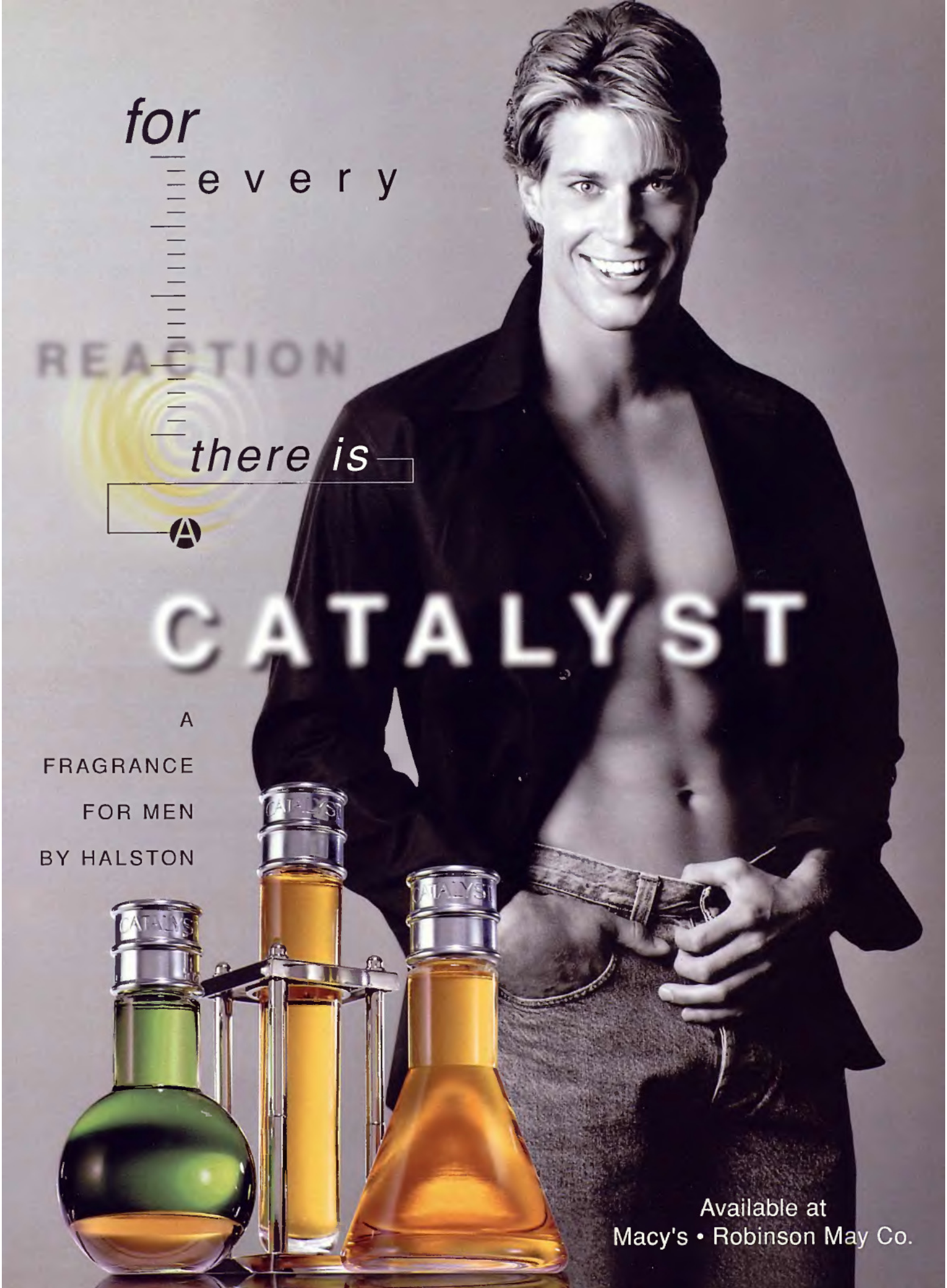
At night, Ida Craddock consorted with angels. She believed herself the wife of a divine spirit, "a heavenly bridegroom." And she felt called to relay the teachings of that angel. She called herself Mrs. because at that time, it was unheard of for a single woman to express any knowledge of sex.

Craddock had been associated with the Free Love movement for years and had worked as a secretary for the National Liberal League. At the turn of the century she wrote several pamphlets, including *The Wedding Night* and *Helps to Happy Wedlock*, and a longer guide, *Right Marital Living*.

The Wedding Night is one of the first marriage manuals in history. In it, Craddock tells prospective husbands that an inexperienced, innocent bride might first view an erection as "a monstrosity," but that they must persevere:

"If you will kiss and caress her in a gentle, delicate and reverent way, especially at the throat and bosom, you will find that little by little (perhaps not the first night nor the second night, but eventually, as she grows accustomed to the strangeness of the intimacy) you will, by reflex action from the bosom to the genitals, successfully arouse within her a vague desire for the entwining of the lower limbs, with ever closer and closer contact, until you melt into one another's embrace at the genitals in a perfectly natural and wholesome fashion; and you will then find her genitals so well lubricated with an emission . . . that your gradual entrance can be effected not only without pain to her but with a rapture so exquisite to her that she will be more ready to invite your entrance upon a future occasion."

Her advice continues: "Do not, upon any account, use the hand for the purpose of sexual excitation at the bride's genitals. There is but one lawful finger of love with which to approach her genitals, and this is the male organ. . . . As to the clitoris, this should be simply saluted, at most, in passing, and afterward ignored as far as possible; for the reason that it is a rudimentary male organ, and an orgasm aroused there evokes a rudimentary male magnetism in the woman, which appears to pervert the act of intercourse, with the result of sensualizing and coarsening the woman. . . . After a half hour or, still better, an hour of tender, gentle, self-restrained coition, the feminine, womanly, maternal sensibilities of the bride will be aroused, and the magnetism exchanged then will be healthful and satisfying to both parties. A woman's orgasm is as important for


for
every
REACTION
there is
CATALYST
A
FRAGRANCE
FOR MEN
BY HALSTON
CATALYST
CATALYST
CATALYST
Available at
Macy's • Robinson May Co.

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

porn, prose and dating advice from the 1900s

THE MODERN EVELINE

From a 1904 edition printed for distribution among private subscribers, subtitled "The adventures of a young lady of quality who was never found out": "I had retained my white kid gloves to please him. I held his stiff member in my grasp. I shook it gently up and down.

"'Your little Eveline would like to suck it, papa.' I suited the action to the word. I sucked it for a few minutes. I did not want to finish him off just yet. He threw me back on the sofa. He turned up my beautiful satin ball dress. He exposed my legs. He devoured my fine pink silk stockings in a frenzied gaze impossible to describe. He began to whisper indecencies. I replied with suggestions even more lewd. A demoniacal lust possessed us both. Our faces glared with the hot passion we felt consuming us. "I stood before him again, in my stays, my long silk stockings, my gloves—long white kid evening gloves that fitted perfectly, extending almost to my elbows. I still retained my bracelets. My garters of rose and velvet and old gold set off my glistening hose. To his view I must have appeared a perfect houri, with only my light chemise of finest batiste to veil my skin, over which the delicate flush of health and good nourishment cast a roseate tint provocative of joy and love's delight. 'Let us have our revenge now, dear papa. Let us outrage this false society all we can. Let us invert its hypocritical precepts. Let us be as indecent as we can.'"

ADVICE

From a 1904 address to coeds by Northwestern University's dean of women: "I have heard that some young women allow men to touch them, to hold their hands! My dear girls, never indulge in such frivolous actions."

From a 1905 *Ladies' Home Journal*: "Q: What do you do when a man persists in holding your hand despite all that you can say?"

"A: No man who is fit to be welcomed in your home would refuse to release your hand if you asked him as if you meant it."

From a 1909 *Ladies' Home Journal*: "Q: May I call upon a young woman whom I greatly admire, although she had not given me the permission? Would she be flattered at my eagerness, even to the setting aside of conventions, or would she think me impertinent?"

"A: I think that you would risk her just displeasure and frustrate your object of finding favor with her. An invitation might be secured through a mutual friend."

SISTER CARRIE

From Theodore Dreiser's 1900 novel: "He loved to make advances to women, to have them succumb to his charms, not because he was a cold-blooded, dark, scheming villain, but because his inborn desire urged him to that as a chief delight. . . . Drouet on the contrary went merrily forward. . . . He stinted himself nothing in the way of flirtation and observation of the other sex. His friends called him out to this or that sortie upon the susceptibilities of the fair sex in various cities, and he seldom failed to respond. There was no compunction in the matter. There was no detailed thought upon the subject. Women were made for men—and there was an end to it. The glance of a coquettish eye was sufficient reason for any deviltry."

her health as a man's is for his. And the bridegroom who hastens through the act without giving the bride the necessary half hour to hour to come to her own climax is not only acting selfishly, he is also sowing the seeds of future ill-health and permanent invalidism in his wife."

Her instructions to women were equally graphic: "Bear in mind that it is part of your wifely duty to perform pelvic movements during the embrace, riding your husband's organ gently and, at times, passionately, with various movements up and down, sideways and with a semirotary movement, resembling the movement of the thread of a screw upon a screw. These movements will add greatly to your own passion and your own pleasure, but they should not be dwelt on in thought for this purpose. They should be performed for the express purpose of conferring pleasure upon your husband, and you should carefully study the results of various movements gently and tenderly performed upon him."

In *Right Marital Living*, Craddock encourages women to "go right through the orgasm, allowing the vagina to close upon the male organ. Keep self-controlled, serene, tranquil and aspire to the highest. Pray to God, if you believe in God and in prayer; if not, think steadily and quietly what a beautiful thing it is to be at that moment in harmony with Nature in her inmost workings and rejoice that you and your husband are part of Nature, pulsating with her according to her law. Rejoice that Nature at that moment feels through you also, and through your husband. Feel love, love, love, not only for your husband but for the whole universe at that moment."

Her crusade would cost Craddock her life. Comstock wrote that "any refined person reading her books would find all the finer and sweeter sensibilities violently shocked, while to the ordinary mind it would be regarded as the science of seduction and a most dangerous weapon in the hands of young men, as educating them in a manner that would enable them to practice the wiles of the seducer to perfection upon innocent girls."

On February 3, 1902 Comstock wrote a decoy letter:

"Madame,

Would you oblige me with a copy of your *Wedding Night*? I enclose half a dollar. Do you admit young girls to your lectures? What do you charge for two chums who would like to come together? I am past 17 years. Please seal tight and oblige me. Address plain Miss Frankie Streeter.

P.O. Box 201, Summit, N.J.

Enc. 50 cents."

Craddock declined, with an elegant letter: "My chief reason for not admitting minors to my lectures is that there

Women Are Always Interested In A Well Educated Man.

(Especially When It Comes To Sex.)

Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex is an all new video series from the Sinclair Institute, America's premier producer of exciting sex education videos for adults. Developed and hosted by renowned sex counselor, Dr. Sandra Scantling, *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is an astonishing combination of visual excitement, sexual intensity, and emotional intimacy.

THE BEST APHRODISIAC IS A GOOD DEMONSTRATION.

Each hour-plus video features loving couples who demonstrate remarkable new ways to heighten their sexual pleasures. The information and advice provided help viewers relax and get in the mood. Then the explicit demonstrations provide intense stimulation through sight and sound as these couples reach remarkable levels of sexual intensity and release.

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Over One Million Sold!

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy

[WARNING The Better Sex Video Series is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 21 only.]

Call toll-free 24 hours/7 days **1-800-955-0888** Ext. 8PB29

SPECIAL OFFER! Orig. $29.95 NOW $19.95

☐ Vol. 1: Discovering Extraordinary Sex (#1050) 73 Minutes	$19.95
☐ Vol. 2: Getting Creative With Sex (#1051) 65 Minutes	$19.95
☐ Vol. 3: Keeping Sex Extraordinary (#1052) 72 Minutes	$19.95
☐ Buy All Three Tapes and Save $10 (#1053)	$49.85
EROTIC GUIDE TO ORAL SEX (#1057)	FREE (WITH PURCHASE)
POSTAGE & HANDLING	4.00
NC orders please add 6% sales tax	_____
TOTAL $	_____

Tapes are VHS only
Sorry – no cash or C.O.D.
Canadian Orders add U.S. $5 shipping

Name _____
(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 21.)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX

Card# _____

Exp. date _____

Signature _____

The Sinclair Institute, Dept 8PB29, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

FREE ORAL SEX VIDEO OFFER

All orders will receive a free 28 minute video The Erotic Guide To Oral Sex. Discover even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement and powerful feelings of intimacy.

exists a social superstition that young people should be kept as ignorant as possible of all that pertains to the marriage relation. It is thought by many people that it would somehow render young people impure if they were told previous to marriage anything of details. . . . It does not matter how delicately and chastely the teacher may instruct that young girl or young boy; that she should instruct them at all is expatiated on as an effort to corrupt the morals of innocent youth. . . . For this reason, much to my regret, I could not even consent to give you and your chum the desired instruction, even in a private lecture all to yourselves; nor do I care to send you *The Wedding Night* for a similar reason; and I return you your 50 cents herewith."

Still, Comstock arrested Craddock for sending *Wedding Night* through the mail to others. A judge called the work "blasphemous." She got a three-month suspended sentence. Soon after that, one of Comstock's agents ordered a copy of *Wedding Night*, then prosecuted Craddock in federal court. Comstock told the judge privately that he had seen Craddock give the book to the daughter of the janitress of the building in which Craddock had her office. (The building had no janitress.) The judge refused to let the jury see the booklet, calling it "indescribably obscene." The jury took his word for it and found Craddock guilty, as Heywood Broun would report, "without leaving their seats."

The day of her sentencing, Craddock placed her head in an oven and killed herself. She left a two-page public letter: "I am taking my life because a judge, at the instigation of Anthony Comstock, has declared me guilty of a crime I did not commit—the circulation of obscene literature. Perhaps it may be that in my death, more than in my life, the American people may be shocked into investigating the dreadful state of affairs which permits that unctuous sexual hypocrite Anthony Comstock to wax fat and arrogant and to trample upon the liberties of the people, invading, in my own case, both my right to freedom of religion and to freedom of the press."

The public responded. The Reverend W. S. Rainsford sent a letter to Comstock (and the press): "Mr. Comstock: I would not like to be in your shoes. You hounded an honest, not a bad, woman to her death. I would not like to have to answer to God for what you have done."

Newspapers picked up the campaign. To some, the Craddock case marked the beginning of the end. Contributions to the SSV fell off. The plans for a permanent fund disappeared. One by one the society's founders would die. But Comstock was undeterred.

THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

Evelyn Nesbit came to New York in 1901. She was 15 and accompanied by her mother. Her father had died when she was eight, and mother and daughter had worked as shopgirls at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. But when they realized Eveyln had a certain effect on men, they came to seek their future in the glittering city. Evelyn was beautiful. She began to pose for New York artists such as Carroll Beckwith and George Grey Barnard (for a statue called *Innocence*). Then Charles Dana Gibson sketched her hair to form the figure of a question mark and called it *The Eternal Question*.

Joel Feder began to use her as a fashion model. He would photograph her wearing various hats, gowns and shoes, and *Sunday World* and *Sunday American* published the images. But people were more attracted to the model than to the accessories. The city was hungry for icons. Soon newspapers began to write about Evelyn Nesbit as "the most beautiful model in America." The first supermodel. Beauty refused to be hidden.

Nesbit landed a role in the chorus of the hit musical *Floradora*, then moved to a part in George Lederer's *The Wild Rose*.

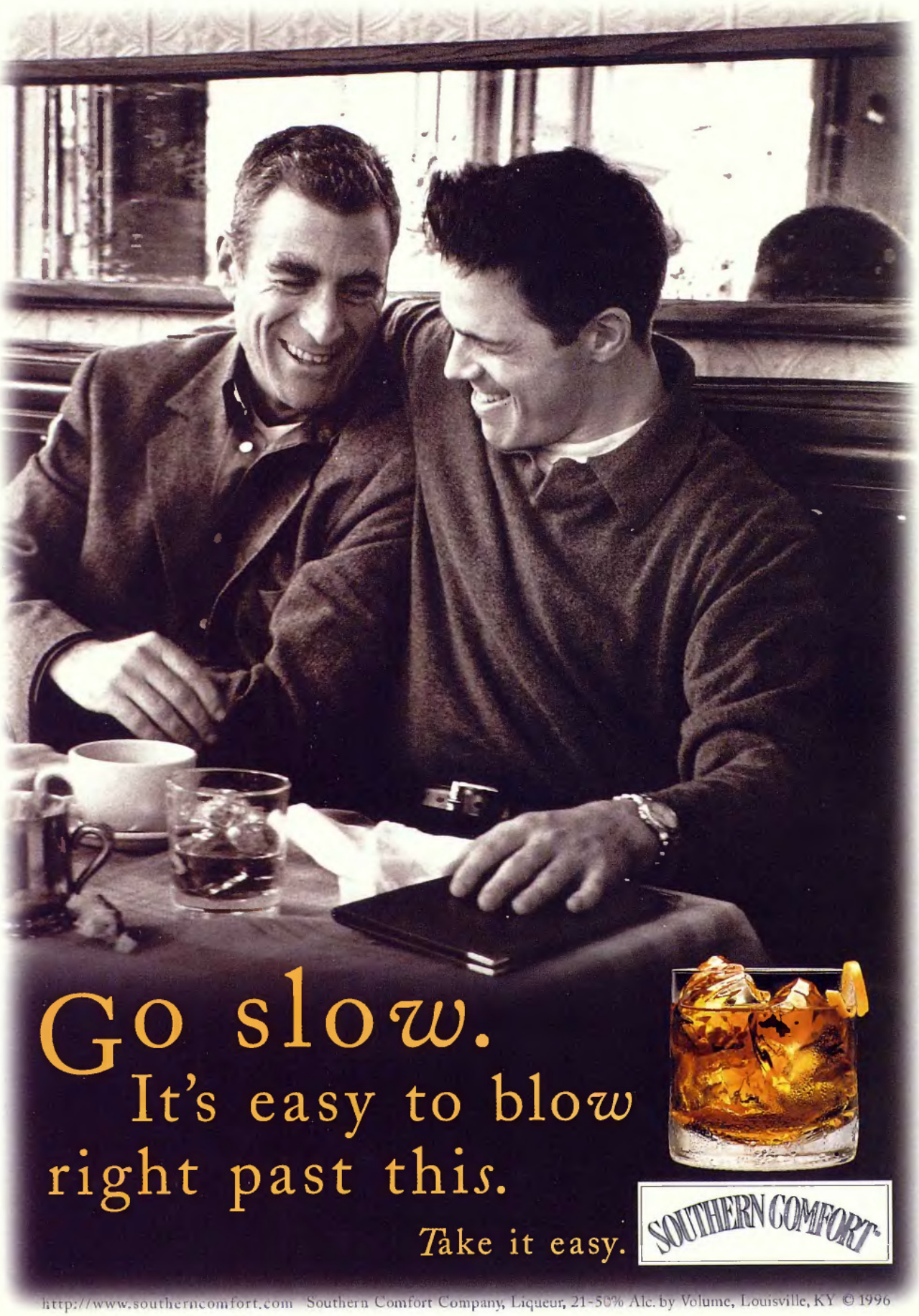
Architect Stanford White had a voracious appetite for beauty. He designed homes for the rich and, indeed, was a principal architect of the new city. He designed the arch in Washington Square, Grand Central Station, the first Madison Square Garden. It was he who placed the gilded Diana in plain view of the city. He saw Nesbit perform and went back almost every night thereafter. She was 16. He was 47 and married.

White lived in two separate worlds. The double standard—wife at home, man at large—allowed him free rein in the city. He sent Nesbit flowers, took her and her mother to lunches, paid the rent on better living quarters for both, paid for her brother's education. This benefactor soon became the only man in Nesbit's life. She called him Stanny.

Most visits were chaperoned, either by Evelyn's mother or another girl in the show. Evelyn would describe how, in his "hideaway" studio on West 24th Street, Stanny had asked her and the other girl to play on a red velvet swing for his amusement. They would try to kick their feet through each section of a Japanese parasol.

Finally, White paid for Evelyn's mother to return to Philadelphia, leaving her daughter in his care. In a room full of mirrors and kimonos, he took her virginity. Nesbit would write that she fell in love with White on that weekend, that he liked to watch her swing naked on the red velvet swing, that she would sit on his shoulders naked, watching herself in the mirrors, that he trembled in her presence, that he wanted her so naked he would ask her to remove the pins from her hair. She told how they would climb to the top of Madison Square Garden and, hanging onto the statue of the naked Diana, view the city.

She enjoyed the parties he threw in his studio and the company of some of the most interesting men in America. But she knew White could never marry her or secure her place in society. She began to dine with other men who sent her flowers, jewelry, furs. She flirted with actor John Barrymore and went on boat trips with the heir to the Collier publishing fortune. Finally, she accepted the attentions of Harry Thaw, one of the


Go slow.
It's easy to blow
right past this.
Take it easy.
SOUTHERN COMFORT®
http://www.southerncomfort.com Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1996

Pittsburgh Thaws, who was as eccentric as White was elegant. He was deeply envious of the architect's success with showgirls, and he competed openly—if ineffectively—with White.

Thaw persuaded Nesbit and her mother to go to Europe for a "prenuptial honeymoon." There he questioned her about her relationship with White. At first she told Thaw that marriage would not be a good thing, that she had "been on the stage" and that she had "been to a great many apartments with Stanford White." Then she told him that White had "ruined" her when she was 16. Thaw became obsessed with the story of her lost virginity. He called White a beast. On one brutal night after her mother had returned to America, he tore off Nesbit's nightgown and beat her with a dog whip. In her autobiography she told how she lay there "bracing herself for what followed."

She described how Thaw would use cocaine and, eyeballs bulging, enter her room in the middle of the night to ravage her. She told how he traveled about Europe with a bag of whips, hypodermic needles, drugs and pictures of slave girls on the auction block. Nonetheless, Nesbit agreed to marry him in 1905. He was, after all, worth $40 million.

Marriage only increased Thaw's obsession with White. He went to Anthony Comstock, telling him that White had debauched his wife and was indeed a beast who had defiled 378 virgins. He hired the vice crusader to stake out White's studio, but nothing came of it.

TIME CAPSULE 1900–1910

raw data from the first decade of the 20th century

FINAL APPEARANCE

In 1901, Queen Victoria dies. The monarch supposedly counseled women on how to endure the physical act of sex: "Lie back and think of England."

In President Theodore Roosevelt's last term of office, he told American women that limiting the size of their families was "criminal against the race."

FIRST APPEARANCES

Victrola. Brassiere. Electric typewriter. World Series. Hamburger. Hot dog. Times Square. Vacuum cleaner. Permanent wave. Psychoanalysis. Spermicidal jelly. IUD. Hotel Bibles. Wassermann test. Boy Scouts. Kodak Brownie. Geiger counter. Ziegfeld Follies. Milk baths. FBI. Carrie Nation's hatchet.

WE THE PEOPLE

Population of the U.S. in 1900: 76 million. Population of the U.S. in 1910: 92 million.

Population by religion (1900): Roman Catholic: 12 million. Methodist: 6 million. Baptist: 5 million. Lutheran: 1.5 million. Presbyterian: 1.5 million. Jewish: 1 million.

Number of immigrants who came to the U.S. between 1901 and 1910: 8.8 million. Percentage of Americans who lived in urban areas in 1900: 40. Percentage of Americans who lived in urban areas in 1910: 45.

Number in 1900 reckoned as "Native American stock" (i.e., descendants of American-born citizens): 41 million.

Life expectancy for men in 1901: 48.23 years. Life expectancy for women: 51.08 years.

Number of states with women's suffrage: 4.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

Number of nickelodeons in New York in 1900: 50. Number of nickelodeons in New York in 1908: 500.

Length of 1903 feature film *The Great Train Robbery*: 12 minutes.

Number one with a bullet: *In the Good Old Summertime* sells 1 million copies, as does Enrico Caruso's recording of Leoncavallo's *Vesti la giubba*. Other hits heard first: *Give My Regards to Broadway*.

MONEY MATTERS

Average weekly wage of a male stenographer in 1900: $10. Average wage of a woman: $2.50. Average workweek in 1900: ten hours per day, six days a week. Year the government endorsed an eight-hour workday for federal workers: 1901. Gross national product in 1900: $18.7 billion. Gross national product in 1910: $35.3 billion.

GETTING THERE

Number of automobiles in the U.S. in 1900: 8000. Number of automobiles registered in 1910: 458,377. Number of pages of the Sears catalog devoted to cars in 1900: 0. Number of pages devoted to buggies, harnesses, saddles and horse blankets: 67. First commercially successful car: Oldsmobile in 1901.

Cost of a Model T Ford in 1908: $850. Price of trolley fare anywhere in New York City: 5 cents. Miles of paved road in the entire country in 1900: 10. Miles of railroad track: 200,000. Distance of Orville Wright's flight in Kitty Hawk on December 17, 1903: 852 feet.

EARLY SEX SURVEYS

Estimated percentage of women who engage in premarital sex in 1903: 12. In a 1915 survey, estimated percentage of college men who engage in premarital sex: 36.

Percentage of Americans over the age of 21 who are married: 52. Percentage of men visiting Nell Kimball's brothel in New Orleans who are married: 70.

Number of divorces in 1900: 55,751. In 1910: 83,045. Percentage of divorces in 1910 requested by women: 66 percent.

Average number of children per family in 1800: 7.04. In 1900: 3.56.

ABORTION REMEDY

Number of ads for "difficult female complaints" (i.e., abortion cures) in a 1905 *Chicago Tribune*: 17. Number of ads after a postal order forbidding such ads in 1907: 0. Number of pages of the September 24, 1910 *San Francisco Examiner* devoted to the death of Eva Swan, who, after a botched abortion, was buried in the doctor's cellar: 5.

DEFINE YOUR TERMS

Neither heterosexuality nor homosexuality appear in the 1901 Oxford English dictionary. In 1901 *Dorland's Medical Dictionary* defined heterosexuality as "abnormal or perverted appetite toward the opposite sex." The word "homosexuality" debuts in Webster's in 1909 with a similar meaning: "morbid sexual passion for one of the same sex."

THERE'S A *PLAYBOY* AT THE PALACE

For those special moments when we find ourselves pampered by elegance, and feeling like a *PLAYBOY*, there's a cigar by Don Diego to heighten the enjoyment.

The *PLAYBOY* cigar, meticulously hand-crafted with rich flavor and aroma, enhances any setting, wherever you might smoke it.

Light one up! Let it bring out the *PLAYBOY* in you.

The *PLAYBOY* cigar by Don Diego
in five styles

For a list of select retailers
in the United States, please write to:
Playboy by Don Diego Cigars, P.O. Box 407166,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fl 33340-7166

Label and Band © Playboy 1996. PLAYBOY, RABBIT HEAD DESIGN, HMH and HUGH M. HEFNER are marks of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and used with permission.

On the night of June 25, 1906 Nesbit and Thaw went to the opening of the gay musical comedy *Mamzelle Champagne*. White was seated across the room. Thaw walked over to White's table, pulled a gun from his overcoat and shot the architect three times. The bandleader launched the orchestra into *I Could Love a Million Girls*.

In the ensuing homicide trial, Thaw's lawyer tried to paint a picture of White as a despoiler of American womanhood. He claimed that Thaw had been driven to a jealous rage by the stories Nesbit had told him.

"He struck as a tigress strikes to protect her young. He struck for the purity of the American home. He struck for the purity of the American maiden. He struck for the purity of the American wife. He struck—and who shall say that if he believed, on that occasion, that he was an instrument of God and an agent of Providence, he was in error?"

The courtroom listened in rapt attention as Nesbit described the night White took her virginity.

"When I woke up all my clothes were pulled off me and I was in bed. I sat up in the bed and started to scream. Mr. White was there and got up and put on one of his kimonos, which was lying on a chair. I sat up and pulled some covers over me. There were mirrors all around the bed. Then I screamed and screamed and screamed."

It was a great performance. Comstock held press conferences on the steps of the courthouse, saying he had letters from the families of seven showgirls who had run away to the city and had been "befriended" by White. He claimed to have "much incriminating evidence against White and his associates in connection with their midnight revelry." He produced neither victims nor evidence.

The nation devoured the scandal. Newspapers ran stories about parties where showgirls would find $20 gold pieces under their plates, an indication that the party would turn lively later. "Those who stayed did so because they wanted to stay," said a member of the chorus of *Mamzelle Champagne*. "Most chorus girls considered it a great feather in their cap to be seen with Stanford White. . . . Every girl knew what his attentions meant, and most of us would have given a year's salary to get those attentions."

The country was spellbound by the image of the red swing, by the notion of a penthouse studio—a room that was not work, not home, halfway between heaven and earth, a secret world of sex that could only be hinted at in testimony. The tabloids stripped the veneer of propriety from the nation's rich and famous.

To most Americans Thaw was a hero; crowds outside the courtroom cheered him. When a second jury found him not guilty by reason of insanity, he was ordered to the Asylum for the Criminal Insane in Matteawan, New York. Upon his release in 1912, he filed for divorce. Evelyn Nesbit would later say that Stanford White was the only man she ever truly loved.

In 1908 a film about the Thaw-Nesbit-White triangle tried to open in New York. Anthony Comstock and a group of religious leaders protested. George McClellan, the mayor of New York, ordered every theater in the city closed. In the furor, the National Board of Review—the country's first movie watchdog group—was created.

WHITE SLAVERY AND MORAL PANIC

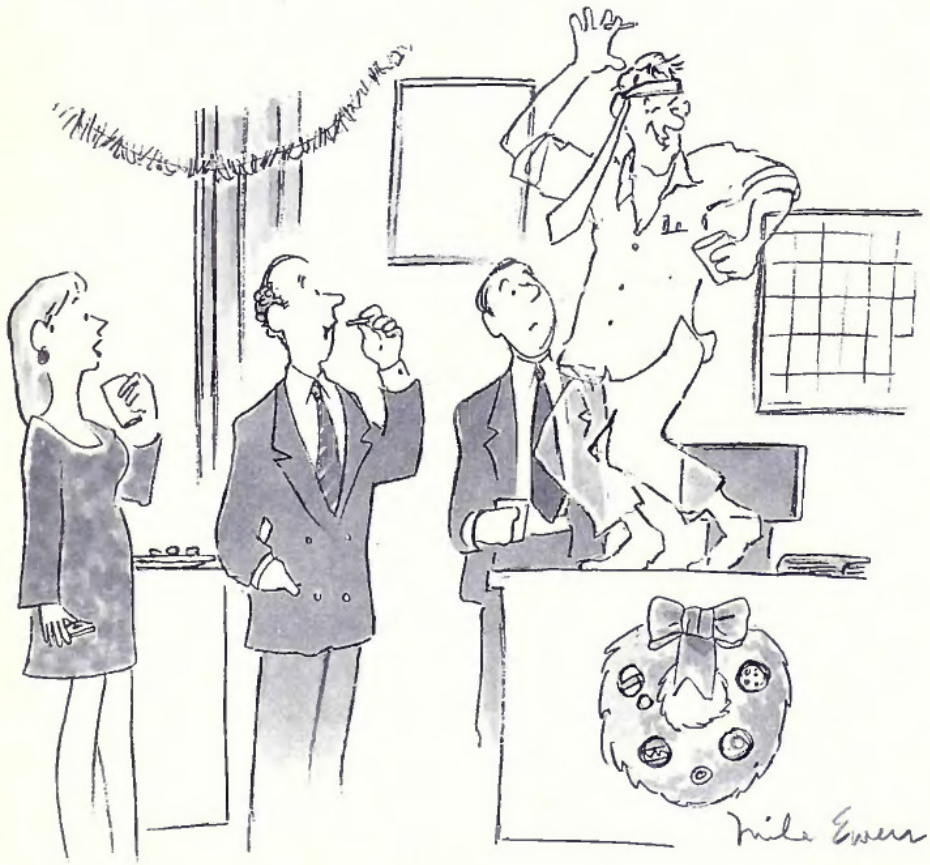
The Stanford White–Evelyn Nesbit scandal stripped bare the double standard. Men could cavort with sexually adventurous women in a secret world; respectable women stayed at home. Indeed, the term "public woman" was used to describe a woman of low repute. The city was the erotic domain of men, showgirls and prostitutes.

The newspapers created a new kind of pornography, serving the nation hints of sex while moralizing sternly. The thirst for sensational stories created the perfect environment for the first great moral panic of the century.

At the turn of the century the world was obsessed with the rumor of young women being abducted or seduced into a life of prostitution. Fueled by stories of proper women held captive in harems or, less romantically, in brothels and cribs, an international convention drew up a treaty to outlaw the practice (without ever establishing its existence). Comstock had suggested that Stanford White and his cronies were part of the white slave traffic, that they had sold innocent girls.

Historians trace the hysteria to an article in *McClure's* magazine in 1907. George Kibbe Turner claimed that a "loosely organized association . . . largely composed of Russian Jews" was supplying Chicago brothels with women. A young Chicago prosecutor named Clifford Roe started going after brothels. He knew the value of a good headline. Roe told the *Chicago Tribune*: "Chicago at last has waked up to a realization that actual slavery which deals in human flesh and blood as a marketable commodity exists in terrible magnitude in the city today. It is slavery, real slavery, that we are fighting. . . . The white slave of Chicago is a slave as much as the Negro was before the Civil War . . . as much as any people are slaves who are owned, flesh and bone, body and soul, by another person, and who can be sold at any time and place for any price at that person's will. That is what slavery is, and that is the condition of hundreds, yes, of thousands, of girls in Chicago at present."

Those figures spiraled. In 1910 the superintendent of the Illinois Training



"They say he's the ghost of office Christmas parties past."

Feel Your Ginsana®.

Introducing Ginsana Chewy Squares.
The newest, chewiest way to feel your Ginsana energy.

Ginsana Chewy Squares have a great orange flavor and are fun to eat while doing whatever it is you like to do. More important, they're a ready source of Ginsana's unique G115® ginseng, the same energizing ingredient in Ginsana's all-natural supplements. Only Ginsana has G115. And only Ginsana puts it into a chewy square. Take a bite out of life with new Ginsana Chewy Squares. It's energy so real, you can feel it.

Feel Your Ginsana. The Original All-Natural Energizer™.

www.ginsana.com

The statements presented here have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Pharmaton Natural Health Products affirms that the statements presented on this package are supported by well-controlled clinical studies. Available in the vitamin aisle. Read and follow label instructions. © 1996 Boehringer Ingelheim Pharmaceuticals

School for Girls warned that "some 65,000 daughters of American homes and 15,000 alien girls are the prey each year of procurers in this traffic. . . . They are hunted, trapped in a thousand ways. . . . Sold—sold for less than hogs—and held in white slavery worse than death."

Some thought that all prostitutes came from foreign countries. A Senate immigration report even made the claim that prostitutes from the Continent had introduced Americans to particular vices—namely oral and anal sex:

"The vilest practices are brought here from Continental Europe, and beyond doubt there has come from imported women and their men the most bestial refinements of depravity. The inclination of the Continental races to look with toleration upon these evils is spreading in this country an influence perhaps even more far-reaching in its degradation than the physical effects which inevitably follow it."

Another Chicago prosecutor, Edwin Sims, told the press: "The legal evidence thus far collected establishes with complete moral certainty these awful facts: that the white slave traffic is a system operated by a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Ocean, with 'clearinghouses' or 'distributing centers' in nearly all of the larger cities; that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is from $15 up and that the selling price is from $200 to $600. . . . This syndicate is a definite organization sending its hunters regularly to scour France, Germany, Hungary, Italy and Canada for victims. The man at the head of this unthinkable enterprise is known among his hunters as 'the Big Chief.'"

The white slave panic produced two events that would change sex for the rest of the century. In Washington, the government's newly created Bureau of Investigation (later to be known as the Federal Bureau of Investigation) grew to monitor international traffic. And in 1909, Sims persuaded Congressman James Mann to sponsor the White Slave Traffic Act, or Mann Act.

The moral panic surrounding white slave traffic allowed a certain class to discuss prostitution in the most serious tone while being titillated at the sexual detail. This was porn for puritans. They could read in the newspapers what they had refused to see with their own eyes. And reformers confronted the world of commercial sex.

Men went to brothels, casino saloons and clubs for an entire evening of entertainment. They would wine, dine and watch vaudeville or live erotica. And the Senate investigators were right on at least one point. There were houses that specialized in the "French art" or the "Greek practice." There were even a few houses that offered same-sex services. One could almost say that there was a brothel on every block, a prostitute in every tenement. In New York, entire neighborhoods—such as the Tenderloin—were known for their sexual offerings. In fact, prostitution stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Who were these prostitutes? The civic-minded Committee of Fifteen described them: "First there is a large class of women who may be said to have been trained for prostitution from earliest childhood. Foundlings and orphans and the offspring of the miserably poor, they grow up in wretched tenements contaminated by constant familiarity with vice in its lowest forms. Without training, mental or moral, they remain ignorant and disagreeable, slovenly and uncouth, good for nothing in the social and economic organism. When half-matured they fall the willing victims of their male associates and inevitably drift into prostitution." The committee identified another group of prostitutes as out-of-work needle women, day workers, domestics or factory hands—forced by economic necessity into the profession.

But the third category was uniquely American, "made up of those who cannot be said to be driven into prostitution either by absolute want or by exceptionally pernicious surroundings. They may be employed at living wages, but the prospect of continuing from year to year with no change from tedious and irksome labor creates discontent and eventually rebellion. They too are impregnated with the view that individual happiness is the end of life. . . . The circumstances of city life make it possible for them to experiment with immorality without losing such social standing as they may have, and thus many drift gradually into professional prostitution."

In New Orleans, the city fathers sought to control the brothels, which had been proliferating at a surprising clip. Alderman Sidney Story proposed

"He says he wants the same gift I arranged last Christmas—will you be available again?"

3...2...1...Blast off with Uniden's UDS 100/200 Digital Satellite Systems with ultra-small 18" dish. For over 30 years, Uniden has been bringing you the very best in communications equipment. Now, we're introducing our latest DSS® Systems that offer features like *One-Touch* VCR Recording & Programming, On-Screen Menus and Program Guides, Parental Lock, UHF Universal Remote and much more. With you at the controls, Uniden's Brand UDS 100/200 DSS® Systems will make watching TV a real blast.

Ever since you were a kid, you've dreamed of exploring unknown worlds.

Behold your spaceship.

U.S. Satellite Broadcasting DSS DIGITAL SATELLITE SYSTEM DIRECTV

uniden®

©1999 Uniden America Corp. Programming and hardware sold separately. DIRECTV and DSS are registered trademarks of DIRECTV, Inc., a unit of Hughes Electronics Corporation. USSB is an official service mark of United States Satellite Broadcasting Company, a subsidiary of Hubbard Broadcasting, Inc.

confining legal prostitution to a single neighborhood. To his chagrin, the red-light district became known as Storyville. Historian Bradley Smith describes it this way: "It became the Storyville where jazz was nursed and weaned, where every kind of sex at every price was available, where the day's work began in the evening and ended at sunup. It was the place where men could gather to drink, gamble, tell jokes and use language that would not be tolerated at home. And they could participate in some of the violence and some of the playfulness of sex. Within this 38-block square worked more than 2000 registered whores and another 2000 servants, entertainers, bartenders and musicians. Basin Street counted 35 elaborate houses offering choice girls, expensive furnishings, good champagne and a gay, congenial atmosphere."

A traveler disembarking from a train could purchase a *Blue Book*—a guide to the offerings of the red-light district. Consider the following listings:

"Miss May Evans, 1306 Conti Street: Miss Evans is one woman among the fair sex who is regarded as a jolly good fellow, and one who is always laughing and making all those around her likewise. While nothing is too good for May, she is clever to all who come in contact with her. Miss Evans also has the honor of keeping one of the quietest establishments in the city, where beautiful women, good wine and sweet music reign supreme."

Another ad reads:

"Nowhere in this country will you find a more popular personage than Madam White, who is noted as being the handsomest octoroon in America and, aside from her beauty, she has the distinction of possessing the largest collection of diamonds, pearls and other rare gems in this part of the country. To see her at night is like witnessing the electrical display on the Cascade at the late St. Louis Exposition. Aside from her handsome women, her mansion possesses some of the most costly oil paintings in the Southern country. Her mirror parlor is also a dream."

And according to another:

"To operate an establishment where everyone is to be treated exact is not an easy task, and Gipsy deserves great credit for the manner in which she conducts her house. Gipsy has always made it a mark in life to treat everyone alike and to see that they enjoy themselves while in her midst."

Liberty, equality, fraternity—associating sex with upward mobility, the lifestyle of the rich and famous. It was a powerful formula.

In San Francisco, the Barbary Coast was in full swing. One could check into the Hotel Nymphia for a quickie, or spend hours at a luxuriously appointed brothel (complete with servants and fine silver). Sex was part of the American vision of upper-class life. The poor had to settle for a quick spasm on a gray sheet in a crib (where prostitutes indeed lived in conditions that approached slavery)—but the middle class could afford an entire evening of entertainment.

In Chicago two sisters opened the Everleigh Club. The establishment had rooms with names such as Moorish, Gold, Silver, Copper, Oriental, Japanese, Egyptian. There were brass beds inlaid with marble, as well as cushions, divans, statues of Greek goddesses, mirrors on the ceiling, a golden piano.

Girls would flirt, converse, play parlor games. Clients could spend anywhere from $50 to $1000 for the evening's entertainment. When asked what he wanted, one man said he was content to listen to the scratchy records on the golden-horned phonograph. To be surrounded by attentive women, liquor and music—that was a man's American dream.

And the reformers saw the power of the combination: One of the first recommendations of the Committee of Fifteen was the need to "separate recreation from vice."

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

One of the nation's first attempts to regulate prostitution occurred in 1870, when St. Louis tried to license brothels and monitor the health of prostitutes. American women were so offended they launched a reform movement. They wanted to abolish the double standard that demanded purity of women while condoning men's right to sow wild oats. They offered a solution—that men should be as chaste as women. Abstinence and self-control were the goal, even in marriage. It was, of course, a tragic delusion.

As long as Americans enforced a code of silence about sex, as long as the beast roamed outside the home, the illusion of the Christian family could be maintained. Some observers say that women were silent conspirators, that they traded the lives of streetwalkers for their own security and pretense of purity.

One feminist summarized the feeling of the time: "The higher sense of mankind says that the family is the essential unit of the state. Our practice says that the family plus prostitution is the essential unit."

But there was a hidden cost to this lifestyle. In 1901 Dr. Prince Morrow began a study of venereal disease. He approached prostitution as a medical problem, not a moral one. And his findings were shocking. Dr. Morrow estimated that as many as 75 of every 100 men in New York City had at one time or another been infected with gonorrhea; 5 to 18 percent had syphilis.

Morrow's figures did not go unchallenged. Conservative doctors thought he inflated the numbers to fuel reform—but their own figures put the overall infection rate at 35 percent.

Morrow's most troubling discovery was the effect of venereal disease on the centerpiece of the Victorian model—the innocent wife. In his 1904 classic *Social Disease and Marriage*, he claimed that "there is more venereal disease among virtuous wives than among prostitutes." The sins of the father passed through the wife to the next generation, and the cost was deadly: "Sixty to 80 percent of infected children die before being born or come into the world with the mark of death upon them."

And no one in society would discuss the problem. When Morrow founded the American Society of Social and Moral Prophylaxis in 1905, only 25 doctors showed up for the first meeting.

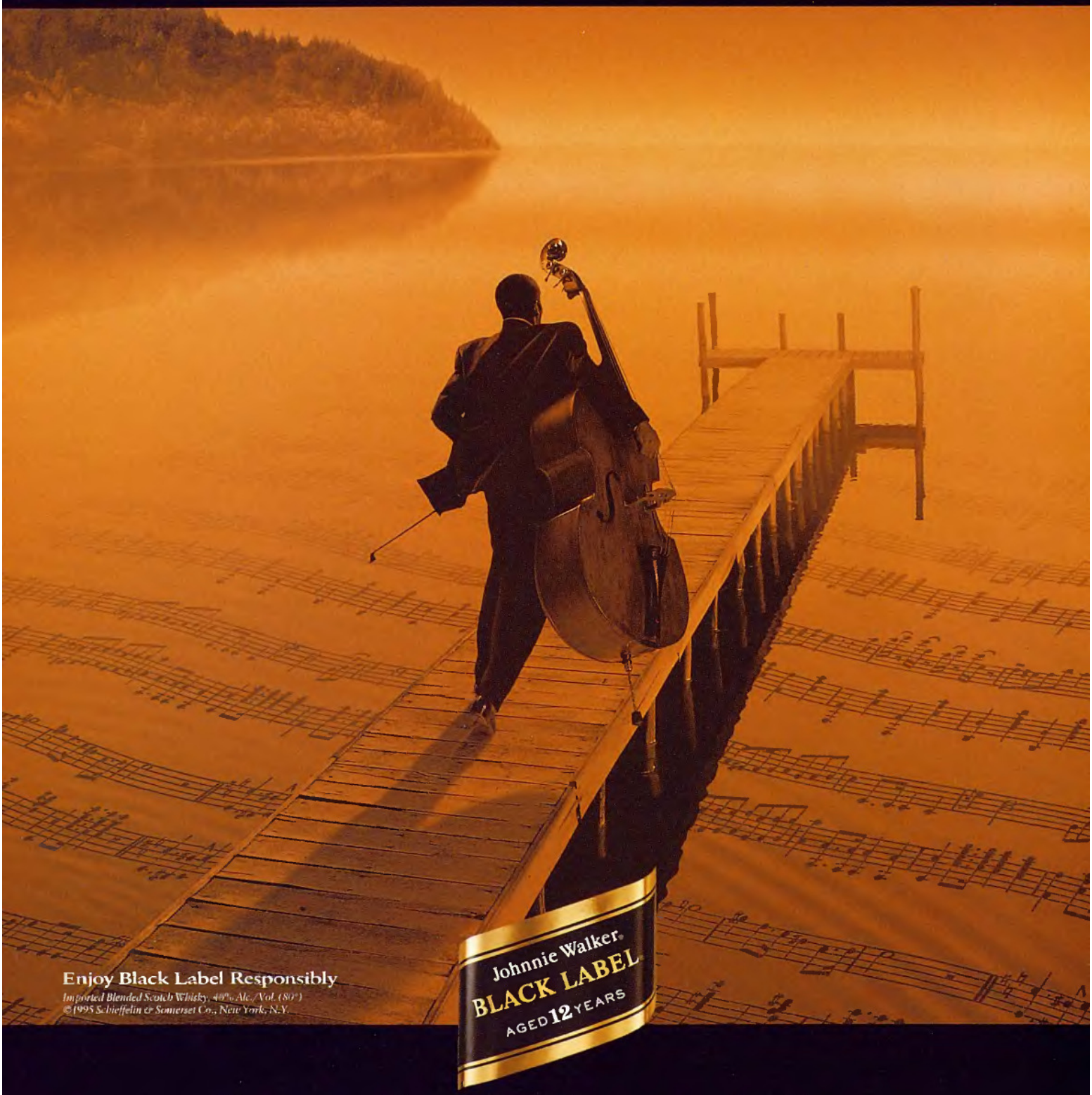
Morrow called for education, at the same time admitting that there was an insurmountable obstacle: "The public press and periodicals which serve for the enlightenment of the masses, which have rendered such signal service in the campaign against tuberculosis and other infectious diseases through the popularizing of hygienic knowledge, are absolutely barred to mention even of the diseases which we wish to prevent. . . . Once the crust of conventional prejudice is broken by a courageous leader, there is no doubt that the other progressive periodicals will fall in line."

In 1906 *Ladies' Home Journal* attacked the code of silence and the deadly cost of the double standard. With a circulation of 1 million readers, it was the voice of middle-class America—not America as it was but as it wanted to be. And in 1906, the middle class did not want to be told about sex. Edward Bok, the editor in chief, later said that thousands of irate readers canceled their subscriptions.

He tried again in 1908, attacking as the cause of this great tragedy "the parental policy of mock modesty and silence with their sons and daughters about their physical selves" and "the condoning in men what is condemned in women. Fathers and mothers and, in consequence, girls have condoned in a young man this sowing of his wild oats because it was considered a physical necessity; that 'it would do him good'; that 'it would make a man of him'; that 'it would show him the world'—all arguments absolutely baseless. With hundreds of girls, the young man who has most promiscuously and profusely scattered his 'wild oats' has been looked upon as the most favored one among possible husbands. To many a girl there is always something alluring to marry a man with a past, because it appealed to her vanity to 'remake' or 'reform' him. The peril to herself she has never known, for silence has been the portion meted out to her by her parents."

Another editorial put it plainly: "If parents would only believe this one vital

IT'S NOT TRESPASSING WHEN YOU CROSS YOUR OWN BOUNDARIES.



Enjoy Black Label Responsibly

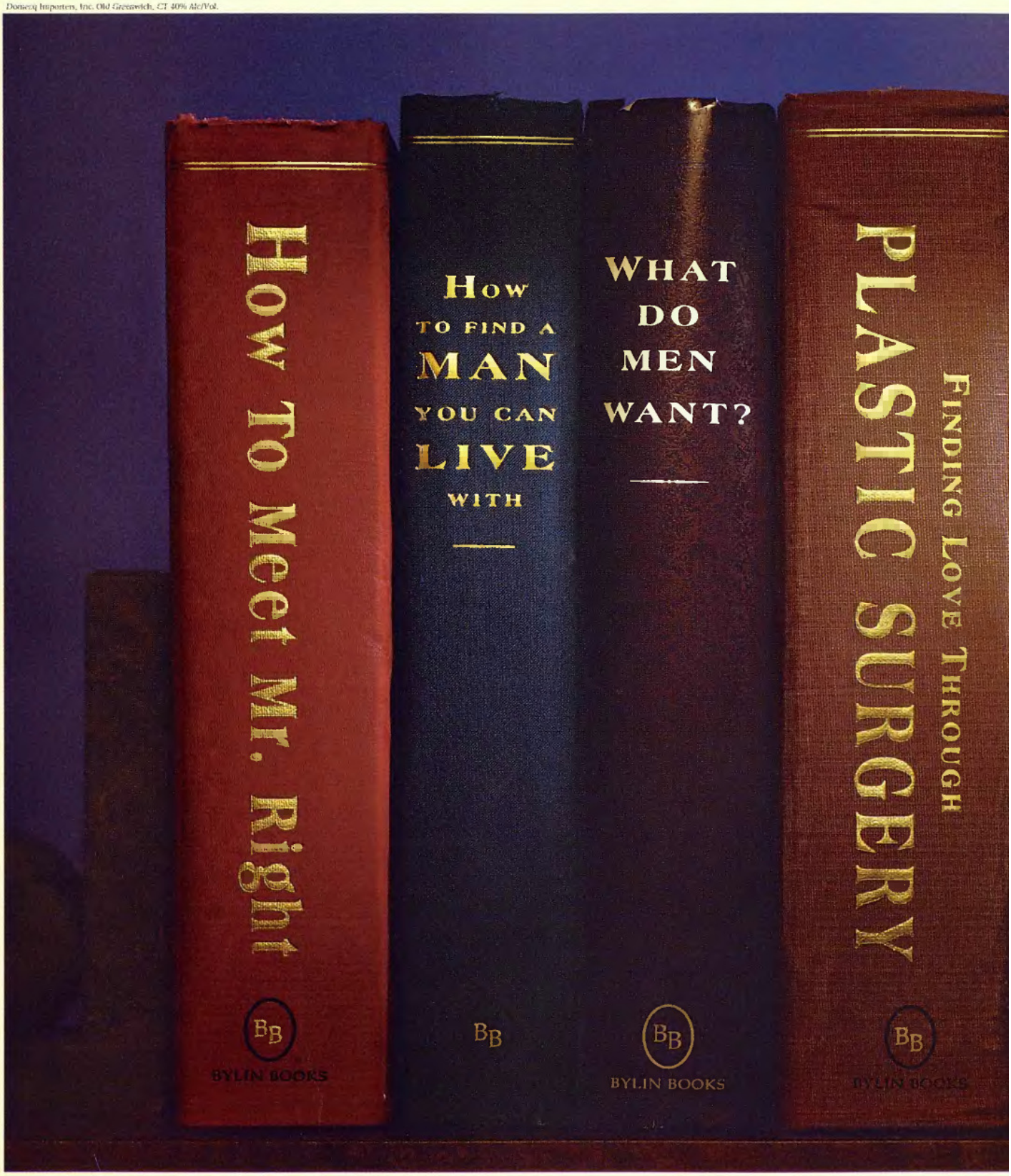
Imported Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

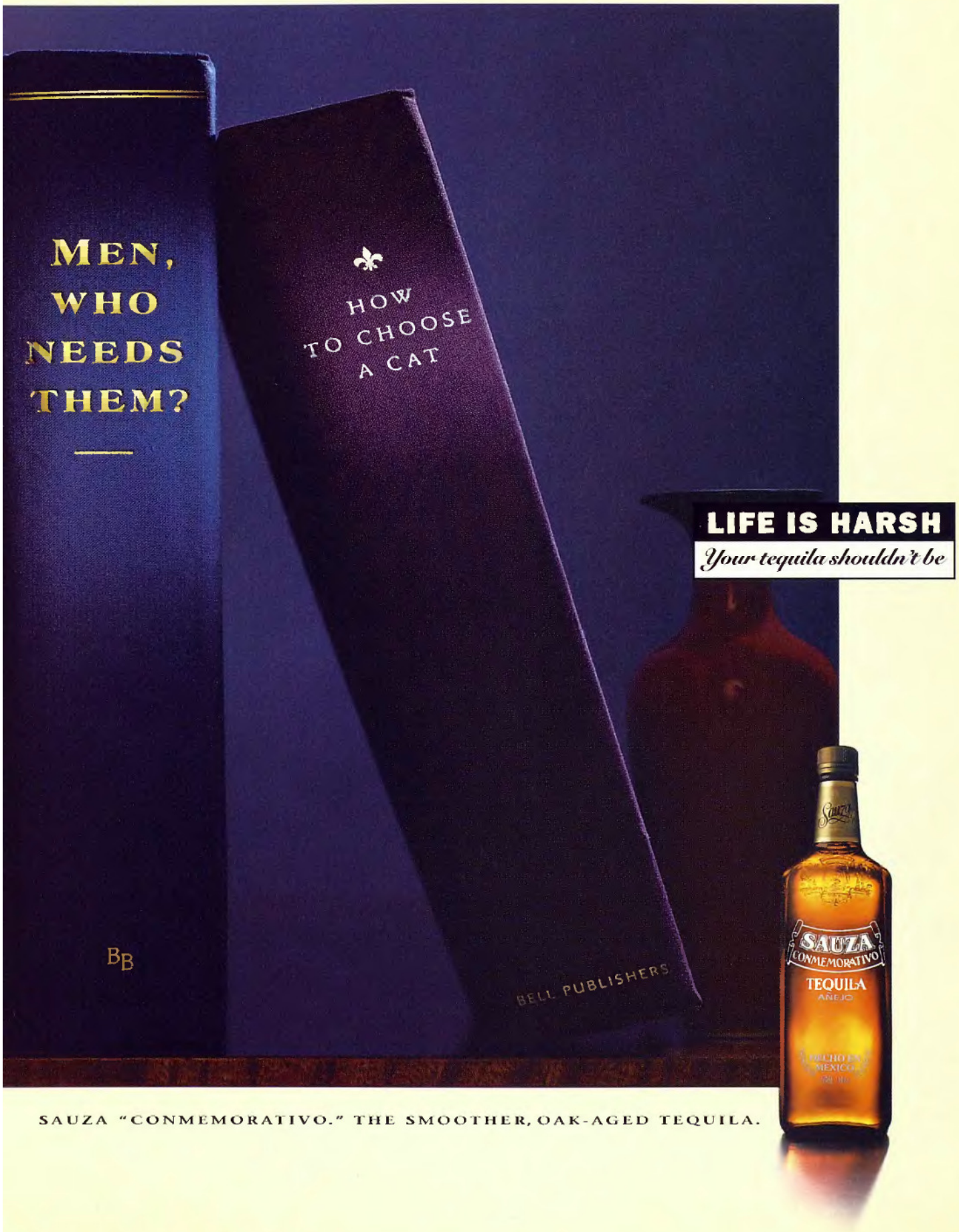
©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

THERE'S MORE TO EXPLORE IN BLACK.

The resonating taste whispers beyond the expected.

Domecq Importers, Inc. Old Greenwich, CT 40% Alc/Vol.





SAUZA "CONMEMORATIVO." THE SMOOTHER, OAK-AGED TEQUILA.

Warm, Wet, & Available!

Every day of the year!

THERMO SPAS—
has designed portable spas that require no attachment to your home plumbing.

THERMO SPAS—
can be installed indoors or out for year-round entertainment.

THERMO SPAS—
are available to order direct from the factory for as little as $88 a month with no initial investment.

Find out how to share the excitement every day of the year

Call Now 1/800-333-5746 Ext. 132
To receive your complete

FREE

SPA VIDEO & EDUCATIONAL PACKAGE

10 YEAR NO FAULT WARRANTY

INCLUDES:

VIDEO- Explains installation, usage & maintenance costs.
COLOR CATALOG- Shows features and product line.
ARTHRITIS BROCHURE- Explains health benefits & tax savings

ThermoSpas INC.

SPAS · BATHTUBS · SAUNAS

155 EAST STREET · WALLINGFORD · CT 06492

truth—that it is ignorance that ruins little girls, not innocence that protects them."

In 1909, when Paul Ehrlich found a drug that destroyed the trypanosomes that cause syphilis, his cure was assailed on the grounds that it "encouraged sin." If Americans want to fornicate, said one reformer, they must pay the wages of sin.

THE SCIENCE OF SEX

What was the state of sex education at the turn of the century? One could order a series of pamphlets that included *What a Young Boy Ought to Know*, *What a Young Man Ought to Know* and *What a Young Husband Ought to Know*, written by a clergyman—or its companion series, *What a Young Girl Ought to Know*, written by a female doctor. The series came with a commendation from Anthony Comstock and bore the subtitle "Purity and Truth."

The pamphlets were antimasturbation manuals. "Words are scarcely capable of describing the dreadful consequences which are suffered by those who persist in this practice," said one. "Boys often have to be put in a straitjacket or their hands tied to the bedposts or to rings in the wall." Many in the medical profession believed that semen was a vital bodily fluid—that it was the direct cause of virility. Semen was reabsorbed by the body, so this theory went, and turned into "new thoughts—perhaps new inventions—grand conceptions of the true, the beautiful, the useful, or into fresh emotions of joy and impulses of kindness."

Historian Bryan Strong found that sex manuals at the turn of the century linked repression to character. "The Victorian constellation of values included work, industry, good habits, piety and noble ideals. Indeed, without sexual repression the Victorians believed that it was impossible for those other values to exist in an ideal character. If a man was pure, he was also frugal, hardworking, temperate and governed by habit. If, on the other hand, he was impure, he was also a spendthrift, disposed to speculation and whiskey drinking, and ruled by his impulses."

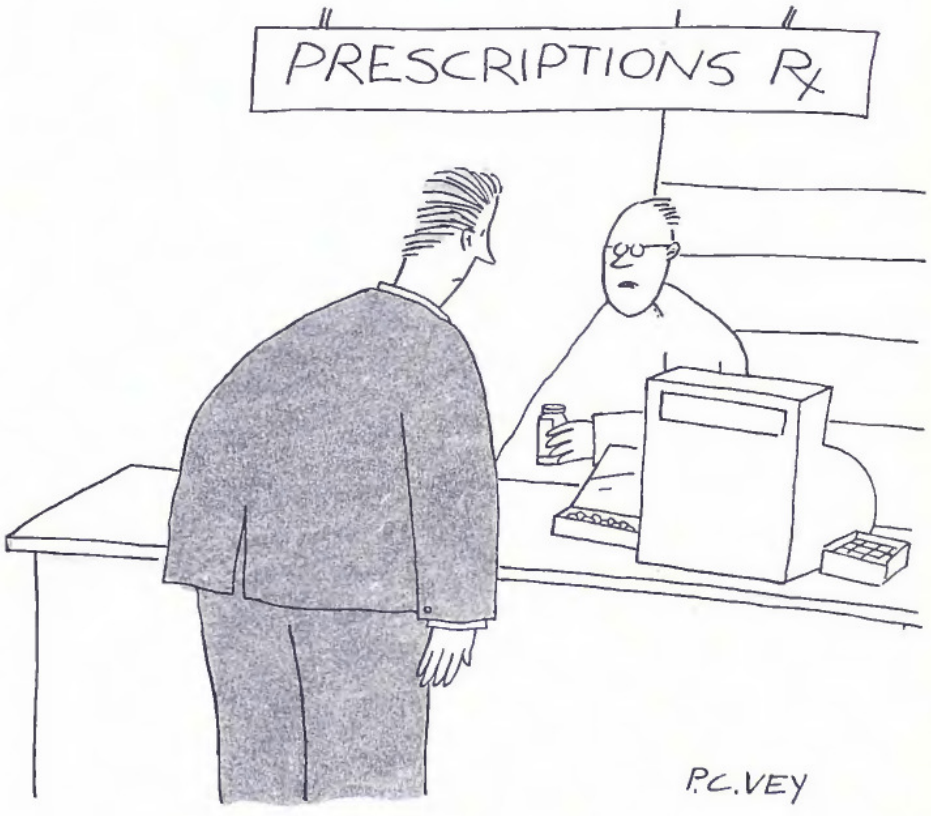
Patricia Campbell, in her analysis of early sex manuals, reaches a more interesting conclusion: "The purity advocates," she writes, "were most especially concerned that young people should not learn 'solitary vice.' It was not only the significance they attached to the loss of semen, however, that inspired such strong emotions in addressing the young. The masturbatory act is done solely for pleasure: It can be carried on in secret and is easily hidden from parents; and most important, it sets a pattern for adult sexual attitudes. A teenager who masturbates is finding out that sex feels good, a very dangerous piece of knowledge by Victorian standards. On the other hand, a boy who can be taught to look at his own genitals and their needs with loathing and fear has been taught to repress sexuality all his life."

These early books offered wonderful advice to a teenager troubled by sexual thoughts. Sing hymns. Think of your mother's pure love. Read the *Sermon on the Mount*. Sleep on a hard bed. Take a cold bath. Sit with your testicles submerged in a bowl of ice water.

Those were the milder interventions. In 1903 an ingenious inventor named Albert Todd submitted two designs for medical apparatuses to the U.S. Patent Office. One was an electric antimasturbation device—an erection would cause a bell to sound. Expansion would then trigger an electric shock sufficient for "burning the flesh." Another device was designed to limit "longitudinal extension" of the wearer's penis. Other inventors followed with sexual armor—devices intended to keep the wearer from coming into contact with his or her own genitals. Hoag Levins, author of *American Sex Machines*, tells how one inventor said in 1908, "It is a deplorable but well-known fact that one of the most common causes of insanity, imbecility and feeblemindedness, especially in youth, is masturbation or self-abuse."

The medical profession took a similar view of female sexuality. In 1900 a doctor asked the American Medical Association to publish a monograph on the physiology of sex—what actually happens to a woman's body during arousal. The AMA refused. Doctors would not admit that women were sexual creatures. Indeed, a woman's interest in sex or sexual fantasy was often diagnosed as "hysteria." Among the many symptoms: swelling in the genital area, wandering of attention and associated tendencies to indulge in sexual fantasies, insomnia, irritability and "excessive" vaginal lubrication. The treatment was something to behold. In a delightful article called *Socially Camouflaged Technologies: The Case of the Electromechanical Vibrator*, historian Rachel Maines relates: "The therapeutic objective in such cases was to produce a crisis of the disease. . . . Manual massage of the vulva by physicians or midwives with fragrant oils as lubricants formed part of the standard treatment repertoire for hysteria. . . . The crisis induced by this procedure was usually called the hysterical paroxysm. Treatment for hysteria might comprise three quarters of a physician's practice in the 19th century."

In 1904 John Harvey Kellogg described a woman undergoing "electrotherapeutics." The woman experienced "strong contractions of the abdominal muscles." And the earth moved, or at least a part of it: "The office table was made to tremble quite violently with the movement." There was a glimmer that what was happening on the exam table was sexual. One doctor suggested that "massage of the pelvic organs should be entrusted to those alone who have clean hands and a pure heart." By the turn of the century, massage was replaced by



"Take two after each meal till you're addicted."

electrical vibration. The Chattanooga vibrator, available in 1904, sold for $200 to doctors only. For two dollars a visit, women could achieve their hysterical paroxysms in minutes. No wonder it constituted three quarters of doctors' visits. (By 1918 Sears, Roebuck & Co. would offer a portable vibrator, with attachments, "very useful and satisfactory for home service," for $5.95.)

THE NATURE OF SEX

It was in this atmosphere that a doctor in England decided to solve once and for all the mystery of sex.

Havelock Ellis was an odd candidate for the job. In his 20s he fell in love with Olive Schreiner, a South African writer. He would recount how she would wander naked from the bathroom to discuss some idea, or on another visit ask to look at spermatozoa under a microscope. Although he provided both, their relationship was never consummated. He married Edith Lees, a lesbian, in 1891. At the age of 32, he was still a virgin. Lees and Ellis had a passionate romance almost devoid of intercourse. Both had affairs. Indeed, he would find happiness after her death, when he married one of her lovers.

He brought to the study of sex a great curiosity and sincerity.

Ellis collected sexual histories and used them to show that sex is varied and natural. These histories provide perhaps the most honest view of what sex was like at the turn of the century. In an essay on sexual inversion, for example, he recorded the stories of a man who had sex with everyone from maids to male classmates: "When I went home for the holidays I took a great interest in one of my father's maids, whose legs I felt as she ran upstairs one day. I was in great fear she would complain of what I had done, but I was delighted to find that she did nothing of the sort; on the contrary, she took to kissing and fondling me, calling me her sweetheart, and saying that I was a forward boy. This encouraged me greatly, and I was not long in getting to more intimate relations with her. She called me into her room one day when we were alone in the house, she being in a half-dressed condition, and put me on the bed and laid herself on me, kissing me passionately on the mouth. She next unbuttoned my trousers and fondled and kissed my member, and directed my hand to her privates. I became very much excited and trembled violently, but was able to do for her what she wanted in the way of masturbation until she became wet. After this we had many meetings in which we embraced and she let me introduce my member until she had satisfied herself, although I was too young to have an emission."

The young man went on from that experience: "The sight of a woman's limbs or bust, especially if partly hidden by pretty underclothing, and the more so if seen by stealth, was sufficient to give a lustful feeling and a violent erection, accompanied by palpitation of the heart. I had frequent coitus at the age of 17, as well as masturbating regularly. I liked to perform masturbation on a girl, even more than I liked having connection with her, and this was especially so in the case of girls who had never had masturbation practiced on them before. I loved to see the look of surprised pleasure appear on their faces as they felt the delightful and novel sensation. To gratify this desire I persuaded dozens of girls to allow me to take liberties with them, and it would surprise you to learn what a number of girls, many of them in good social position, permitted me the liberty I desired, though the supply was never equal to my demand."

Ellis was the first modern sexologist, taking on both the church and the medical profession. "I do not consider that sexual matters concern the theologian alone," he wrote, "and I deny altogether that he is competent to deal with them."

He attacked the Victorian notion of modesty, indicating tribes where women wore only loincloths or went completely naked, rediscovering cultures where "very beautiful maidens, quite naked, represented the sirens and declaimed poems," of foreign cultures where "everyone slept as naked as at birth." He poked fun at Americans, noting that there were some men, married 20 years, who could say they had never seen their wives entirely nude. And there were women who had never looked at their own nakedness, let alone that of a man. He laughed at America's sex laws, "clearly a legacy of the Puritans."

Ellis refused to label masturbation a disease, saying that it formed part of the autoerotic impulse—a natural function that included erotic daydreams, fantasies and nocturnal orgasms. Sex was an expression of self, a "central part of the constitution of man."

"The elections are hardly over and the senator is already paying back his major fund-raisers!"

If this is your idea of an HIV test...

it's time you learned about ours.

Introducing the new Home Access Express™ HIV-1 test system. It's fast, confidential and greater than 99.9% accurate.

The day has finally come when you can get tested for HIV in the comfort of your own home. Presenting the Home Access Express HIV-1 test system. It's totally anonymous, extremely easy—and every bit as reliable as the tests used by doctors and hospitals.

Here's how it works: You collect your own blood spot specimen (done by a simple finger stick). Then you send the sample to our lab using the express shipping envelope we provide. Your results are available **within three days** (excluding Sundays and holidays) and are easily retrieved by phone **24 hours a day, seven days a week**. At that time, you'll have the option of personal counseling sessions, regardless of your test results.

What's more, you have our guarantee of absolute anonymity. No names are ever associated with test results, and results cannot be linked to purchase.

The Home Access Express HIV-1 test system is also surprisingly affordable. For **just $49.95** (plus $5.00 shipping and handling), you receive everything you need, mailed in a plain brown container to ensure confidentiality.

No matter why you've hesitated getting tested (or retested) for HIV, it's time you learned about the home testing system that's clinically proven—and safe to use.

2 ways to buy:

Call **1-800-HIV-TEST** today. Or send your check or money order to: Home Access, P.O. Box 419276, Kansas City, MO, 64141-6276. (Be sure to include a return address where you'd like the kit shipped.)

HOME ACCESS HEALTH

Home Access Health Corporation, Hoffman Estates, IL 60195-5200

"Sex lies at the root of life," he wrote, "and we can never learn to reverence life until we know how to understand sex."

He challenged the prevailing notion of women's lack of sexuality, claiming that some women were as filled with desire as men, as capable of orgasm. He used women to build his case for masturbation, telling of ancient cultures where there were artificial penises of rose-colored rosin or wax, of Japanese women inserting spheres of metal, one hollow, one filled with quicksilver, of French nuns using "dil-dols" called *consolateurs*. He revealed that women working at sewing machines experienced sexual excitement leading to orgasm, that women riding bicycles, if not actually reaching orgasm, were made to feel "quite ready for it." He lampooned "a married lady, a leader in social purity movements and an enthusiast for sexual chastity, who discovered through reading some pamphlet against solitary vice that she had herself been practicing masturbation for years without knowing it. The profound anguish and hopeless despair of this woman in face of what she believed to be the moral ruin of her whole life cannot well be described."

He argued for sex education, for trial marriage, for an approach to relationships based on desire and joy rather than property. "Why," he wrote, "should people be afraid of rousing passions, which after all, are the great driving forces of life?"

Ellis released four volumes of essays called *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, in which he wrote: "If two persons of either or both sexes, having reached years of discretion, privately consent to practice some perverted mode of sexual relationship, the law cannot be called upon to interfere."

He argued for privacy, writing, "the sexual act is of no more concern to the community than any other private physiological act. It is an impertinence, if not an outrage, to seek to inquire into it."

Sex was "the chief and central function of life . . . ever wonderful, ever lovely." Sex was "all that is most simple and natural and pure and good."

Havelock Ellis addressed the most basic problem: "They have been taught to be strenuous and manly and clean-minded, to seek by all means to put out of their minds the thought of women or the longing for sensuous indulgence. They have been told on all sides that only in marriage is it right or even safe to approach women. They have acquired the notion that sexual indulgence, and all that appertains to it, is something low and degrading, at the worst a mere natural necessity, at the best a duty to be accepted in a direct, honorable and straightforward manner. No one seems to have told them that love is an art."

Ellis' work influenced thinking on both sides of the world. In Vienna, a young doctor named Sigmund Freud was also thinking and writing about sex. A 1905 work, *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, suggests that women are capable of orgasm and that there are two kinds of female orgasm, clitoral and vaginal, and that the latter is "mature" and produced only with penetration. Dr. Freud's work received mention in an American medical journal in 1908. He made his first and only visit to America in 1909, where he saw Coney Island, Niagara Falls and his first movie. He delivered a series of lectures at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Anthony Comstock, surprisingly, had lectured at Clark only a few months earlier. Freud brought a completely different message. He told the audience that civilized men, cursed by prudery and lasciviousness, had created a harmful moral code. "They do not show their sexuality freely," he said, but "wear a thick overcoat—a fabric of lies" to conceal their sexuality "as though it were bad weather in the world of sex."

He explained that the sexual instinct needed gratification, and that abstinence was unnatural, concluding with an anecdote about an old horse that had its rations progressively cut down until it could work without food. Just when the experiment was a success, he explained, the ungrateful horse died.

At the end of his visit he expressed surprise that "in prudish America it was possible, in academic circles at least, to discuss freely and scientifically everything that in ordinary life is regarded as objectionable." Not every reader of Freud was persuaded. The dean of the University of Toronto scoffed: "An ordinary reader," he wrote, "would gather that Freud advocated free love, removal of all restraint and a relapse into savagery."

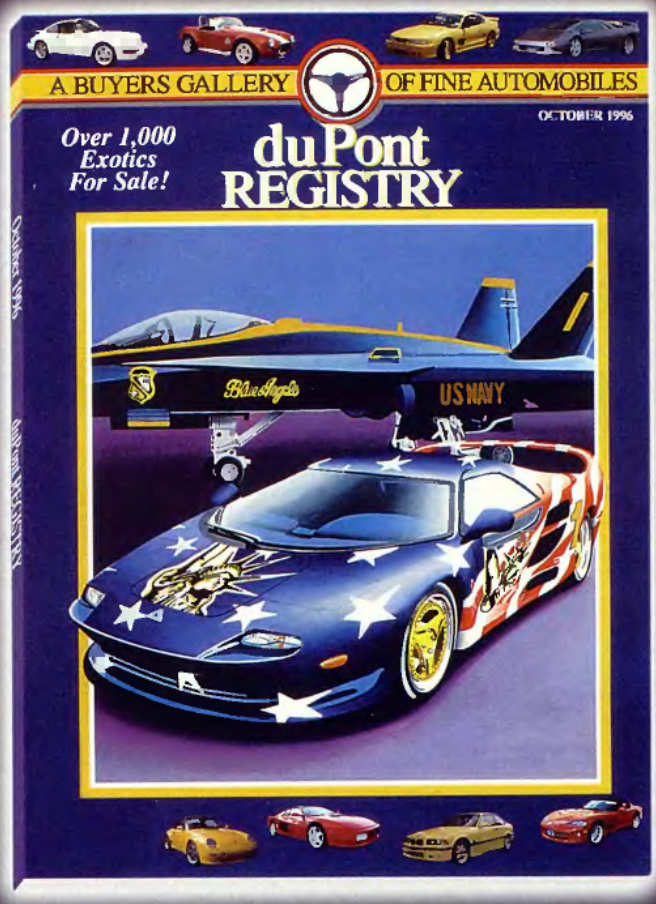
Toward the end of the decade, the tone of the annual report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice changed. Comstock added a paragraph titled "Not a Mythical Evil":

"The evil which we combat is real, aggressive, insidious and deadly. It is a foe to all the higher interests of the soul. It works through the reproductive faculties of the mind, imagination and fancy, and is one of Satan's most deadly weapons. It smothers conscience, debauches the mind, debases morals, hardens the heart, sinks virtue into the vortex of vice and sends the soul to hell's lowest depths. Read the following tabular statement and then say whether we are dealing with a myth. Shall this work stop for lack of funds? At least examine the facts before you condemn us or withhold that moral and pecuniary support which is requisite for our success."

Comstock's crusade was a very real battle over which view of sex would prevail in America: a puritanical myth that all pleasure was suspect, that sex was Satan's handiwork, or a modern view that sex was a form of play as well as procreation, that sexual expression was a natural function. More important, who would control sex? The state, through law and punishment? The church, through sin and condemnation? Or the individual, through freedom and choice?

The battle was just beginning.

"I gave him a pair of moccasins last year."



If You Fall In Love With A Model In *Our* Magazine You Can Drive Her Home!

More than a thousand gorgeous models for you to see every month. . . .and they are all for sale! Everything from classics, like big block Corvettes from the sixties, to the latest Ferraris, Porsches, Mercedes, and BMW's, all in full color, described in detail, *and at great prices!*

The duPont REGISTRY is the only publication you need to buy or sell a fine automobile. In its 12th year, the duPont REGISTRY reaches 54 countries and averages 200 full-color pages every month filled with legendary and contemporary autos that stir a man's (or woman's) passion. More than 200,000 upscale readers eagerly await it every month. What's more, when you advertise with the duPont REGISTRY, your car will have a position on the world wide web (http://www.dupontregistry.com), where we receive thousands of visitors every day! So, whether you are looking to buy or sell a fine automobile, or simply love looking at "beautiful models," you'll find excitement in the duPont REGISTRY.

duPont REGISTRY
A Buyers Gallery of Fine Automobiles

Pick up this month's issue today!
At Newsstands Everywhere.

To sell your car or to subscribe today call:

(800) 233-1731

or (813) 573-9339

COLLEGE BASKETBALL (continued from page 146)

Kentucky can win the SEC championship and make a run at Indianapolis despite losing four starters.

it with a revolving cast of players who come in from junior colleges or leave early for the NBA. The Bearcat name to remember this year is Danny Fortson, Playboy All-America guard and a man among boys under the boards. Floor leader Damon Flint is the other returning starter, and Huggins has added junior college All-Americas Ruben Patterson and D'Juan Baker. The Bearcats will be knocking on the Elite Eight door and beyond again this year.

The Playboy All-Americas

The measure of greatness in a coach is consistency, and no coach has been a more consistent winner over the past 20 years than Syracuse University's JIM BOEHEIM, our College Basketball Coach of the Year. Boeheim, who has spent his entire collegiate playing and coaching careers at Syracuse, has led the Orangemen to 17 NCAA tournaments and appearances in two national championship games—including, of course, last season's remarkable run to the final game. Boeheim's career coaching record is 483–159, an amazing average of 24-plus wins per year. Boeheim was co-captain (with Dave Bing) of the Syracuse team that reached the 1966 NCAA East Regional Finals.

JACQUE VAUGHN—Guard, 6'1", senior, Kansas. The only player in the 20-year history of the Playboy All-America team to be selected once as Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete and now as a regular position player. Last season, he shot 48.2 percent from the field and 42.2 percent from the three-point line, and he led the Jayhawks with 223 assists.

CHARLES O'BANNON—Guard, 6'6", senior, UCLA. A two-time Playboy All-America, he was one of 17 finalists last season for the John Wooden Award, an honorable mention AP All-America and first-team Pac Ten.

DEJUAN WHEAT—Guard, 6', senior, Louisville. Has started every game for the Cardinals since his freshman year. He'll finish this season among Louisville's top-ten all-time scorers.

ANTHONY PARKER—Guard, 6'6", senior, Bradley. Led his team in scoring (18.9 points per game), assists (105) and blocked shots (33) on the way to being selected as Missouri Valley Conference player of the year.

MATT HARPRING—Forward, 6'7", junior, Georgia Tech. The only player in the ACC to rank in the top ten in scoring (18.6 ppg), rebounding (fifth), field goal percentage (third, 51 percent), three-point percentage (fifth, 43 percent) and steals (fourth).

RAEF LAFRENTZ—Forward, 6'11", junior, Kansas. Led Jayhawks in scoring (13.4 ppg) and rebounding (8.2 rpg). Shot better than 54 percent from the field.

KEITH VAN HORN—Forward, 6'9", senior, Utah. Another two-time Playboy All-America, he averaged 21.4 points and 8.8 rebounds per game. Two-time Western Athletic Conference player of the year.

DANNY FORTSON—Forward, 6'7", junior, Cincinnati. Named Conference USA player of the year after averaging 20.1 points and 9.6 rebounds per game.

JASON LAWSON—Center, 6'11", senior, Villanova. Already the second-ranked shot blocker (270) in the school's history, he averaged 12.3 points and 6.8 rebounds per game last season.

TIM DUNCAN—Center, 6'10", senior, Wake Forest. A two-time Playboy All-America, he was ACC player of the year and a consensus first-team All-America last season. Averaged 19.1 points and 12.3 rebounds per game. His career 3.9 blocked-shots-per-game average is third best in NCAA history behind David Robinson and Shaquille O'Neal.

(6) IOWA STATE

ISU's Tim Floyd emerged as one of the hottest young coaches in the nation last season as he led an unheralded assortment of juniors to a surprising 24-win season that included a victory over Kansas in the final Big Eight tournament. With all five Iowa State starters returning and with the addition of freshman guard Stevie Johnson and junior college transfer DeAndre Harris, the Cyclones could be the dark horse team of the year. Its inspirational leader, Dedric Willoughby, is also the team's top point man (20.5 points per game), while 6'11" Kelvin Cato plays chairman of the boards in the middle.

FIVE BEST PLAYERS YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF

Ron Colemen, guard, Lamar
Vincent Rainey, guard, Murray State
Tony Battie, center, Texas Tech
Bud Eley, center, Southeast Missouri State
Kendrick Franklin, forward, Nicholls State

(7) KENTUCKY

Last season's Wildcats were as dominant as a team is likely to get in this era of college basketball. Only an early-season loss to Massachusetts, before coach Rick Pitino had UK's engine warmed up, and a bow to Mississippi State during the Southeastern Conference title game that served to sharpen their claws for the NCAA tournament, marred an otherwise unblemished march to the national championship. The Wildcats had it all: perimeter shooting, inside strength and maturity, plus depth, depth, depth. In fact, the depth was so superior that Kentucky can win the SEC championship and make a run at Indianapolis despite losing four starters (Tony Delk, Walter McCarty, Antoine Walker and Mark Pope) to the NBA draft. The key for the Cats this season will be the return of a healthy Jared Prickett at forward and the quick development of freshman center Jamaal Magloire. Anthony Epps, Derek Anderson and slasher Ron Mercer will hold things down from the perimeter until the inside game arrives.

(8) WAKE FOREST

Fans of college basketball owe Playboy All-America center Tim Duncan a thank-you for his decision to play out his senior season at Wake Forest while less-able players stampeded early to the NBA. Says Duncan, "I'm enjoying a wonderful once-in-a-lifetime experience at Wake

This election year, appoint the best members to your cabinet.

©1996 CROWN ROYAL • IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE • BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) • JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, NEW YORK, NY

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

PLAYBOY'S 1997 COLLEGE

AMERICA EAST

*1. BOSTON U.
2. DREXEL
3. DELAWARE
4. VERMONT
5. HOFSTRA
6. HARTFORD
7. MAINE
8. NEW HAMPSHIRE
9. TOWSON STATE
10. NORTHEASTERN

STANDOUTS: Tunji Awojobi, Joey Beard, Raja Bell (Boston U.), Jeff Myers, Mike DeRocckis (Drexel), Greg Smith, Peca Arsic (Delaware), Erik Nelson, Craig Peper (Vermont), Darius Burton, Lawrence Thomas (Hofstra), Ryan Howse, Justin Bailey (Hartford), Allen Ledbetter, John Gordon (Maine), Matt Acres, Brad Cirino (New Hampshire), Michael Keyes, Derick Newton (Towson State), Lin Lattimore (Northeastern).

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. WAKE FOREST
*2. DUKE
*3. NORTH CAROLINA
*4. CLEMSON
*5. GEORGIA TECH
6. VIRGINIA
7. MARYLAND
8. FLORIDA STATE
9. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

STANDOUTS: Tim Duncan, Ricky Peral, Tony Rutland (Wake Forest), Jeff Capel, Ricky Price, Trajan Langdon (Duke), Antawn Jamison, Vince Carter (North Carolina), Greg Buckner, Terrell McIntyre (Clemson), Matt Harpring, Michael Maddox (Georgia Tech), Harold Deane, Curtis Staples, Courtney Alexander (Virginia), Keith Booth, Terrell Stokes, Laron Profit (Maryland), James Collins, Randell Jackson (Florida State), Danny Strong, Jeremy Hyatt (North Carolina State).

ATLANTIC TEN

EASTERN DIVISION

*1. MASSACHUSETTS
*2. RHODE ISLAND
*3. TEMPLE
4. ST. JOSEPH'S
5. FORDHAM
6. ST. BONAVENTURE

WESTERN DIVISION

*1. GEORGE WASHINGTON
2. XAVIER
3. VIRGINIA TECH
4. DAYTON
5. DUQUESNE
6. LA SALLE

STANDOUTS: Edgar Padilla, Carmelo Travieso, Tyrone Weeks (Massachusetts), Tyson Wheeler, Antonio Reynolds (Rhode Island), Marc Jackson (Temple), Robert Haskins, Dmitri Domani (St. Joseph's), Billy Lovett (Fordham), Rashaan Palmer (St. Bonaventure), Alexander Koul, Shawnta Rogers (George Washington), Torraye Braggs, Darnell Williams, Lenny Brown (Xavier), Ace Custis (Virginia Tech), Ryan Perryman, Darnell Hoskins (Dayton), Mike James, Kevin Price (Duquesne), Mike Gizzi, Shawn Smith (La Salle).

BIG EAST

B.E. SEVEN

*1. SYRACUSE
*2. PROVIDENCE
3. GEORGETOWN
4. SETON HALL
5. MIAMI
6. RUTGERS
7. PITTSBURGH

B.E. SIX

*1. VILLANOVA
*2. BOSTON COLLEGE
*3. ST. JOHN'S
4. CONNECTICUT
5. WEST VIRGINIA
6. NOTRE DAME

STANDOUTS: Otis Hill, Todd Burgan (Syracuse), God Shammgod, Austin Croshere, Derrick Brown (Providence), Jahidi White, Boubacar Aw (Georgetown), Shaheen Holloway, Levell Sanders (Seton Hall), Tim James, Lucas Barnes (Miami), Geoff Billet (Rutgers), Chad Varga, Vonteego Cummings (Pittsburgh), Jason Lawson, Alvin Williams (Villanova), Danya Abrams, Scoonie Penn, Bevan Thomas (Boston College), Zendon Hamilton, Felipe Lopez (St. John's), Kirk King, Ricky Moore (Connecticut), Oamian Owens (West Virginia), Pat Garrity (Notre Dame).

BIG SKY

*1. IDAHO STATE
2. MONTANA
3. MONTANA STATE
4. WEBER STATE
5. NORTHERN ARIZONA
6. CAL STATE–NORTHRIDGE
7. CAL STATE–SACRAMENTO
8. PORTLAND STATE
9. EASTERN WASHINGTON

STANDOUTS: Nate Green, Rob Preston (Idaho State), Chris Spoja, Brent Smith (Montana), Danny Sprinkle (Montana State), Ryan Cuff, Damien Baskerville (Weber State), Charles Thomas (Northern Arizona), Damion Morbley, Derrick Higgins (Cal State–Northridge), Damond Edwards, David Victor (Cal State–Sacramento), Travis King (Eastern Washington).

BIG SOUTH

*1. LIBERTY
2. RADFORD
3. CHARLESTON SOUTHERN
4. NORTH CAROLINA–GREENSBORO
5. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE
6. WINTHROP
7. MARYLAND BALTIMORE COUNTY
8. COASTAL CAROLINA

STANOOUTS: Peter Aluma, Larry Jackson (Liberty), Anthony Walker, Kevin Robinson (Radford), Brett Larrick, Errol McPherson (Charleston Southern), Jeremy Davis, Derrick Nix (North Carolina–Greensboro), Josh Pittman, Robert Stevenson (North Carolina–Asheville), Tyson Waterman, Andrew McFalls (Winthrop), Kennedy Okafor, Isaac Green (Maryland BC), Ben Avery (Coastal Carolina).

BIG TEN

*1. MICHIGAN
*2. IOWA
*3. INDIANA
*4. ILLINOIS
*5. MINNESOTA
6. PENN STATE
7. PURDUE
8. WISCONSIN
9. MICHIGAN STATE
10. OHIO STATE
11. NORTHWESTERN

STANDOUTS: Maurice Taylor, Louis Bullock, Maceo Baston (Michigan), Jess Settles, Andre Woolridge (Iowa), Andrae Patterson, Neil Reed, Charlie Miller (Indiana), Kiwane Garris, Bryant Notree, Jerry Hester (Illinois), Bobby Jackson, Sam Jacobson, Courtney James (Minnesota), Pete Lisicky, Dan Earl, Calvin Booth (Penn State), Chad Austin, Brad Miller (Purdue), Sam Okey, Sean Daugherty (Wisconsin), Ray Weathers, Jon Garavaglia (Michigan State), Jermaine Tate, Jason Singleton (Ohio State), Geno Carlisle (Northwestern).

BIG TWELVE

NORTH DIVISION

*1. KANSAS
*2. IOWA STATE
3. MISSOURI
4. KANSAS STATE
5. NEBRASKA
6. COLORADO

SOUTH DIVISION

*1. TEXAS
*2. TEXAS TECH
3. OKLAHOMA STATE
4. OKLAHOMA
5. TEXAS A&M
6. BAYLOR

STANDOUTS: Raef LaFrentz, Jacque Vaughn, Jerod Haase, Scot Pollard, Paul Pierce (Kansas), Dedric Willoughby, Kelvin Cato, Kenny Pratt (Iowa State), Jason Sutherland, Kelly Thames (Missouri), Mark Young (Kansas State), Bernard Garner, Mikki Moore (Nebraska), Chauncey Billups, Martice Moore (Colorado), Reggie Freeman, Kris Clack (Texas), Cory Carr, Tony Battie (Texas Tech), Adrian Peterson (Oklahoma State), Nate Erdmann (Oklahoma), Tracey Anderson (Texas A&M), Brian Skinner, Doug Brandt (Baylor).

BIG WEST

EASTERN DIVISION

*1. NEW MEXICO STATE
*2. UTAH STATE
3. BOISE STATE
4. NEVADA
5. IDAHO
6. NORTH TEXAS

WESTERN DIVISION

*1. LONG BEACH STATE
2. PACIFIC
3. CAL POLY–SAN LUIS OBISPO
4. UC–SANTA BARBARA
5. CAL STATE–FULLERTON
6. UC–IRVINE

STANDOUTS: Enoch Davis, Antoine Hubbard (New Mexico State), Justin Jones, Antwan Smith, Marcus Saxon (Utah State), Joe Wyatt, Gerry Washington, Roberto Bergersen (Boise State), Faron Hand, Dave Morgan (Nevada), Reggie Rose (Idaho), David Miller (North Texas), James Cotton, Ike Nwankwo (Long Beach State), Adam Jacobsen, Rayne Mahaffey, Michael Olowokandi (Pacific), Ben Larson, Shanta Cotright, Colin Bryant (Cal Poly–San Luis Obispo), Raymond Tutt (UC–Santa Barbara), John Williams, Chris Oade (Cal State–Fullerton), Paul Foster (UC–Irvine).

COLONIAL

*1. OLD DOMINION
2. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH
3. EAST CAROLINA
4. JAMES MADISON
5. GEORGE MASON
6. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
7. RICHMOND
8. AMERICAN
9. WILLIAM AND MARY

STANDOUTS: Odell Hodge, Joe Bunn (Old Dominion), George Byrd, Sherman Hamilton, Patrick Lee (Virginia Commonwealth), Tim Basham, Othello Meadows (East Carolina), Charles Lott (James Madison), Nate Langley (George Mason), Lamont Franklin (North Carolina–Wilmington), Jarod Stevenson, Eric Poole (Richmond), Nathan Smith, Thomas Treadwell (American), Bobby Fitzgibbons, Randy Bracy (William and Mary).

CONFERENCE USA

RED DIVISION

*1. TULANE
2. ALABAMA–BIRMINGHAM
3. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
4. SOUTH FLORIDA

WHITE DIVISION

*1. LOUISVILLE
*2. MEMPHIS
3. NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE
4. HOUSTON

BLUE DIVISION

*1. CINCINNATI
*2. MARQUETTE
3. ST. LOUIS
4. DEPAUL

STANDOUTS: Jerald Honeycutt, Rayshard Allen (Tulane), Carlos Williams, Cedric Dixon (Alabama–Birmingham), Damien Smith, Kelly McCarty (Southern Mississippi), James Harper (South Florida), DeJuan Wheat, Alvin Sims, Alex Sanders (Louisville), Cedric Henderson, Chris Garner (Memphis), DeMarco Johnson, Galen Young (UNC–Charlotte), Damon Jones, Kenya Capers (Houston), Danny Fortson, Damon Flint (Cincinnati), Aaron Hutchins, Anthony Pieper, Chris Crawford (Marquette), Jeff Harris, Corey Frazier (St. Louis), Jermaine Watts (DePaul).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PRINCETON
2. DARTMOUTH
3. PENNSYLVANIA
4. HARVARD
5. YALE
6. CORNELL
7. COLUMBIA
8. BROWN

STANDOUTS: Sydney Johnson, Steve Goodrich (Princeton), Sea Lonergan, Kenny Mitchell (Dartmouth), Garett Kreitz (Pennsylvania), Kyle Snowden, Tim Hill (Harvard), Daniel Okonkwo, Gabe Hunterton (Yale), Alex Compton, John McCord (Cornell), C.J. Thompkins, Gary Raimondo (Columbia).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. FAIRFIELD
2. IONA
3. LOYOLA–MARYLAND
4. NIAGARA
5. CANISIUS
6. MANHATTAN
7. ST. PETER'S
8. SIENA

STANDOUTS: Greg Francis, Shannon Bowman (Fairfield), Bryan Matthew, Mindaugas Timinskas, John McDonald (Iona), Mike Powell, Anthony Smith (Loyola–Maryland), Chris Watson, Brent Beamer (Niagara), Javone Moore (Canisius), Jason Hoover (Manhattan), Jerome Davis (St. Peter's), Jim Secretarski, Geoff Walker (Siena).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. EASTERN MICHIGAN
*2. BALL STATE
3. MIAMI
4. WESTERN MICHIGAN
5. OHIO
6. BOWLING GREEN STATE
7. TOLEDO
8. CENTRAL MICHIGAN
9. AKRON
10. KENT

STANDOUTS: Earl Boykins, Derrick Dial (Eastern Michigan), Bonzi Wells, Randy Zachary, Marcus Mason (Ball State), Devin Davis, Damon Frierson (Miami), Saddi Washington (Western Michigan), Geno Ford, Curtis Simmons (Ohio), Antonio Daniels, Jay Larranaga (Bowling Green State), Casey Shaw (Toledo), Nate Huffman, Charles Macon (Central Michigan), George Phillips (Akron).

MID-CONTINENT

*1. VALPARAISO
2. WESTERN ILLINOIS
3. BUFFALO
4. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE
5. YOUNGSTOWN STATE
6. MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY
7. CHICAGO STATE
8. TROY STATE
9. NORTHEASTERN ILLINOIS

STANDOUTS: Bryce Drew, Jamie Sykes (Valparaiso), Janthony Joseph, Clint Ford (Western Illinois), Mike Martinho, Rasaun Young (Buffalo), Marcus Culbreth, Anthony Hunt (Youngstown State), Vinson Smith (Missouri–KC).

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

MID-EASTERN

*1. COPPIN STATE
2. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE
3. HOWARD
4. BETHUNE-COOKMAN
5. NORTH CAROLINA A&T STATE
6. FLORIDA A&M
7. DELAWARE STATE
8. MORGAN STATE
9. MARYLAND-EASTERN SHORE
10. HAMPTON

STANDOUTS: Terquin Mott, Reggie Welch (Coppin State), Roderick Blakney, Desi McQueen (South Carolina State), Jabari Outtz, Melvin Watson (Howard), Reggie Bellamy, Mario Miller (Bethune-Cookman), Kimani Stewart, Tarik Beasley (North Carolina A&T State), Jerome Jones (Florida A&M), Chris Nurse (Delaware State).

MIDWESTERN

*1. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
2. DETROIT
3. BUTLER
4. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO
5. ILLINOIS-CHICAGO
6. CLEVELAND STATE
7. WISCONSIN-GREEN BAY
8. WISCONSIN-MILWAUKEE
9. WRIGHT STATE

STANDOUTS: T.J. Lux, Chris Coleman, Ronald Minter (Northern Illinois), Carl Pickett, Leon Derricks (Detroit), Jon Neuhouser, Rolf van Rijn, Kelsey Wilson (Butler), Derek Molis, Javan Goodman, Donyale Bush (Loyola-Chicago), Anthony Coomes, Mark Miller (Illinois-Chicago), Eric Nichelson, Derrick Zeigler (Cleveland State), Rod Johnson (Wisconsin-Milwaukee), Keion Brooks (Wright State).

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1. ILLINOIS STATE
2. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE
3. BRADLEY
4. EVANSVILLE
5. CREIGHTON
6. NORTHERN IOWA
7. WICHITA STATE
8. INDIANA STATE
9. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
10. DRAKE

STANDOUTS: Dan Muller, Jamar Smiley, Rico Hill (Illinois State), Ben Kandlbinder, Coleco Buie (Southwest Missouri State), Anthony Parker, Adebayo Akinkunle (Bradley), Marcus Wilson, Kareem Richardson (Evansville), Rodney Buford, Edward St. Fleur (Creighton), Jason Daisy, Sean Hawkins (Northern Iowa), Jamie Arnold, Darin Miller (Wichita State), Jim Cruse, Steve Hart (Indiana State), Troy Hudson, Rashad Tucker (Southern Illinois), Lynnrick Rogers (Drake).

NORTHEAST

*1. RIDER
2. MONMOUTH
3. WAGNER
4. MOUNT ST. MARY'S
5. MARIST
6. LONG ISLAND
7. ST. FRANCIS-PA
8. ST. FRANCIS-NY
9. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
10. ROBERT MORRIS

STANDOUTS: Greg Burston (Rider), Corey Albano, Quincy Lee, Mustafa Barksdale (Monmouth), Frantz Pierre-Louis, Dan Seigle (Wagner), Silas Cheung, Gerben Van Dorpe (Mount St. Mary's), Manny Otero, Sebastian Bellin (Marist), Dave Masciale, Charles Jones, Robin Dickerson (Long Island), Terrence Martin, Sotiris Aggelou (St. Francis-PA), Danny Manning (St. Francis-NY), Rahshon Turner, Rob Norris (Fairleigh Dickinson), Keith Jones (Robert Morris).

OHIO VALLEY

*1. AUSTIN PEAY STATE
2. TENNESSEE STATE
3. SE MISSOURI STATE
4. MURRAY STATE
5. MIDDLE TENNESSEE
6. TENNESSEE TECH
7. EASTERN ILLINOIS
8. TENNESSEE-MARTIN
9. EASTERN KENTUCKY
10. MOREHEAD STATE

STANDOUTS: Bubba Wells, Reggie Crenshaw, Colby Pierce (Austin Peay State), Monty Wilson, Jason Johnson (Tennessee State), William "Bud" Eley, Reginald Crisp (Southeast Missouri State), Vincent Rainey, Chad Townsend (Murray State), Nod Carter, Alyton Tesch (Middle Tennessee), Lorenzo Coleman, Chris Turner, Curtis Wiggins (Tennessee Tech), Rick Kaye (Eastern Illinois), Demarko Wright, Ryan Owens (Tennessee-Martin), Carlos Bess (Eastern Kentucky).

PACIFIC TEN

*1. UCLA
*2. STANFORD
*3. ARIZONA
*4. OREGON
5. WASHINGTON
6. CALIFORNIA
7. ARIZONA STATE
8. WASHINGTON STATE
9. USC
10. OREGON STATE

STANDOUTS: Charles O'Bannon, J.R. Henderson, Jelani McCoy, Toby Bailey, Cameron Dollar (UCLA), Brevin Knight, Tim Young (Stanford), Miles Simon, Michael Dickerson (Arizona), Kenya Wilkins, Jamal Lawrence (Oregon), Mark Sanford, Todd MacCulloch (Washington), Ed Gray, Randy Duck (California), Jeremy Veal, Quincy Brewer (Arizona State), Isaac Fontaine, Carlos Daniel (Washington State), Rodrick Rhodes, Stais Boseman (USC).

PATRIOT

*1. COLGATE
2. NAVY
3. HOLY CROSS
4. LAFAYETTE
5. LEHIGH
6. ARMY
7. BUCKNELL

STANDOUTS: Adonal Foyle, Seth Schaeffer (Colgate), Brian Walker, Michael Green (Navy), Chris Rojik (Holy Cross), Stefan Ciosici, Ted Cole (Lafayette), Brett Eppehimer (Lehigh), Jason Wands, George Tatum (Army), J.R. Holden (Bucknell).

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

*1. KENTUCKY
*2. SOUTH CAROLINA
3. GEORGIA
4. FLORIDA
5. VANDERBILT
6. TENNESSEE

WESTERN DIVISION

*1. ARKANSAS
*2. AUBURN
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE
4. ALABAMA
5. LOUISIANA STATE
6. MISSISSIPPI

STANDOUTS: Ron Mercer, Derek Anderson, Anthony Epps (Kentucky), Larry Davis, Melvin Watson, B.J. McKie (South Carolina), Lorenzo Hall (Georgia), Greg Williams, LeRon Williams (Florida), Drew Maddux, Pax Whitehead, Howard Pride (Vanderbilt), Brandon Wharton, Charles Hathaway (Tennessee), Kareem Reid, Pat Bradley (Arkansas), Wes Flanigan, Pat Burke (Auburn), Horatio Webster (Mississippi State), Eric Washington, Brian Williams (Alabama), Lester Earl, Deuce Ford, Duane Spencer (Louisiana State), Anthony Boone, Keith Carter (Mississippi).

SOUTHERN

NORTHERN DIVISION

1. DAVIDSON
2. MARSHALL
3. VMI
4. EAST TENNESSEE STATE
5. APPALACHIAN STATE

SOUTHERN DIVISION

*1. WESTERN CAROLINA
2. TENNESSEE-CHATTANOOGA
3. FURMAN
4. GEORGIA SOUTHERN
5. THE CITADEL

STANDOUTS: Ray Minlend, Narcisse Ewodo (Davidson), Keith Veney, John Brown (Marshall), Randy Dodson (East Tennessee State), Joel Fleming, Bobby Phillips (Western Carolina), Johnny Taylor, John Oliver (Tennessee-Chattanooga), Chuck Vincent, Andre Kerr (Furman).

SOUTHLAND

*1. MCNEESE STATE
2. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA
3. SOUTHWEST TEXAS
4. TEXAS-SAN ANTONIO
5. NICHOLLS STATE
6. SAM HOUSTON STATE
7. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
8. TEXAS-ARLINGTON
9. NORTHWESTERN STATE-LOUISIANA

STANDOUTS: Alvydas Pazdrazdis, Robert Palmer (McNeese State), Anthony Cook, Nick Dillon (Northeast Louisiana), Dameon Sansom, Rodney Walton, Elijah Hobley (Southwest Texas), Sheldon Jones, Rod Hall (Texas-San Antonio), Kenderick Franklin (Nicholls State), Mike Dillard (Sam Houston State), Wayne Allen (Stephen F. Austin), Patrick Patterson, Reggie Brown (Texas-Arlington), Gary Henderson (Northwestern State of Louisiana).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE
2. JACKSON STATE
3. GRAMBLING
4. SOUTHERN-BATON ROUGE
5. TEXAS SOUTHERN
6. ALCORN STATE
7. ALABAMA STATE
8. PRAIRIE VIEW A&M

STANDOUTS: Cedric Foster, Leroy Buchanan (Mississippi Valley State), Trent Pulliam, Roy Dixon (Jackson State), James Hannah (Grambling), Karl Jones, Reuben Stiff (Alcorn State).

SUN BELT

*1. ARKANSAS-LITTLE ROCK
2. JACKSONVILLE
3. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
4. WESTERN KENTUCKY
5. NEW ORLEANS
6. SOUTH ALABAMA
7. ARKANSAS STATE
8. LOUISIANA TECH
9. LAMAR
10. TEXAS-PAN AMERICAN

STANDOUTS: Malik Dixon, Muntrelle Dobbins (Arkansas-Little Rock), Aaron Fox, Micah Ross (Jacksonville), Conley Verdun, Chris Manuel (Southwestern Louisiana), Tony Lovan (Western Kentucky), Kwan Johnson, Eddie Washington (New Orleans), Mark Neal (South Alabama), Micah Marsh, Jabari Myles (Arkansas State), Ron Coleman (Lamar), Terrence Fitzpatrick, Linwood Bonner (Texas-PA).

TRANS AMERICA

EASTERN DIVISION

*1. COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON
2. CAMPBELL
3. FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL
4. STETSON
5. CENTRAL FLORIDA
6. FLORIDA ATLANTIC

WESTERN DIVISION

1. SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA
2. SAMFORD
3. GEORGIA STATE
4. MERCER
5. CENTENARY
6. JACKSONVILLE STATE

STANDOUTS: Thaddeous Delaney, Anthony Johnson (College of Charleston), Corey Best, Andre King (Campbell), Dedric Taylor, Gene Derkack (Florida International), Chad Lambert (Stetson), Troy Green, Andre Lewis, Rico Grant (Southeastern Louisiana), Jonathan Pixley (Samford), Rodney Hamilton (Georgia State), Walter Camper, Paxton Ross (Centenary).

WEST COAST

*1. PORTLAND
2. ST. MARY'S
3. SAN FRANCISCO
4. GONZAGA
5. LOYOLA MARYMOUNT
6. SAN DIEGO
7. SANTA CLARA
8. PEPPERDINE

STANDOUTS: Kweemada King, Greg Klosterman (Portland), A.J. Rollins, Josh Unruh (St. Mary's), John Duggan, Zedrick Campbell (San Francisco), Paul Rogers, Lorenzo Rollins (Gonzaga), Jim Williamson, Kenny Hotopp (Loyola Marymount), Sean Flannery, Brian Miles (San Diego), Marlon Garnett (Santa Clara), Gerald Brown (Pepperdine).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

MOUNTAIN DIVISION

*1. UTAH
*2. NEW MEXICO
3. TULSA
4. BRIGHAM YOUNG
5. RICE
6. SOUTHERN METHODIST
7. TEXAS-EL PASO
8. TEXAS CHRISTIAN

PACIFIC DIVISION

*1. FRESNO STATE
*2. UNLV
3. WYOMING
4. SAN JOSE STATE
5. COLORADO STATE
6. HAWAII
7. AIR FORCE
8. SAN DIEGO STATE

STANDOUTS: Keith Van Horn, Michael Doleac (Utah), Kenny Thomas, Charles Smith (New Mexico), Shea Seals, Michael Ruffin (Tulsa), Bryon Ruffner, Justin Weidauer (Brigham Young), Shaun Igo, J.J. Polk (Rice), Jay Poerner, Troy Matthews (Southern Methodist), Kimani Jones-Young (Texas-El Paso), Dominick Young, Kendric Brooks, Chris Herren, Terrance Roberson (Fresno State), Warren Rosegreen, Jermaine Smith (UNLV), LaDrell Whitehead, Jeron Roberts (Wyoming), Olivier Saint-Jean (San Jose State), Matt Barnett, Scott Benson (Colorado State), Alika Smith, Anthony Carter (Hawaii), Jarmica Reese, Mike Freeman (Air Force), Chad Nelson, Marcus Wallace (San Diego State).

INDEPENDENTS

1. ORAL ROBERTS
2. WOFFORD
3. SOUTHERN UTAH STATE

*Our predictions to make the NCAA tournament.

DO YOU KNOW "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"?

Long Island University plays its home games in Schwartz Athletic Center, formerly Brooklyn's Paramount Theater, to the sound of a 1928 Wurlitzer pipe organ played by New York Yankees organist Eddie Layton.

FIVE BEST FOREIGN-BORN PLAYERS

Adonal Foyle, Colgate
the Grenadines

Alexander Koul, George Washington
Belarus

Peter Aluma, Liberty
Nigeria

Tunji Awojobi, Boston College
Nigeria

Tim Duncan, Wake Forest
Virgin Islands

NERVES (AND A LEG) OF STEEL: The top returning scorer in NCAA Division I is Austin Peay State's Bubba Wells, with a 26.3 points-per-game average. Wells broke his leg in 1995 and played the entire season with a steel rod in it.

Forest. The NBA will be there for me when I'm ready." Six-ten Ricky Peral complements Duncan nicely on the inside. However, the key to the Demon Deacons' success this season will be the recovery of guard Tony Rutland, who had reconstructive knee surgery in the off-season.

(9) SYRACUSE

No one expected the Orangemen to fight all the way to the NCAA championship game before falling to Kentucky last April. But then, no one had an accurate measure of the heart in senior John Wallace and his teammates. Wallace is now a New York Knick, and Playboy Coach of the Year Jim Boeheim will look for senior leadership from 6'8" center Otis Hill. He'll also get strong play from freshman point guard Jason Hart.

(10) UTAH

Last season Utah got a taste of the big time, making it all the way to the NCAA Sweet 16 before being knocked off by Kentucky. Rotund coach Rick Majerus' appetite for wins (and most everything else) is far from sated. The Utes' recipe for another winning season features the return of Playboy All-America forward Keith Van Horn plus three other starters, including 6'11" center Michael Doleac. Icing the cake are newcomers Ashante Johnson, David Jackson and Jeff Johnsen, who was a two-time Utah high school player of the year.

(11) FRESNO STATE

However controversial Jerry Tarkanian may be, he proved again last season that he knows how to coach winning basketball. Tark turned Fresno State from the ho-hum 13–15 squad of two seasons ago into the scrappy group of hot shooters who finished 22–11 and made it to the quarterfinals of the NIT. However, Tarkanian was only warming up. He has four starters returning (five by the second semester if James Gray regains his eligibility), and he's added Boston College transfer Chris Herren and 6'7" forward Terrance Roberson. The top Bulldog, however, is guard Dominick Young, who led the NCAA in three-pointers and the WAC in assists and steals.

(12) ARKANSAS

Last season demonstrated that Nolan Richardson's coaching system is at least as important as the talent of his players. The Razorbacks returned only three players from the team that lost the national title to UCLA two seasons ago. But Arkansas still managed to tally 20 victories and battle all the way to the NCAA Sweet 16 before losing to Massachusetts. This year, Richardson will have more weapons. He adds talented junior college players Tarik Wallace and Steve Green to ten returning players from last season. And keep an eye on sophomore guard Kareem Reid, who totaled 219 assists in his first season. The Razorbacks could be top-ten material if they can manage to improve last season's anemic shooting from the field.

(13) TULANE

Coach Perry Clark may have his best squad since he took over Tulane seven years ago. The heart of this team is the forward tandem of Jerald Honeycutt (18 ppg) and Rayshard Allen (13 ppg). Clark is counting on Derrick Moore (who missed part of last season with a knee injury) to provide the steady ball handling the team occasionally lacked (15.7 turnovers per game). Tulane will also benefit from the NIT experience that it gained at the end of last season when the Green Wave went all the way to the Final Four.

(14) STANFORD

Coach Mike Montgomery has two components of a championship team at Stanford: guard Brevin Knight, probably the best player in the nation under six feet, and center Tim Young, a 7'1" junior center who has the potential to dominate on the inside. Montgomery must now fill the spots vacated by graduated forwards Andy Poppink and Darren Allaway if the Cardinal is to contend for the Pac Ten title.

(15) MASSACHUSETTS

Lose an entire frontcourt—including college player of the year Marcus Camby—and coach John Calipari, who went to the New Jersey Nets, and still get into the top 25? Not easy, but new coach James Flint and the Minutemen can do just that with backcourt stars Edgar Padilla and Carmelo Travieso returning, plus 6'10" center Lari Ketner, who sat out last season because of Proposition 48. Travieso is one of the top three-point shooters in the nation (.403), and Padilla set UMass records for assists (247) and steals (108) last season. Forwards Tyrone Weeks and Inus Norville will step up big.

(16) IOWA

A pretty good Iowa team got a whole lot better when Jess Settles decided to play his senior year for the Hawkeyes after testing the NBA waters (which turned out to be a little tepid). Settles, who led Iowa in rebounding and scoring last season, will rejoin senior guard Andre Woolridge to give the Hawkeyes a substantial one-two scoring punch. Coach Tom Davis will combine some talented bench players with a few promising freshmen to give Iowa a shot at the Big Ten title.

(17) DUKE

With coach Mike Krzyzewski's back healed and four of five starters returning, expect Duke to regain its customary

Recoton engineers a wireless speaker and headphone that deliver sound performance unheard of in the wireless industry!

Never before have you heard a wireless speaker or headphone system that sounds as exceptional as the W440 Wireless Stereo Speakers and W500 Wireless Headphones. They set new standards in the wireless industry. From Recoton's research and development laboratories comes the latest in wireless technology—premium wireless speakers and headphones engineered to give you optimum rich stereo sound virtually anywhere in your home using advanced 900 MHz RF technology.

Recoton and 900 MHz technology.

Recoton was the first in it's industry to take advantage of the FCC (Federal Communications Commission) ruling allocating a band of radio frequencies stretching from 902 to 928 MHz, specifically for wireless, in-home product applications. They engineered and introduced to the public, wireless home transmission equipment that could transmit sound in the 900MHz frequency up to 150 feet away.

The Wireless W440 Speaker System!

The state-of-the-art W440 Wireless Stereo Speaker System consists of a transmitter that is attached to any sound source such as a stereo, CD, TV, etc, and a high quality pair of wireless stereo speakers with built-in receivers. All components of the W440 system are made from premium parts and are carefully engineered for optimum sound quality and performance. The W440s can easily be moved from room to room, receiving the stereo sound signals up to 150 feet away from the transmitter! You will get tremendous stereo sound in any room of your home. You can listen to music in the kitchen, bedroom, living room—virtually anywhere you want crisp, clear, dynamic stereo sound.

The Wireless W500 Headphone System.

This is a truly wireless stereo headphone that can be used virtually anywhere in your home up to 150 feet away from the transmitter. They can be used with any sound source such as a stereo, CD, TV etc. The W500 Wireless Headphone operates off the same transmitter as the Recoton W440 speakers. The full sized W500s feature Ferrite speaker elements, volume control and operate for up to eight hours from internal rechargeable nickel cadmium batteries.

The Recoton Transmitter.

Because all Recoton products utilize the 900 MHz frequency range, you don't have to be in line-of-sight with the transmitter. It will broadcast through walls, ceilings and floors and plugs into an audio-out, tape-out jack on your stereo or TV component transmitting wirelessly to the W440s and W500s. The transmitter features an integral omni-directional antenna which helps broadcast the signals and has a built-in polarized antenna that can be tilted up and down to focus it's signal for best reception. One transmitter broadcasts to an unlimited number of speakers and headphones.

All Recoton products are backed by a one-year manufacturer's warranty and come with a 90-day money back guarantee!

W441 Wireless Speakers(two) $149.95 S&H $7*

W502 Wireless Headphone ....$69.95 S&H $3*

W501 Transmitter.....$69.95 S&H $3

** one transmitter needed to operate an unlimited number of speakers and headphones.*

Save $19.95 when you buy the wireless speakers and transmitter as a system!

W440 Wireless Speaker System (includes two speakers and a transmitter)....$199.95 S&H $9

Save $9.95 when you buy the wireless headphones and transmitter as a system!

W500 Wireless Headphone System (includes headphone and a transmitter) $129.95 S&H $5

800 231-0031

Ordering hours: Mon. thru Fri. 7 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. EST
Saturday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. EST

Haven Industries
2950 Lake Emma Road Lake Mary, FL 32746

The Recoton Wireless Product Line

W450 50-Watt Stereo Speaker System

WP445 Battery Operated Speaker System

W410 Portable Outdoor Speaker System

The Recoton transmitter works with all Recoton wireless products!

Home Theater System

WC430 Computer/ Multi-Media Speakers

W222SX Stereo Speaker/Heedphone

Order toll-free **Haven Industries** 2950 Lake Emma Road Lake Mary, FL 32746 **800 231-0031**

AD 17135 PBY

Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments by the editors of PLAYBOY. The award winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend (held this year in Chicago), receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Sea (pronounced Shay) Lonergan of Dartmouth College. At 6'5", Lonergan plays both guard and forward. He was first-team All Ivy League and Dartmouth's MVP and leading scorer the past two seasons. Last season he averaged 16.9 points per game and was named a first-team GTE Academic All-America, only the sixth Ivy League player to be so honored. Sea's major is chemistry. His GPA last season was 3.93 (3.83 for his collegiate career).

Honorable mentions: Tom Welch (Bucknell), Whit Hughes (Mississippi State), Micah Marsh (Arkansas State), Alexander Koul (George Washington), Pat Garrity (Notre Dame), Marius Janulis (Syracuse), Jacque Vaughn and Jerod Haase (Kansas), Mike Hartke (Northern Illinois), Carlos Daniel (Washington State), Michael Doleac (Utah), Bostjan Leban (New Mexico State), Brandy Perryman (Texas), Anthony Boone (Mississippi), Jess Settles (Iowa), Damian Owens (West Virginia), Jason Hoover (Manhattan College), Michael Ruffin (Tulsa), Jay Larranaga (Bowling Green State), Pete Lisicky (Penn State), Stefan Ciosici (Lafayette), Bryce Drew (Valparaiso), Wes Moore (Tennessee–Chattanooga), Javone Moore (Canisius), Joe Sibbitt and Colby Pierce (Austin Peay State), Michael Andersen (Rhode Island), Kevin Howard (Grambling).

spot among the nation's top teams. The Blue Devils, who have racked up an incredible seven Final Four appearances since 1986, will be led in the backcourt by senior Jeff Capel and in the paint by 6'10" Greg Newton. Trajan Langdon, out last season with a knee injury, should begin to fulfill his highly touted promise, while St. John's transfer Roshown McLeod, a 6'8" forward, could sneak into the starting rotation.

(18) TEXAS

Prior to Tom Penders' arrival as head coach eight years ago, the Longhorn faithful had as much interest in basketball as they had in chili sauce made in New York. But Penders saw hoops potential in football-obsessed Austin, converting it into seven NCAA tournament bids and a jump in attendance at home games from 4000 to more than 12,000. Penders' modus operandi is to recruit talented and aggressive players and let them do their thing. He's had few better athletes in his tenure than 6'6" guard Reggie Freeman, the fourth best returning scorer (22.4 ppg) in Division I. The key for the Longhorns this season is 6'9" Dennis Jordan, a 270-pound muscleman with surprisingly soft hands.

(19) SOUTH CAROLINA

Coach Eddie Fogler thinks a year's experience will help his young South Carolina team shed last season's Jekyll-and-Hyde personality (16 wins at home, three on the road). SEC freshman of the year B.J. McKie, Larry Davis and Melvin Watson give the Gamecocks one of the top backcourts in the nation. Fogler needs someone in the frontcourt to help 6'11" center Nate Wilbourne.

(20) ARIZONA

Coach Lute Olson faces the challenge of turning potential into performance as he welcomes the number one recruiting class in the nation to Tucson. Heads of the class are junior college player of the year Bennett Davison and guard Mike Bibby—Bibby averaged more than 34 points and eight assists per game in high school. A 6'8" freshman, Eugene Edgerson, rounds out the group that joins returning veterans Miles Simon and Michael Dickerson. If Olson has his chemistry correct, this group will sparkle by season's end.

(21) BOSTON COLLEGE

Coach Jim O'Brien will have the best team of his ten-year tenure with the Eagles. All five starters return from last season's 19-win squad, including strongman forward Danya Abrams (19.6 ppg, 9.6 rpg) and Big East rookie of the year guard James "Scoonie" Penn. Improved play from forwards Bevan Thomas and Keenan Jourdan will be the key to their success.

(22) NORTH CAROLINA

While there were no conference or tournament titles to hang from the rafters last year, coaching legend Dean Smith can probably count it as one of his finest in Chapel Hill. Despite losing both Jerry Stackhouse and Rasheed Wallace after a single season, the Tar Heels won 21 games and kept alive their amazing 30-year streak of finishing as one of the ACC's top three teams. This year Smith's challenge may be even more formidable, as floor leader Jeff McInnis took an early NBA exit as well. Smith's hope of keeping the streak alive rests squarely on the shoulders of sophomore forward Antawn Jamison, who has already proved to be a rebounding machine (9.7

Rest of the Best

GUARDS: Brevin Knight (Stanford), Shea Seals (Tulsa), James Cotton (Long Beach State), Isaac Fontaine (Washington State), Edgar Padilla (Massachusetts), God Shammgod (Providence), Jeff Capel (Duke), Cory Carr (Texas Tech), Chauncey Billups (Colorado), Reggie Freeman (Texas), Toby Bailey (UCLA), Pete Lisicky (Penn State), Victor Page (Georgetown), Tyson Wheeler (Rhode Island), Larry Davis (South Carolina), Jerod Haase (Kansas), Dedric Willoughby (Iowa State), Geno Carlisle (Northwestern), Kiwane Garris (Illinois), Earl Boykins (Eastern Michigan), Felipe Lopez (St. John's), Bryce Drew (Valparaiso).

FORWARDS: Maurice Taylor (Michigan), Danya Abrams (Boston College), Antawn Jamison (North Carolina), Jerald Honeycutt (Tulane), Ron Mercer (Kentucky), Ace Custis (Virginia Tech), Sam Okey (Wisconsin), Austin Croshere (Providence), J.R. Henderson (UCLA), Keith Booth (Maryland), Carlos Williams (Alabama–Birmingham), Jess Settles (Iowa), Paul Pierce (Kansas), Olivier Saint-Jean (San Jose State), Tunji Awojobi (Boston U.), Bonzi Wells (Ball State), Bubba Wells (Austin Peay State), Otis Hill (Syracuse), Zendon Hamilton (St. John's), Brian Skinner (Baylor), Kenny Thomas (New Mexico), Thaddeous Delaney (College of Charleston).

CENTERS: Adonal Foyle (Colgate), Alexander Koul (George Washington), Jelani McCoy (UCLA), Marc Jackson (Temple), Tim Young (Stanford), Scot Pollard (Kansas), Peter Aluma (Liberty), Kelvin Cato (Iowa State), Serge Zwikker (North Carolina), Michael Doleac (Utah).

A Velvet moment.

THE SPECIAL OLYMPICS CHRISTMAS ALBUMS

A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

Featuring: **The Pointer Sisters** ▪ **Eurythmics** ▪ **Whitney Houston**
Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band ▪ **The Pretenders** ▪ **John Cougar Mellencamp**
Sting ▪ **RUN D.M.C.** ▪ **U2** ▪ **Madonna** ▪ **Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band**
Bryan Adams ▪ **Bon Jovi** ▪ **Alison Moyet** ▪ **Stevie Nicks**

A&M RECORDS

©1996 Special Olympics Productions, Inc. All rights reserved.

New this Christmas.

Real Cool.

Still Rockin'.

metro blue

BLUE NOTE

http://www.soprod.org

per game). Freshman Ed Cota will try to handle the point guard spot, with Vince Carter ready to lend backcourt support.

COLE'S ALL-NICKNAME TEAM

Faran "Meat" Hand
Nevada
Richard "Tu-Tu" Brown
Nevada
James "Scoanie" Penn
Boston College
Versile "Money" Shaw
North Carolina–Charlotte
Edwin "Bags" Cayenne
Jacksonville
Segado "Cookie" Belcher
Nebraska
Coach Marcos "Shakey" Radriguez
Florida International

(23) LOUISVILLE

The Cardinals reached the NCAA Sweet 16 for the third time in the past four years despite missing four projected starters for much of the season. Two of those players, Samaki Walker and Jason Osborne, have moved on to the NBA. But coach Denny Crum, only 13 wins short of a career 600-victory mark, expects his team to be in the thick of the Conference USA fray. Leading the Cardinals is Playboy All-America guard DeJuan Wheat, who has started 101 consecutive games for Crum. Louisville will get a lift inside if 6'7" Alex Sanders qualifies academically.

(24) INDIANA

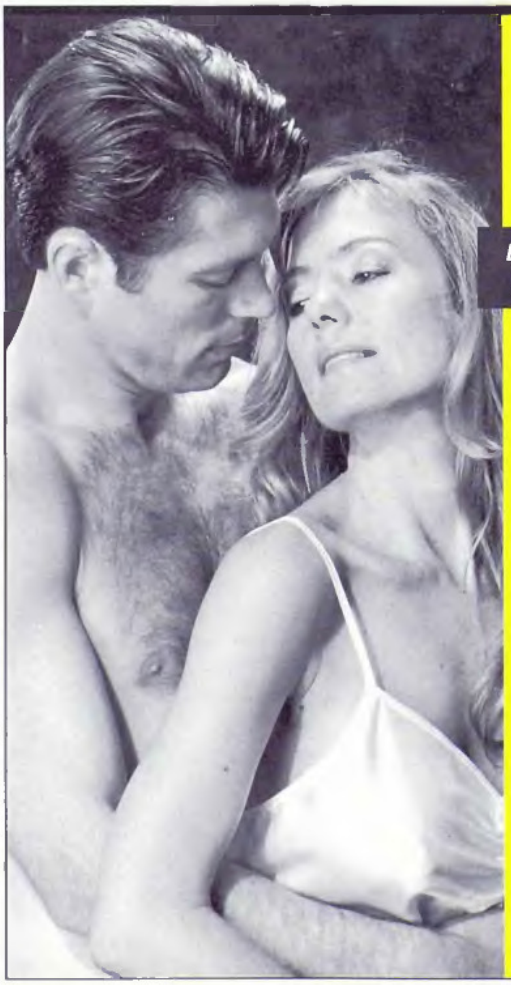
Over the past 25 years Bob Knight has proved he is a coach with few peers. He's also proved that many athletes simply can't play for him. As a result, a lot of talented players either steer away from the Hoosiers or don't stick around after they arrive in Bloomington. Add the usual attrition of injuries and academics, and Indiana has come up shorthanded the past few seasons. Knight tried to address the problem by looking to the junior college circuit last year. This season he's happy to have landed promising freshmen in 7' Jason Collier plus Michael Lewis and A.J. Guyton. With strong talent returning in Andrae Patterson, Neil Reed and Charlie Miller, the Hoosiers should have the talent and power to make noise on the national scene again.

(25) GEORGE WASHINGTON

Better not laugh at George Washington's Mutt and Jeff act, because 7'1" Alexander Koul and 5'3" point guard Shawnta Rogers promise to be more lethal than comical for the Colonials this season. The rapidly improving Koul (14.9 ppg, 7.8 rpg) will be joined on the front line by fellow Belorussian Yegor Mescheriakov. Coach Mike Jarvis recruited three-point ace Jackson Payne to replace graduated perimeter threat

FIVE BEST PLAYERS STILL IN HIGH SCHOOL

Chris Burgess
Woodbridge—Irvine, California
Schea Cotton
St. John Bosco—Bellflower, California
Lamar Odam
Maine Central Institute—Pittsfield, Maine
Shane Battier
Detroit Country Day—Birmingham, Michigan
Edmund Saunders
Holy Cross—Waterbury, Connecticut



Adult Products. Adult Pleasures.

Discover the world's finest sex products in the Xandria Gold Edition catalogue.

Today, you know that wanting the most from your sex life is natural and healthy. Look through the new Xandria Gold Collection catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving you, and your partner, even greater pleasure.

Trust our experience. Men have delighted in the Xandria Collection for more than 20 years. It is a very special collection of sensual aides including lotions and lubricants, personal stimulators, massage products, and informational books and videos.

Rely on our 100%, three-way Guarantee. If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, consider the Xandria Guarantee:

1. We guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade names.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction. If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure. Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

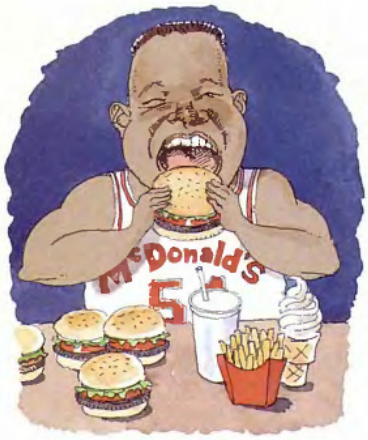
Order today and see. Send for your catalogue now, and we'll apply its $4.00 price to your first order. You have nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB1296
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is a check or money order for $4, applied to my first purchase. ($5 Canada, £3 UK)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
I am an adult over 21 years of age.
Signature required _____
Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

COLE'S ALL-NAME TEAM
Bebop Walker, Arkansas State
Fido Willybiro, Lehigh
God Shammgod, Providence
Scientific Mapp, Florida A&M
Alico Dunk, East Carolina
Ya-Ya Dia, Georgetown
Ricardo Crumble, DePaul
Devionnaire Deas, Florida State
Ansu Sesay, Mississippi
Damyeon Fishback, Auburn

A COACH'S LIFE:
Centenary coach
Tommy Vardeman
on his team's poor shooting
last season: "We couldn't throw
an acorn in the ocean."



WHY THEY LOVE FAST FOOD:
Since 1980, Michigan's roster has included 15 McDonald's high school All-Americas, while Purdue has had four. Result: two Big Ten titles for the Wolverines, six for the Boilermakers.

Kwame Evans. GW is coming off a 21–8 season, its best in 41 years.

TEN MORE TEAMS THAT COULD CHALLENGE:

(26) NEW MEXICO

With all five starters, three top reserves and a key redshirt transfer, New Mexico (hot off a 28–5 record last season) is definitely thinking Indianapolis. Guard Charles Smith (19.5 ppg) and 6'9" sophomore center Kenny Thomas are the fiercest of the Lobos. Coach Dave Bliss thinks 6'11" Oklahoma State transfer Ben Baum will make Thomas even more effective by allowing him to occasionally operate from the power forward position.

(27) CLEMSON

Balance and depth will characterize this year's Tigers. Second-year coach Rick Barnes returns everyone from last season's 18-win squad, including the steady backcourt tandem of Greg Buckner and Terrell McIntyre. There are no seniors and only one junior in the Tigers' starting five.

(28) ILLINOIS

After 11 20-win seasons but a consistent failure to excel in postseason play, the Lou Henson era ended on a note of controversy over Henson's replacement. Sentiment favored assistant Jimmy Collins (now head coach at Illinois–Chicago), a strong Chicago-area recruiter, as Henson's replacement. The administration selected the impeccably credentialed Lon Kruger, most recently head coach at Florida. Kruger's intensity and attention to detail will please Illini fans, though Collins' pipeline to Chitown will be missed. With seniors Kiwane Garris and forward Jerry Hester leading the way, Illinois will be a force. However, last year's Achilles' heel—lack of strength inside—remains a problem.

(29) MINNESOTA

Hobbled with injuries most of last season, Minnesota still managed 19 wins, including nine of its final 13 games. All five starters return, including the most consistent go-to Golden Gophers, Sam Jacobson and Bobby Jackson. Coach Clem Haskins thinks little-known recruit Russ Archambault, who played on an Indian reservation in North Dakota, will be an immediate contributor in the backcourt.

(30) ST. JOHN'S

After seriously underperforming last season (11–16), expect St. John's to storm out of the gate for new coach Fran Fraschilla. Formerly head coach at Manhattan College, Fraschilla will untrack the frustrated talents of center Zendon Hamilton and high-octane guard Felipe Lopez. Forward Charles Minlend, who sat out last season with a torn hamstring, should also be a key contributor.

(31) RHODE ISLAND

The Rams will try to continue the amazing turnaround that had them posting a winning season last year after only seven wins in 1994–1995. Coach Al Skinner returns all five starters and adds guard Cuttino Mobley, who was redshirted last year after being injured in the second game of the season. Rhode Island's best player, 5'10" point guard Tyson Wheeler (16.5 ppg), is only a junior.

(32) LONG BEACH STATE

New Long Beach State coach Wayne Morgan, a former Syracuse assistant and one of Jim Boeheim's top recruiters, has already landed a blue-chip player for the 49ers: 6'7" forward Greg Clark, who turned down UCLA and Stanford to attend LBS. Morgan also inherits returning guard James Cotton (19.5 ppg) and benefits from the eligibility of 6'11" UCLA transfer Ike Nwankwo and Houston transfer Tommie Davis.

(33) TULSA

After dominating the Missouri Valley Conference for the past three seasons, the Golden Hurricane has moved to the more competitive Western Athletic Conference this season. Second-year coach Steve Robinson thinks his team, led by 6'5" senior guard Shea Seals (17.1 ppg), is ready for the challenge. Robinson is counting on the continued inside rebounding strength of forward Michael Ruffin, a welcome surprise last year in his rookie season.

(34) OLD DOMINION

Looking for a likely NCAA tournament dark horse? With all five starters returning—including strong-in-the-paint Odell Hodge (14.3 ppg, 7.5 rpg)—the Monarchs fit the bill. Junior forward Joe Bunn can be a prolific scorer, especially if coach Jeff Capel encourages better shooting from the point guard slot to help open the middle.

(35) PROVIDENCE

You understand that we aren't being sacrilegious if we tell you that God is not yet the best player for Providence. That's God as in God Shammgod, the talent-loaded guard who shattered Pearl Washington's Big East freshman assist record last season (6.5 assists per game). The Friar better than God for now is 6'9" forward Austin Croshere, who averaged 15.3 points per game last season. Of course, God has unlimited potential, but then only God knows how long he'll stay at Providence before heading to the NBA.

Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.

There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"!

Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series**. It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-selling Sex-Ed Videos

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for the most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sex Videos** today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

FREE ORAL SEX VIDEO

All orders will receive a free 24-minute video on oral sex and our new brochure filled with videos and other adult products designed to help you spice up your relationship.

[All videos are shipped in plain packaging to ensure your privacy.]

SPECIAL OFFER
Regularly $29.95
NOW ONLY $19.95

Full-length 90 Minute Videos Provide a COMPLETE Sexual Program.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders, Call Toll-Free
1-800-955-0888 EXT 8PB31
(24 Hours / 7 Days A Week)

VIDEO	REGULARLY	NOW!	TOTAL
Vol. 1. Better Sex Techniques #9501	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 2. Adv. Sex Techniques #9502	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 3. Making Sex Fun #9504	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
The 3-Volume Set - save $10! #9506		$49.85	
Erotic Guide To Oral Sex #1057 (with purchase)		FREE	FREE
VHS Format Only.		Postage & Handling	$ 4.00
		TOTAL	$

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ Check

Make checks payable to The Sinclair Institute. Sorry, No cash or CODs

Card # Exp.

Name

SIGNATURE (I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE)

Address

City

State Zip

Mail to: The Sinclair Institute, Dept. BPB31, P.O. Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable in U.S. Dollars.
An Additional $5.00 Is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome.

AL PACINO

(continued from page 136)

tennis we'd better get moving, because he had a dinner engagement. We got back into my car and drove to a mutual friend's house off Benedict Canyon.

"Were you much of a womanizer when you were young?" I asked.

"Why would you say I'm a womanizer?" Pacino shot back. "I was brought up with women, I've lived with women all my life. I don't know anything else. They're my friends."

"You lost the most important woman in your life when you were 21. Do you think about her?"

"I think about my mother all the time. I heard this kid, Oscar de la Hoya, talking about his mother, who died before he had made it, and how the material things that he doesn't seem to have much feeling for, his mother would have gotten a lot out of. I feel the same way. I think my success would have saved my mother's life, because it was poverty that took her down. She died very young."

At the paddle-tennis court Pacino put on new sneakers and told an anecdote about hiding in his grandmother's closet, then jumping out when her leopard-skin coat seemed to move on its own.

"Were those happy times for you, the innocence of childhood?"

"Every time I think of happy I think of h-a-p-p-y. It's a funny word. I think of slaphappy. What's happy? There are feelings of well-being and comfort and peace, love, of feeling assured. I guess I was happy the day I got my Tom Mix cowboy spurs when I was six years old—but on that same day my great-grandmother died, so——"

"What's made you happy since then?"

"Why all this pressure to be happy? What difference does that make? Things are the way they are. Things happen."

"Maybe happiness is convincing a girl you're worthy of her."

"If that's happiness, how's this for unhappy: I was once auditioning for a part in a play in acting school and had to sing a little. A girl I had a crush on was waiting outside the audition room, sitting on a staircase with a guy she liked. I didn't get the part, and afterward I came out and she was there and she looked up at me as if to say, 'That was not a very impressive audition.' And with that look she said aloud, 'I didn't know you could sing.' I said, 'Yeah, and I can fly, too.' And with that I leaped over her down a whole flight of stairs. That *really* didn't impress her. And as I was in midair I thought, This isn't working. I knew that guys who would do that don't stand a chance with girls."

We began whacking the ball over the net. Before each serve Pacino looked at his watch, and I asked him why. "Leave me alone," he said.

"What is it about this game that keeps you coming back?"

"So I can beat you."

"We'll stop playing once you win?"

"You only think I can't. I pretend to lose to you."

"Of all the characters you've played," I shouted across the net, wondering if Pacino would start complaining about talking and playing at the same time, "which played most havoc with your psyche?"

"I felt the most disturbed when I played that race-car driver in *Bobby Deerfield*. It was a personal journey into someone who was isolated and depressed. And it was the first time I was sober. I'm not terribly fond of that performance, but I felt close to it at the time because I was moving away from a world I had known—I'd had a lot of successes in a row, I felt like I had been shot out of a cannon and I was a little isolated."

He tried to hit a ball past me as I charged the net, but it went wide. "Oh, Al!" he shouted at himself. We split the first eight games and took a break. I was dripping with perspiration; Pacino didn't break a sweat. He rarely does. We drank bottled water and he complained of having trouble sleeping. I asked him if he ever dreamed in character. "Yeah, always," he said. "With *Richard* I'd go to bed thinking about it, and in the middle of the night get up."

"What about playing real-life characters—do you like to meet the guys you play? Does it give you any insight?"

"When I met Frank Serpico I saw in his eyes a maverick, eclectic person. I felt I would like to express what I saw in his face, but I was unable to do it. I avoided meeting the guy in *Dog Day Afternoon* because I had an idea of the kind of person I wanted to play. That was a mistake—it would have served me to meet him. It

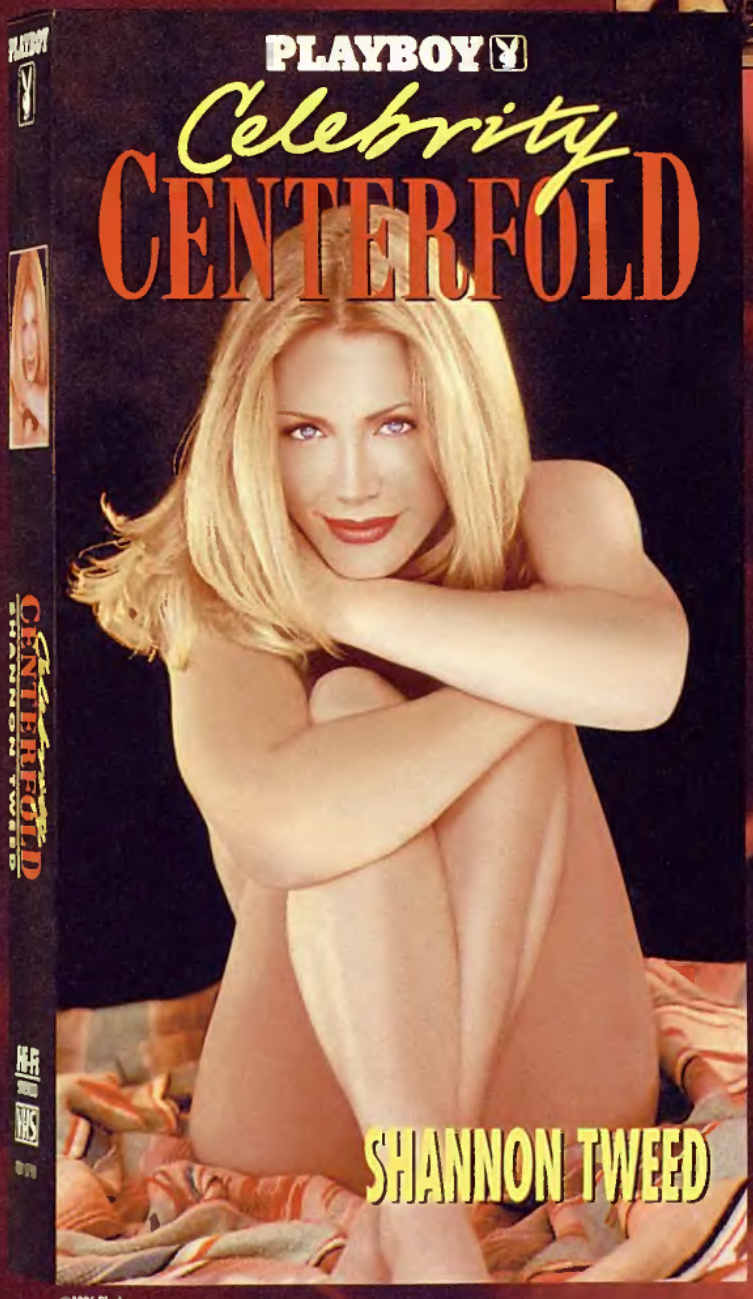
"After getting past the guard dogs, the video surveillance and the motion detector, I'm not in the mood."

Playboy Celebrity Centerfold

Shannon Tweed

$19.98

Video #JY1735V



Sultry actress, sought-after model and all-around sex symbol Shannon Tweed is no stranger to the limelight. After gracing the pages of Playboy as Miss November 1981 and 1982 Playmate of the Year, Shannon went on to TV stardom (***Falcon Crest, Days of Our Lives***) and has achieved astounding success as the star of several erotic thrillers, including ***Night Eyes*** and ***Last Call***.

Now experience Shannon's uncensored sizzle as she displays the many sides to her personality. Whether she's showing off her trademark sensuality, working on a new film, spending time with her longtime love, Gene Simmons of KISS, or taking care of her children, Shannon will win you over with her classic beauty and charm. Playmate Bonus: Alicia Rickter—Miss October 1995 and historic 500th Playmate. Full nudity.
Item# JY1735V $19.98

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60272)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60272, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Available at these and other video and music stores

musicland WE GOT WHAT'S HOT.

MEDIA PLAY MUSIC · BOOKS · MOVIES · SOFTWARE

On·Cue Music · Books · Movies

SUNCOAST MOTION PICTURE COMPANY

SamGoody SOODY GOT IT.

©1996 Playboy

always does."

"What about Michael Corleone? Did you ever meet his Mafia prototype?"

"No, but I was lucky there. Francis [Coppola] had created this character, and I clearly saw the way he wanted it."

"Were you as clear about *Godfather III* as you were about the first two?"

"There had been a 16-year respite between the second and third one, and it felt odd to pick up that character again. It was also a feeling of, I've been here before, so it was easier to play. But the third one didn't seem so focused as the other two; it seemed unfinished. We missed the Duvall character strongly."

"How would the film have changed if Duvall had been in it?"

"Michael's relationship with Duvall's character, Tom Hagen, was the catalyst for his involvement in that whole thing with the Church. Hagen was under a lot of pressure and his life was being threatened and finally he was killed, and it was Michael's investigating his murder that brought him into the Church. He wasn't coming there with hat in hand. A totally different idea. And to suddenly switch that around—as much of a genius as Francis is—that's a hard one."

"Was Duvall's absence because he wasn't offered as much money as you?"

"That's what he says, but I don't know."

"What else could it be?"

"Think about it. That's all I'll say. Just think about it."

"OK, I've thought about it. It has to be the money—that's what it always boils down to. Why else would you remove yourself from the third part of one of cinema's great trilogies?"

"Because we actors are nuts."

"Actors are nuts, but they can make a lot of money."

"When I was a kid I never had money. I was born and reared in poverty, and as I got older and was by myself, if I didn't eat, so what? I had a room with a bathroom in the hall. I lived like that, it was part of life. Then when I was a superintendent I was making $14 a week. Every time I'd get it I'd spend it in three and a half minutes—I'd have a couple quarts of ale and then nothing mattered. I remember sitting on the edge of the bed in this tiny room thinking, What am I going to do, I have six and three-fourths days left before I get my $14. I'd go to a local party and head for the refrigerator; if there was one meatball in there I'd snatch it. It was really boring to have to always worry about where I was going to get my next meal. It was like a dull, persistent thud."

"And now, with the money you make, the sounds you hear must be like champagne corks popping."

"It wasn't that long ago, the mid-Eighties, when I didn't work for four years and ran out of dough."

"That was after *Revolution* and before *Sea of Love*. Did your on-screen disappearance have anything to do with your feeling that *Revolution* was released before you thought it was ready?"

"The idea of presenting something as a piece of work that wasn't finished was odd to me. At the time it made me feel that I had no recourse, that the only thing I could do was to think about what I could do so I wouldn't have to have that feeling—and so I went off and did my own little film. I put a lot of money into doing *The Local Stigmatic*, and then I had a tax bite and owed the government, so I had to make some movies. But I don't feel like I make money. I work, I make films, I do plays. I don't make money, that's not what I do."

"So who's getting the millions for your services?"

"I like what Charles Bukowski said about money: Money's magic. It gets you things. You spend it, you use it to make movies, you give it to charity. You don't just take the money and make more money with it. I don't feel comfortable doing that. Maybe there's a reason for it, I don't know. It's just the way I've been."

The sun was beginning to set, and Pacino bent to unlace his sneakers. "We'll meet here in the morning, play a full set," he said. "Maybe we can go to a baseball game one night."

"I thought you didn't like to go where you might be spotted."

"I love to go to the games, but I don't like when they put the camera on me. That's why I don't go to boxing matches. I don't want to feel like the announcer is going to come up to me afterward and ask what I thought of the fight."

His driver arrived to take him to Santa Monica to meet his friend Charlie, then to dinner with Harold and Susan Becker, Ellen Barkin and three other people he enjoys seeing when he is in L.A. Before we parted I asked him why he was such a big shot.

"Why?" he barked, hunching his back and becoming his *Dick Tracy* character, Big Boy. "Because I was born that way. Big shots are born, they're not made." He laughed and gave me a look that said, Go ahead, ask me another. I've been hitting them back all day.

"If you could have selected your biographer," I wondered, "what writer would do you justice?"

"Dostoyevsky. Though he's not a lot of laughs."

"Do you see yourself as a Dostoyevskian character?"

"No more. A couple of years ago, yeah. Now I'm more a Chekhovian character. I was brought up on many different writers, from Balzac to Shakespeare. I know I come from the streets and had no formal education, but I read this stuff, and it's the Russians that I really felt. Reading saved my life."

"How smart do you think you are?"

"What's smart? Am I smart like Stephen Hawking or Joseph Campbell? No. Like Walter Cronkite? Yes," he said, laughing, then shrugged. "If I didn't do what I do, I'd probably be delivering packages to CAA."

"When's the last time you were conned?"

"I was Jimmy Caan'd once. And it's happening now, isn't it? C'mon, snap that machine off so we can arm wrestle."

"And finally, a big hello to Frank from Chicago, joining us this year courtesy of the Witness Protection Program."

If you miss the hit movie at eight, see it at eight-thirty or nine.

Watch cable channels your cable company probably doesn't offer.

Live a thousand miles from your alma mater and still catch their games.

Enjoy 31 digital music channels, with no DJs or commercials.

Take charge of what your family watches with an interactive on-screen guide and parental controls.

LIMITED TIME OFFER

$200 CASH BACK FROM DIRECTV.

18" DSS HARDWARE PRICED AS LOW AS $399.

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR DETAILS.

We've taken what you love about cable tv and expanded on it.

DIRECTV® really stretches what your TV can do. Because it gives you lots of your favorite cable channels, plus some amazing things cable could never give you. Over 175 channels of great entertainment. Pro and college sports you couldn't get before. Up to 55 different pay-per-view movies a night, and much more. All delivered in digital picture and sound. So for television like you've always wished it could be, get the 18" dish and DIRECTV.

For more information call 1-800-392-4388.

DIRECTV®

SATELLITE TV AT ITS BEST

Visit us on the World Wide Web at http://www.directv.com Also available for bars and restaurants. Blackout restrictions apply. Sports programming requires a continuous landline phone connection to DSS receiver and is available only with a DIRECTV subscription. Pay-per-view movie channels are for private viewing only and require a DIRECTV subscription. Commercial pricing available. Commercial signal theft subject to civil and criminal penalties. Limited-time offer for new DIRECTV residential subscribers who purchase and prepay a non-refundable $360 annual fee for the Total Choice™ programming package. Customer must remain a continuous Total Choice subscriber for 12 months. Otherwise customer will be responsible for full amount of the programming credit/check. Offer can be redeemed as a $200 DIRECTV programming credit or a $200 check from DIRECTV or your DIRECTV service provider. Detailed redemption instructions will appear on the first DIRECTV bill. Offer valid from 8/29/96 - 12/31/96 and may not be combined with any other special offer for DIRECTV services. One per household. Hardware and programming sold separately. Equipment specifications may vary in Alaska. ©1996 DIRECTV, Inc. DIRECTV, DSS, Total Choice and "DIRECTV. Satellite TV At Its Best." are official trademarks of DIRECTV, Inc., a unit of Hughes Electronics Corporation.

THE SOUNDS OF Lounge

By Carmen Armillas

It's the jukebox, sailor. That's what makes a good lounge bar swing, not some clyde dripping his *Feelings* all over the piano keys. Today, lounge is for when martinis and Metallica just won't mix. Lucky for you, we've put together a starter kit for your next swinging soiree:

VIVA LAS VEGAS

Frank Sinatra, *A Man and His Music* (Reprise): It's a primer in lounge lingo because Frank introduces each track. Here's how he sets up his comedy routine with Sammy and Dino: "The place: The Sands. The time: In the wee small hours of."

When the Feeling Hits You: Sammy Davis Meets Sam Butera & The Witnesses (Reprise): "Recorded Wild in Las Vegas." Two lounge greats pair up for a cuckoo live act.

Dean Martin, *Everybody Loves Somebody* (Reprise): Whiskey-soaked existentialism from Frank's main man. Runner-up album: *Dino Latino.*

LAVA LOUNGE

Exotica: The Best of Martin Denny (Rhino): Denny invented exotica (Tarzan meets world music) in 1956 when a bullfrog chimed in with his Hawaiian band. Denny added wild yelps and birdcalls and the Tiki lounge sound was born. Pass the poi.

Yma Sumac, *Legend of the Jivaro* (EMI): Sumac claimed to be descended from Incan kings. With her four-octave range, she'll shatter your martini glass and pop your olive.

Mondo Exotica: The first volume in Capitol's *Ultra-Lounge* series transports you around the world—all within the comfort of your Barcalounger.

JET-PACK SET

Esquivel, *Space Age Bachelor Pad Music* (Bar None): The first music for headphones. Juan Garcia Esquivel experimented with a newly developed gimmick called stereophonic sound.

Enoch Light, *Persuasive Percussion* (Command): All percussion, all the time. This 1960 release is one of the best-selling albums of all time. Beats us.

MAMBO MADNESS

Mondo Mambo: The Best of Pérez Prado & His Orchestra (RCA): Sexy Latin rhythms from the man who created the mambo. Mambo got your parents' hips shaking, and it'll do the same for you.

Latin Rhythms in Hi-Fi (DCC): Volume three in the *Music for a Bachelor's Den* series. Includes *Babalu* and *Cuba Libre*. Hot-cha-cha.

SCHWINGERS

João Gilberto and Stan Getz, *Getz/Gilberto* (Verve): Featuring Antonio Carlos Jobim and Astrud Gilberto on *The Girl From Ipanema*. Beach blanket Brazil.

Mel Tormé, *Best of the Capitol Years* (Capitol): You want to know what lounge is? Then sink into the love mists created by the Velvet Fog.

Bachelor Pad Royale (Capitol): Wife-swapper jazz. Cy Coleman's *Playboy's Theme* is a must.

SANTA'S SWINGING CHRISTMAS

Nat King Cole, *The Christmas Song* (Capitol): This music could warm even Eddie Vedder's heart.

Christmas Cocktails (Capitol): Have yourself a happening holiday with Peggy Lee and Dean Martin.

BAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

Combustible Edison, *Schizophonic!* (Sub Pop): Their suave and sybaritic style makes you think the Beatles were never born.

Love Jones, *Here's to the Losers* (Zoo): This band's swizzle shtick serves up the new Cocktail Nation—on skewers.

Friends of Dean Martinez, *The Shadow of Your Smile* (Sub Pop): Cowpoke lounge with big-sky ambience.

Stereolab, *Mars Audiac Quintet* (Elektra): Lounge meets left-bank Marxism. A one-band Bacharach revival.

Pizzicato Five, *Made in USA* (Matador): Yes, lounge has hit Japan. High-camp karaoke time.

Lounge

(continued from page 104)

jack-of-hearts motif. Finally, go ahead and slap on some cologne.

What you're after is the proper comportment, an awareness of such subtleties as when a lady needs a light, or when the bartender forgot to shake out the olive in your martini (too salty). You're maintaining an appearance for the Nineties while reworking camp—without last year's drag queens.

Learn your lingo. Borrow a line from Frank, who once said, "In Hollywood, good friends like Sammy Davis and Dean Martin are just a short helicopter hop from my pad. But if I want to see 'em, I have to jet me on up to Crapsville—Las Vegas, Nev." Now that's what we call ring-a-ding lingo. Put out a cigarette? You just butted a smoke. Some Chivas? First-rate hooch. Fixing a drink? The guy by the bottles isn't a bartender, he's a mixologist.

Even better, lounge has freed us from the tyranny of drinks with idiotic names. There's no room here for a screaming orgasm or slippery nipple or kamikaze or sex on the beach. Consider the highball. Single-malt scotch has its place, but in the hands of a virtuoso such as Dean Martin, a highball in a heavy cut glass becomes the ultimate prop, the most masculine piece of jewelry.

Back at the pad, you'll need measurers, stirrers, shakers and swizzle sticks (pink elephants, Rabbit Heads, etc). Few things look more inviting than a Femlin shotglass filled with toothpicks. Learn to mix this year's most popular drinks:

Purple haze (or French martini): 3 oz. Absolut, 1 oz. Chambord and a splash of pineapple juice. Serve in a martini glass.

Manhattan: 3 oz. bourbon, 1 oz. sweet vermouth. Add a dash of Angostura and a maraschino cherry. Serve up.

Though the ideal lounge doesn't exist, in Los Angeles you can try the Lava Lounge, with its black walls seemingly carved of lava. Go to the Good Luck Bar for whacked-out Polynesian. In Seattle, nothing dives lower than Sorry Charlies. Likewise, Liquids in New York packs in an East Village crowd but serves up colorful martinis. Also in New York is Pravda, which is so hot you can't get in. In Chicago, try Harry's Velvet Room.

There's a Cocktail of the Week home page (http://www.ozemail.com.au/~berghous/drink.html) and zines such as *Hollywood Highball* and *Organ & Bongos*. *A Stiff Drink and a Close Shave* (Chronicle), by Bob Sloan and Steven Guarnaccia, is a useful history of red meat–eating dinosaurs. *What Would Frank Do?* (Putnam) by Bill Zehme is a one-way trip to Vegas etiquette, courtesy of Sinatra. Whatever your approach, the key is to look like you didn't work too hard at it.

"You see that pad? That's the building's so-called burglar alarm! Ha! Burglars laugh at it!"

frowned at the whatsit and said, "Half the things I invent I don't remember. I just do them. I do the drawing and fax it to my construction people, and then I go think about other things. And after a while, dingdong, United Parcel, and there it is, according to specifikah—speci—plan."

"Then how do you find out what anything's for?"

"I leave myself a note in the computer when I invent it. When the package shows up, I check back and the screen says, 'We now have a perfect vacuum cleaner.' Or, 'We now have a perfect pocket calculator.'"

"How come you didn't do that this time?"

"I did!" A growl escaped the drunk's throat and his face reddened with remembered rage. "Somebody stole the computer!"

"Ah," said the burglar.

"So here I am," the drunk went on, pointing with his free hand at himself and the whatsit and his drink and the Christmas tree and various other things, "here I am, I got this thing—for all I know it's some sorta boon to mankind, a perfect Christmas present to humanity—and I don't know what it is!"

"But what do you want from me?" the burglar asked, shifting on his rhomboid. "I don't know about inventions."

"You know about *things*," the drunk told him. "You know about *stuff*. Nobody in the world knows *stuff* like Sanity Clause. Electric pencil sharpeners. Jigsaw puzzles. *Stuff*."

"Yeah? And? So?"

"So tell me stuff," the drunk said. "Any kinda stuff that you can think of, and I'll tell you if I did one yet, and when it's something I never did we'll try out some commands on Junior here and see what happens."

"I don't know," the burglar said, as the whatsit at last wheeled away from him and out into the middle of the room. It stopped, as though poised there. "You mean, just say *products* to you?"

"S'only thing I can think of," the drunk explained, "that might help." Then he sat up even more and gaped at the whatsit. "Looka that!"

The whatsit was extruding more aerials. Little lights ran around its square body. A buzzing sound came from within. The burglar said, "It isn't gonna explode, is it?"

"I don't think so," the drunk said. "It looks like it's broadcasting. Suppose I invented something to look for intelligence on other planets?"

"Would you want something like that?"

The drunk considered, then shook his head. "No. You're right, it isn't that." Perking up, he said, "But you got the idea, right? Try me, come on, tell me stuff. We gotta get moving here. I gotta figure out what this thing's supposed to do before it starts doing it all on its own. Come on, come on."

The burglar thought. He wasn't actually Santa Claus, of course, but he was certainly familiar with stuff. "A fax machine," he said, there being three of them at the moment in his sack on the floor beside the rhomboid.

"Did one," the drunk said. "Recycles newspapers, prints on it."

"Coffee maker."

"Part of my breakfast maker."

"Rock polisher."

"Don't want one."

"Air purifier."

"I manufacture my own air in here."

They went on like that, the burglar

SPEND THE HOLIDAYS WITH US!

VICTORIA SILVSTEDT, MISS DECEMBER

HOLIDAY CONFERENCE HOURS
9 pm to 1 am Eastern Mon-Fri
1-900-737-6565
$3.95 a min. 18 yrs. or older.

TALK! PLAYMATES COAST-TO-COAST*

JENNY MCCARTHY

The latest Playmates and Jenny make your holiday dreams come true on the Super Hotline. Then our Playmate Santas will talk with you and tell you their holiday wishes every weeknight on the Coast-to-Coast conference line. Every day is a holiday when you call them!

PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

1-900-740-5588
Only $3 a min. 18 yrs. or older.
Or call 1-800-949-6000 (Visa/MC only)

* Topics will include Playmate background and interests, entertainment and Q & A sessions. Playmate availability subject to change. © 1996 Playboy. A product of Playboy. 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago IL 60611. Not available in DR.

Hot Holidays

The weather outside is frightful, but you'll revel in warm holiday cheer when you view our enticing models wearing the hottest lingerie looks.
Book #KNFT9617 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for book #KNFT9617 (Source code: 60286).

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60286, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

How you can subscribe to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. For just $35.70 ($44.62 in Canada), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive *Playboy's Sexy, Steamy, Sultry* video free with your paid subscription. Order by Phone: Call 1-800-719-4900 and use our credit card. Order by Mail: Send check or money order to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HRP5000). © 1996 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

THE PLAYBOY BOOK: FORTY YEARS

The Perfect Holiday Gift

$50 Signed by Hugh M. Hefner

THE EVOLUTION OF THE Playboy empire from its humble beginnings in the apartment of 27-year-old Hugh Hefner in 1953 to its remarkable influence on modern society, is captured in one rapturously beautiful, coffee-table book.

- 9" x 12" oversized hardcover book with 368 pages of Playboy's pictorial history
- More than 1000 pictures and illustrations
- Signed by Hugh M. Hefner
- Rare behind-the-scenes images along with the most unforgettable pictorials ever to grace the pages of a magazine
- Gatefold featuring all 480 Playmates

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Ask for item number JZ4004. Charge to your Visa, Optima, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60273)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Include item number JZ4004. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60273, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per book. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Also available at your local bookstore

© 1996 Playboy

pausing to think of more things, trying them out, bouncing them off the drunk, but none of them right, while the whatsit entertained itself with its chirruping and buzzing in the middle of the room, until at last the burglar's mind had become drained of artifacts, of ideas, of things, of *stuff*. "I'm sorry, pal," the burglar said, after their final silence. Shaking his head, he got up from the rhomboid, picked up his sack and said, "I'd like to help. But I gotta get on with my life, you know?"

"I appreciate all you done," the drunk said, trying but failing to stand. Then, getting mad all over again, he clenched his fists and shouted, "If only they didn't steal my computer!" He pointed an angry fist toward a keypad beside the front door. "You see that pad? That's the building's so-called burglar alarm! Ha! Burglars laugh at it!"

They did. Jack himself had laughed at several of them just tonight. "Hard to find a really good burglar al——" he said, and stopped.

They both stared at the whatsit, still buzzing away at itself like a drum machine with the mute on. "By golly," breathed the drunk, "you got it."

The burglar frowned. "It's a burglar alarm? That thing?"

"It's the perfect burglar alarm," the drunk said, and bounced around with new confidence on his trapezoid. "You know what's wrong with regular burglar alarms?" he demanded.

"They aren't very good," the burglar said.

"They trap the innocent," the drunk told him, "and they're too stupid to catch the guilty."

"That's pretty much true," the burglar agreed.

"A *perfect* burglar alarm would sense burglars, know them by a thousand tiny indications, too subtle for you and me, and call the cops before they could pull the job!"

Behind his big white Santa Claus beard, Jack the burglar's chin felt itchy all of a sudden. The big round fake stomach beneath his red costume was heavier than before. Giving the whatsit a sickly smile, he said, "A machine that can *sense* burglars? Impossible."

"No, sir," said the drunk. "Heavier-than-air flight is impossible. Sensing guilt is a snap, for the right machine." Contemplating his invention, frowning in thought, the drunk said, "But it was broadcasting. Practicing, do you suppose? Telling me it's ready to go to work?"

"Me, too," the burglar said, moving toward the door.

"Go to work. Nice to——"

The doorbell rang. "Huh," the drunk said. "Who do you suppose that is at this hour?"

1997 PLAYMATE CALENDARS

JULY 1997

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

©1996 Playboy

Dream Dates

Enjoy January through December with a different Playmate each month.

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60271)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60271, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Please include a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

ALSO AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

$6.95 EACH

WALL CALENDAR
8 1/8" x 12 3/4"
Item #JXCC1996W

DESK CALENDAR
5 1/8" x 7 3/4"
Item #JXCC1996D

JENNY MCCARTHY

RACHEL JEAN MARTEEN

PAMELA ANDERSON LEE

DONNA D'ERRICO

KARIN TAYLOR

HOLLY WITT

STACY SANCHES

HEIDI MARK

GILLIAN BONNER

ALICIA RICKTER

SHAUNA SAND

SAMANTHA TORRES

ADD ROMANCE
to your life with
PHEROMONE POWER

ATHENA PHEROMONE 10x™
aftershave/cologne additive
FOR MEN

Increases Romantic Attention you Get from Women

Created by Winnifred Cutler, Ph.D. co-discoverer of human pheromones in 1986, (*Time* 12/1/86; *Newsweek* 1/12/87) 10X underwent double-blind, placebo-controlled testing which proved it works.

Jerry (ND) ***"I was like a magnet. Womaa kept coming up to me. This one blonde came from across tha room and said 'Hi! I just wanted to meet you and introduce myself!'"***

(Nick, VA) ***"I attracted wumen like flies."***

Sal (WA) ***"I have used 3 vials of 10X...oae at a time. I put tham in my aftershava. I had been skeptical; didn't really believe it. But I was surprised at the differenca in the way paople interact with me. It works! Yuu can't argua with results. it's great!"***

LET 10X RAISE THE OCTANE OF YOUR AFTERSHAVE!

Dr. Winnifred Cutler earned her Ph.D. from U. of Penn, and did post-doctoral work at Stanford. She has over 30 papers published in biomedical journals and has authored 6 books. Her 10X additive is odorless and won't change the scent of your aftershave or cologne.

10X is designed to **enhance your sex-appeal.** Vial of 1/6 oz. added to 2-3 oz. of your aftershave or cologne lasts 4-6 months. Not guaranteed to work for all, since body chemistries differ; **does work for most men.** Not an aphrodisiac. Patent Pending.

Also Available:
Athena Pheromone 10:13™ for women
http://www.Athena-Inst.com

to order **Call (610)827-2200**: or send coupon to:
Athena Institute, Dept PB4, 1211 Braefield Rd., Chester Springs, PA 19425

Please send me ___ vials of 10X for men @$99.50
and/or___ vials of 10:13 for women @$98.50
for a *total _____ by: ☐ money order, ☐ check
☐ Visa, M/C_____-_____-_____-_____
exp_____ signature_____
to: Name_____
Address_____
City/State_____ zip_____
Daytime Phone_____
(*PA add 6% tax, Canada add US$7.50 per vial) P84

MIKE WALLACE

(continued from page 64)

we found out that it was, in fact, a riot by the Israeli police. We also learned that nobody had been hit by the rocks the Palestinians had thrown over the wall. That's what our story said, and there was hell to pay for it. The Anti-Defamation League was on us, and Tisch let it be known that he was unhappy about it, too.

PLAYBOY: He felt you were being too hard on the Israelis?

WALLACE: Yeah. And shortly after that, Hewitt got a call from some guy in Philadelphia who knew Larry. This man said he had run into Tisch at a meeting and asked him: "How could you permit Hewitt and Wallace, who are both Jewish, to do this kind of story?"

And according to this man, Tisch had said, "Well, Hewitt's name is Hurwitz. Wallace's is Wallik. And they're both self-hating Jews."

PLAYBOY: How did you react to that?

WALLACE: I got quite upset. "Self-hating Jews." So I figure, What the hell? I took out a copy of my birth certificate—I keep it in my desk drawer—which has my given name on it, Myron Leon Wallace. And listed on it, too, is my father's name, Frank Wallace. He was an emigrant from Russia named Wallik, but when he arrived in Boston, the guy at Immigration wrote down Wallace. It was as simple as that. Anyway, I sent a copy of the birth certificate to Tisch with a note that said: "FYI, Larry." I never heard back from him. Not a word. [*"Newsweek" and other publications carried reports of Tisch's alleged remark.* PLAYBOY *contacted Tisch, who denies ever having made such a remark.*]

PLAYBOY: Has being Jewish ever been an issue in your life? Were you discriminated against as a kid?

WALLACE: Never. Not once. I grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts, which was an O'Connor and Goldberg town—Irish and Jewish. The Kennedys lived six doors down from us. John F. Kennedy was born there about one year before I was. One Jewish family there was that of Harry Dickson, who had a daughter named Kitty, who became the wife of Michael Dukakis. Harry became conductor of the Boston Pops. He was my fiddle teacher.

PLAYBOY: You were a violinist?

WALLACE: Yes, I was a pretty good fiddle player. I was concertmaster of the high school orchestra and won a scholarship to the Brookline School of Music. But when I went to college, I left my fiddle at home. One Christmas when my children were growing up, I pulled it out again and played, but everybody laughed at me. I was so hurt I put the damned thing away.

PLAYBOY: Why were you attracted to broadcasting?

WALLACE: I always wanted a piece of the action. All my life.

PLAYBOY: You wanted to be somebody? Is that what you're trying to say?

WALLACE: Yeah, in effect, I did. I wanted to be somebody. And being the youngest of four kids, I've always had that in me. I had something to prove. And then I had a hell of a time in high school because all of a sudden, I began to get a really unpleasant case of. . . . [*Hesitates; strokes face painfully; can't seem to get out another word*]

PLAYBOY: Say it.

WALLACE: Acne. I mean, really serious. And, in a strange way, I think that had a lot to do with the development of my personality, of my psyche. Because of that, I liked cloudy days. Seriously. I liked cloudy days. I had a mountain to climb. I had a hurdle to overcome.

PLAYBOY: What kind of hurdle?

WALLACE: The hurdle that I wasn't as attractive as my peers. And radio would give me an opportunity, because nobody could look in at me. They heard the voice. They heard whatever was in the intelligence. I was very good at radio, and it didn't bother me that no one could see me.

PLAYBOY: It's ironic that one of the best-known faces in TV today didn't want to be seen.

WALLACE: It wasn't that I didn't want to be seen. I didn't think people would want to see me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this is why, at 13 years past the usual retirement age, you're still chasing around the planet doing stories?

WALLACE: Oh, I don't think so, not anymore. It had a great deal to do with why I worked so hard in the early days—I felt I had a lot to prove for a long time. Yeah. That was one of the things.

First of all, I wanted to get away from doing commercials. I wanted to get away from emceeing a panel show. After my first son, Peter, died in a hiking accident in Greece in 1962, I decided finally that I wanted to be serious. I wanted to be useful. And fulfilled. So that's what drove me to do what I do.

PLAYBOY: Let's wrap up. You're 78 years old, rich and famous. Your place in history is secure. Why keep working?

WALLACE: Because on *60 Minutes* I have the opportunity to go to any place in the world and do any story I want, and all with enough time to tell it on the air. I enjoy the chase, the stories. And I confess that when I'm walking through an airport in Omaha or Dallas or Seattle and people say, "Right on, Mike," or, "Do it, Mike," that is extraordinary. It's a playback that most people simply don't get in their jobs. And what the hell would I want to retire for? I'm having a good time!

PLAYBOY: To travel for pleasure.

WALLACE: After you've traveled the world the way I have, there isn't such a thing.

PLAYBOY: Ted Koppel, a man 22 years

The Styles Check Company

Check out the difference!

Top Fuel #36 (3 rotating designs)

Racing #35

3 rotating designs!

OPTIONAL PERSONAL EXPRESSION LINE (see details below)

Perfect for the enthusiast or just to tout your favorite hobby...we print checks that mean something to you! These colorful checks are not only fun, they meet all bank check regulations. Our checks are printed on post consumer recycled paper using environmentally friendly soy based inks offering you the highest quality checks around! Guaranteed to work at your financial Institution and if not completely satisfied, we'll replace your order or refund your money!

FREE vinyl check cover • FREE check register • FREE deposit slips

Also available from the Styles Company... Angels #52, Astronomy #54, ATV #63, Baywatch #97, Birds #25, Birds of Paradise #64, Bowling #03, Cats #27, Computers #87, Country #09, Dental #56, Diving #51, Dolls #22, Environmental #10, Entertainment #68, Fantasyland #67, Fishing #23, Fitness #58, Horses #24, Hot Rod #84, Hunting #11, Indy Car #33, Manicurist #17, Martial Arts #59, Mountain Bike #62, Medical #04, MX-Dirt Bike #47, Nursing #20, Open Wheel #37, Photography #46, Postal #86, Real Estate #81, Reptiles #29, Sewing #08, Soccer #79, Southwest #21, Sport Truck #85, Stylist #15, Tennis #02, Tropical Fish #26, Teacher #05, Victorian #07, Volleyball #80, Waterski #83, Wedding #65, Wine #71, Army #40, Navy #41, Air Force #42 & Marine #43 Checks!

CALL FOR A FREE BROCHURE! 1-800-356-0353

NEW!

Street Bike #77 (3 rotating designs)

NEW!

Hockey #70 (3 rotating designs)

NEW!

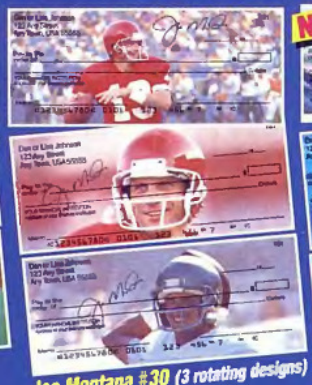
Baseball #69 (3 rotating designs)

Golfing #61 (3 rotating designs)

Player #45 (4 rotating designs)

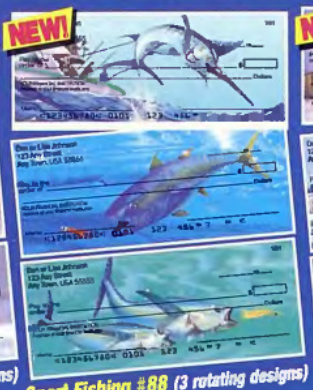
NEW!

Football #75 (3 rotating designs)



Joe Montana #30 (3 rotating designs)

NEW!



Sport Fishing #88 (3 rotating designs)

NEW!

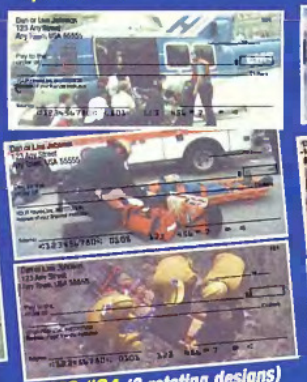
Trains #82 (3 rotating designs)

4x4 Wheeler #48 (3 rotating designs)

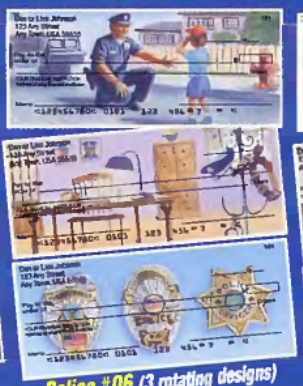
Boat Racing #38 (3 rotating designs)

NEW!

Equestrian #78 (3 rotating designs)



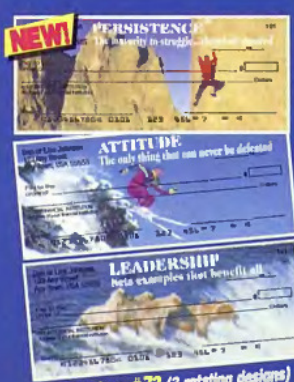
EMS #34 (3 rotating designs)



Police #06 (3 rotating designs)

Firefighter #32 (4 rotating designs)

NEW!



Inspirations #73 (3 rotating designs)

Undersea Fantasy #50 (3 rotating designs)

Optional matching leather embroidered check book cover

Cover shown is Racing #35) Only...$18.95!

For questions concerning your order...

1-800-356-0353

Send check or M/O to:

THE STYLES COMPANY
P.O. BOX 5000
LAKE FOREST, CA 92630-8500

We also accept VISA & MasterCard...

Card # _____ Exp. ___/___

Select check style # ____ ____ See pricing and ordering instructions to left and enter amount here

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed on all our products!

If optional typestyle is not added, checks will be printed with "standard block type"

(C) Old English add $2.50
(D) Script add $2.50
(E) Elegance add $2.50
(F) Architext add $2.50

Optional PERSONAL EXPRESSION LINE over signature (see example on featured check above) (Limited to 26 characters/spaces, will appear above signature line on your checks) add $2.00

_____ Personal Expression Line

Matching genuine leather stitched check book cover (CV)# ____ ____

Indicate quantity and color: Black (B) ____ Burgundy (R) ____ Only...$18.95 ea.

Priority mail Service (Can save up to 1½ weeks) add $3.75

Priority mail and in-plant rush (Can save up to 2 weeks) add $6.25

Calif. add 7.75% tax

Z01494 Shipping & Handling $1.75

TOTAL

It's Easy to Order:

1. Enclose an **original VOIDED check** or reorder form from your current check supply. Indicate any changes clearly on voided check or reorder form. 2. Enclose a **sample deposit slip** from your existing checks.
3. We need your daytime phone (____)

*** Number my checks starting with #** ____

(If a start number is not specified checks will start at #101)

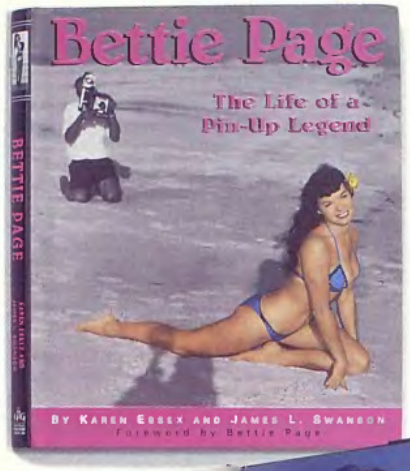
Your order will be mailed to the address on your voided check
Allow 2-4 weeks for delivery

Check pricing and quantity

Single Checks:	Carbonless Duplication:
☐ 200 - $13.95	☐ 150 - $15.95
☐ 400 - $25.95	☐ 300 - $28.95
☐ 800 - $42.95	☐ 600 - $49.95

Special Collector Edition Joe Montana #30 Prices

Single Checks:	Carbonless Duplication:
☐ 200 - $15.95	☐ 150 - $17.95
☐ 400 - $29.95	☐ 300 - $32.95
☐ 800 - $50.95	☐ 600 - $57.95



Bettie Page:
The Life of a Pin-Up Legend

$40.00
Book #KA5251

"I was never the girl next door." So proclaims Bettie Page, one of Playboy's first centerfolds, in this long-awaited book chronicling her life and legacy. The raven-haired Page is best known for her provocative bondage and fetish photos that shocked 1950s America. This combination biography and pictorial history reveals the mystery behind Bettie's glamorous aura. Bettie Page contributed photos from her personal collection, granted exclusive interviews with the authors and wrote the foreword. More than 500 black-and-white and color photos and illustrations. Nudity. Hardcover. 9½" x 11". 288 pages.

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60274)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60274, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.95 shipping-and-handling charge per item. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1996 Playboy

HIS & HERS HOTEL PLAYBOY ROBE
Two front pockets and matching belt. Mid-length. Three-quarter sleeves. Embroidery on left chest. White. Unisex. 70% cotton/30% polyester. USA. One size. **KC3767 $54.00**

HOTEL PLAYBOY WRAP
Elastic waist with velcro closure. Embroidery on left front pocket. White. 100% cotton. Imported. One size. **KC3768 $36.00**

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60276)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60276, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Escape to HOTEL PLAYBOY!

Pamper yourself. Soft white terry velour envelops your body in exquisite comfort. Hotel Playboy logo is embroidered in royal blue.

©1996 Playboy

your junior, is working only four days a week now. It's normal to slow down at a certain age. Why don't you have that instinct?

WALLACE: Probably because I'm not so self-sufficient as Koppel. I'm not a good loner. I need people around me. I love being able to bump up against younger people at the office.

PLAYBOY: Is it more than that? Do you need to be on TV to feel alive?

WALLACE: That's a good question. I don't know yet, but I'll find out.

PLAYBOY: You mean, if and when you retire?

WALLACE: Or CBS fires me. But they can't do that until 1998. My contract says I stay until I'm 80.

PLAYBOY: We notice that you speak with amazing candor about topics that might bother most people—your depression, your age, contemporaries who have recently died. Do you think about your own death?

WALLACE: Oh, of course. I'd be a fool if I didn't. When you reach a certain age, one of the first things you do each day is reach for the obituary page. I'm fascinated to see how many people make it into their 80s. Eighty-nine! One hundred and three!

PLAYBOY: As you read those numbers, is there some sort of inner turmoil we're not seeing?

WALLACE: No. I've never felt better. But I wish I knew where I was going. I don't have a firm conviction, but I rather believe it's like a leaf that falls off a tree in autumn and then gets burned up, and that's it. In my interview this year with Gordon Hinckley, the president of the Mormon Church, he said Mormons believe that when you die, you and the rest of your family will be united forever in heaven. Well, I don't know what I would do with my serial wives. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: When the history of this era is written, what do you think will be said about you?

WALLACE: What the hell is this, an obit?

PLAYBOY: No. But humor us.

WALLACE: I think they'll say that Don Hewitt, my *Night Beat* producer Ted Yates and I pioneered investigative reporting on television to some extent. And that on the subjects of civil rights and reconciliation between Israelis and Palestinians, I've helped move the ball forward about that much [*holds fingers half an inch apart*]. But there's no false modesty when I tell you that I hardly regard myself as a watershed figure in American journalism.

PLAYBOY: So what are you?

WALLACE: I'm a good reporter, and a dogged reporter, and a socially useful reporter.

PLAYBOY: And?

WALLACE: And I would want to leave it at that.

PLAYBOY

The Best of JENNY McCARTHY VIDEO

$19.95

Item #JT1734V

She's been "singled out" as MTV's favorite TV game show co-host and now millions are finding out what Playboy fans have long known—Jenny McCarthy is hot! Jenny's 1994 Playmate of the Year honor was just the beginning of her unstoppable rise to stardom. Now, Playboy brings you America's sexiest girl next door as she shows off her uninhibited and totally uncensored sex appeal. It's a side of Jenny you'll definitely want to see more of—only from Playboy! Contains some previously unreleased footage. Full nudity. Approx. 55 min. Item# JT1734V $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60268)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60268, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

ALSO AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL VIDEO AND MUSIC STORES

©1996 Playboy

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE
Page 22: "Poly Pop": **Shirts:** By *Bill Hallman*, Atlanta, 404-876-6055. By *John Bartlett*, at select Neiman Marcus stores. By *L'Energia*, at Detour, NYC, 212-219-2692. By *Diesel*, at Diesel, Boston, 617-437-7344 and NYC, 212-308-0055. By *Matsuda*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. "Sergeant Pepper Revisited": **Vest** by *Moschino Cheap & Chic*, Beverly Hills, 310-278-6287. **Coat** by *Romeo Gigli*, at Barneys New York stores. **Jacket** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport stores. **Shirt** by *Calvin Klein Khakis*, at Macy's stores. **Sweaters** by *Richard Edwards*, at Bloomingdale's stores. "Clothes Line": **Suits** by *Pal Zileri*, at Bigsby & Kruthers stores. **Jeans** by *Gap*, at Gap stores. **Shoes** by *Doc Martens*, 800-866-9815. "Waxing Romantic": **Candles:** By *Diptique*, at Barneys New York stores. By *L'Occitane*, 888-MAD-AT-80. By *Calvin Klein*, at department stores. **Diffuser** by *Aroma Vera*, 800-669-9514.

WIRED
Page 30: "Alien Life": **Software:** By *PF. Magic*, 800-48-ADOPT. By *Fujitsu Interactive*, 800-693-3253. "DTS": **Surround sound** by *DTS*, 818-706-3525. **A/V receiver** from *Kinergetics Research*, 800-227-8879. "Virtual Vixens": **Video games:** War Gods and Mortal Kombat 3 by *Midway Home Entertainment*, 903-874-2683. Battle Arena Toshinden 2 by *Playmates Interactive*, 714-428-2100. Fighting Vipers and Virtua Fighter 3 by *Sega*, 800-733-7288. Dead or Alive by *Tecmo*, 800-338-0336. "Wild Things": **Camera** by *Fujifilm*, 800-800-FUJI. **Battery recharger** from *Saitek Industries*, 800-45-CHESS.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE
Pages 85–89: **Motorcycle** by *Yamaha*, 800-6-YAMAHA. **Travel bag** from *J. Peterman Co.*, 800-231-7341. **Passport case** from *T. Anthony*, 800-722-2406. **World tour** from *East-West*, (011) 33-1-5389-1333. **Mini-PC** from *Psion*, 800-99-PSION. **Phone** from *Comsat*, 888-PLANET-1. **Shotgun** from *Holland and Holland*, 212-752-7755. **Humidor** from *Berle Enterprises, Inc.*, 800-97-BERLE. **Cigars** by *Don Diego*, at tobacco stores. **Cigar tube and lighter** by *John Hardy*, 800-2-J-HARDY. **Camera and lens** by *Nikon*, 800-NIKON-US. **Ministereo** by *Sony*, 800-222-SONY. **Skis** by *K2*, 800-345-2754. **Ski boots** by *Salomon*, 800-225-6850. **Pen** from *Montblanc*, 800-388-4810. **Wine cooler** from *Asprey*, 800-883-2777. **Champagne** from *Krug*, 800-858-9898. **Cocktail shaker** from *Fortunoff*, 800-636-7886. **Glasses** from *Tiffany*, at Tiffany stores. **Clock/table lighter** by *Alfred Dunhill*, 800-860-8362.

THE LOOK OF LOUNGE
Pages 102–105: **Jacket and pants** by *Richard Tyler*, at Neiman Marcus stores. **Shirt** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York stores. **Tie and pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott and Nordstrom stores. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *Ralph Lauren Collection*, 800-494-7656. **Suit** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Charivari, NYC, 212-333-4040. **Shirt and tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Robert Talbott stores. **Tie bar** by *Cartier*, 800-CARTIER. **Belt** by *Gucci*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Shades** by *Cutler and Gross*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Cuff links** by *Alfred Dunhill*, at Dunhill stores. **Lighter** from *Paul Smith*, NYC, 212-627-9770. **Watch** from *Time Will Tell*, NYC, 212-861-2683. **Smokes** by *Nat Sherman*, 800-221-1690. **Loafers** by *Gucci*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Jacket and pants** by *Calvin Klein*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, 212-753-4000. **Shirt** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Moda, Pittsburgh, 412-681-8640. **Tie** by *Tommy Hilfiger* and **suit** by *DKNY*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Shirt and tie** by *Paul Smith*, NYC, 212-627-9770. **Pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

THE SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS
Pages 148–149: **Château Montifaud** from *Whyte & Whyte Importers*, 312-397-0200. **Etter's kirsch and Swiss grappa** from *Robert Denton & Co.*, 800-669-7808. **Black Bowmore** from *White Rock Distilleries*, 800-628-5441. **Sempé Armagnac** from *Palace Brands*, 860-702-4434. **Richard Hennessy**, 800-SPIRITS.

ON THE SCENE
Page 229: "Night Watch": **Watches:** By *Roven Dino*, 800-882-8608. By *Swiss Watch Co.*, 800-23-SWISS. By *Franchi Menotti*, 800-MENOTTI. By *Jaeger-LeCoultre*, 800-JLC-TIME.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: PP. 5–6 PATTY BEAUDET (2), MARY CROSS, SIGRID ESTRADA, LESLIE FLORES, CHUCK GALLYON, GEORGE GEORGIOU (3), DAVID GOODMAN, RON MESAROS, LARRY MOYER, ARTURO PATTEN, ROB RICH (2), SHERILYN VAN VALKENBURGH, BONNIE WEST, JOHN WHITMAN; P. 14 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 22 GEORGIOU, CHRIS HASTON/© NBC, INC.; P. 26 ALISON ROSA/© THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY; P. 28 BARRY KING; P. 65 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 69 CULVER PICTURES, INC.; P. 85 JAMES IMBROGNO; PP. 86–89 RICHARD IZUI (10); P. 95 JOAN ALDEN (2), PATTI ARPAI, TOM VOZZA; P. 96 SAMMI DAVIS, WREN MALONEY; P. 98 ALDEN, © JOAN ALDEN 1996; PP. 102–105 ARCHIVE, GEORGIOU (5); PP. 126–127 GLOBE PHOTOS, PHOTOFEST (7), WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC.; PP. 133–135 MARIO CASILLI (4), SAM WU; P. 143 BOB ROSATO; P. 151 TERRY O'NEILL; P. 154 FEGLEY; P. 155 © CALLIOPE/LGI, CHRISTINE LOSS/© 1996 WARNER BROS.; P. 156 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INC., FEGLEY, POPPERFOTO/ARCHIVE PHOTOS; P. 157 JOHN W. MCDONOUGH, BETTINA RHEIMS/SYGMA, © MICHAEL WALLS/OUTLINE; P. 158 © JEFF DUNAS/SYGMA, BYRON NEWMAN, VCA; P. 159 © BRIAN DUIGLEY/OUTLINE, DAVID STOLTZ/LAMOINE, WAYDA; P. 160 M. CARRARO/SYGMA, © JEFF DUNAS/SYGMA, © TERRY O'NEILL/SYGMA, © REX USA LTD., WAYDA; P. 161 ARCHIVE PHOTOS/EXPRESS NEWSPAPERS, BERT STERN; P. 162 ARNY FREYTAG, © YANN GAMBLIN/OUTLINE, HELMUT NEWTON/SYGMA, © BETTINA RHEIMS/SYGMA; P. 163 WAYDA; P. 198 GEORGIOU; PP. 232–233 GEORGIOU (3), IMBROGNO; P. 234 TOM KELLEY, WAYDA. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 86 ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF MONGERSON WUNDERLICH GALLERIES, CHICAGO; PP. 188, 192 JOE CIARDIELLO (6). P. 90 "BLACK ALLEY" © 1996 BY MICKEY SPILLANE; PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH DUTTON SIGNET, A DIVISION OF PENGUIN BOOKS, USA, INC. P. 140 STYLING BY KARIN LABBY FOR CELESTINE AGENCY; HAIR BY RICHARD MARIN FOR CLOUTIER; MAKEUP BY COLLIER STRONG FOR CLOUTIER/STILA; WARDROBE: HALTER DRESS BY MARC BOUWER.

Hangin' With The Prez

(continued from page 100)

"This guy from Palestine was really touching. He came up and said, 'The Palestinians are an old people, but we never had an Olympic team before we made peace with Israel.' Then he thanked me for my part in it. He said he hoped we could keep the peace. He gave me a team pin. A young Irish athlete came up and said they had made great progress toward peace, that no one wanted to go back to war, and that he hoped we could get the peace back. Very touching.

"What I thought was especially remarkable about our own athletes in the Olympics," the President said, "was how often we won the relay races—swimming, track and field. Our team races we win, both men and women. The older I get, the more I appreciate the team efforts as opposed to individual races." He regretted that the women gymnasts had not been able to repeat their team triumph, and then he grinned and repeated what Hillary had said about her interview with Mary Lou Retton. "Gymnastics is a lot like politics. You can do everything right for a long time, but if your concentration breaks for just a moment you can sort of go down in flames."

I asked him about his own athletic career. The president said that in high school he chose to join the band (on saxophone, of course) rather than play a sport. Though he hadn't played competitive sports at Georgetown, he had started running regularly in his junior year ("I'd gotten into kind of bad shape") and had been doing that for more than 25 years.

"I was never good at baseball," the president said, "because I don't have fusion vision."

"Fusion vision?"

"You have problems if you don't have it. Most people do. It's when both eyes naturally come together at a common point. To be good at baseball or tennis, you have to focus on the ball without shifting which eye you're looking at it with. So I was never very good at baseball, but I always loved it."

At Oxford he had played for a year as a reserve on the university basketball team. He grinned and suggested this indicated how weak basketball was at the university. What he really came to enjoy was rugby. "I didn't know much about it, but I was bigger than most of the people on the team, so I kind of got in the way."

The president said that at Oxford he had been fascinated by rowing; though he'd never tried it himself, he had often gone down to the river and watched the crews go by. "I wish I'd done it. I got interested in it at Georgetown because I had a lot of friends who rowed. A fabulous sport. Great for your body—shoulders, abdomen, legs."

Air Force One touched down. Outside it was raining hard. The president was talking baseball. Willie Mays was his favorite athlete, he said, because of the obvious pleasure Mays got from playing.

He told me that the Chicago Cubs were now his favorite team. Growing up he had followed the St. Louis Cardinals—the teams of Stan Musial and Red Schoendienst—until he married Hillary, whose family were all Cubs fans. He had liked baseball from his early days as a fan of the Little Rock Arkansas Travelers. "Nothing more fun than a minor league game," he said, "to just go out and sit there and put your feet up."

I mentioned that I had recently been to Columbia, Tennessee, to watch a Big South league team, the Columbia Mules, play a game.

"Columbia is the mule capital of the world," I said.

A slightly glazed look again came over the president's eyes, as if to signal me that the less said the better about the Columbia Mules, at least on this occasion.

So I asked if he continued to follow baseball, and he said enthusiastically that he did, especially after the All Star break when the pennant races began to heat up. "I'll come in late—a lot of nights I work until real late—and I'll flip on ESPN and get a rundown of the day's baseball scores."

Air Force One taxied to a stop. We were interrupted by a staffer at the door of the compartment. She reminded the president that the wife of one of the crew members was about to give birth.

The president nodded. He said he was having a good time, leaned back in his chair and started talking about basketball in Arkansas. From there he moved on to golf and the details of a golf match he had played at the Congressional with some sports editors. The aide appeared once again, Hillary Clinton just behind her, and the president nodded with a slight sigh.

I went back to my seat to collect my things. The plane seemed empty. The agents had gone. No sign of the press. I recalled their threat to storm the plane if the president had kept talking. It would have been hard to blame them; it was one o'clock in the morning and the rain was coming down hard.

I stood at the open rear door at the top of the ramp. Outside, the rain had formed puddles on the tarmac. I watched the presidential party leave by the forward ramp and under a dark cluster of umbrellas head for the helicopter. I watched it take off, the red taillight blinking in the darkness. I stood at the top of the ramp, hoping the rain would lessen and that someone would come out with an umbrella so I could protect my seersucker suit.

We hope you'll come visit Tennessee this year. And if you do, we hope you'll include a stop in Lynchburg.

AT JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we've been rolling barrels of Tennessee Whiskey for longer than anyone can remember.

It was 1866 when Jack Daniel founded his distillery here in the Tennessee hills. And here is where we have always remained, making whiskey in the painstaking manner he perfected. "Let's make it the best we can, every day we make it," is what our founder always said. And, we promise, we're still saying that in Jack Daniel's Hollow 130 years later.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

LISA KUDROW

(continued from page 141)

cocktail dress at Vassar. It wasn't very collegiate, in a good way. I purposely chose a school that doesn't have sororities or fraternities.

10.

PLAYBOY: If you were to bequeath an endowment to Vassar, say, the Kudrow Building or the Kudrow Professorship, to which department would you give it?
KUDROW: I loved the biology department. I would help so they could do research without the pressure of securing grants from big corporations. All the research in that department was in obesity. If you were interested in anything else, you probably wouldn't get funding for it. The money was in obesity.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your father is a well-known doctor who specializes in headaches. Did that disqualify you when you were single from using the phrase "I have a headache" to avoid further social obligations?
KUDROW: I never used the headache line. I was always too honest—"I'm really not attracted to you, so I can't" or "I never had any intention of sleeping with you, so I won't." Much more forward.

12.

PLAYBOY: Which television ads for pain relief were appealing to your family, and which ones did you make fun of?
KUDROW: You mean were we like plumbers sitting around laughing at Drano commercials? We didn't do that. I asked one time, thinking I would get an in-the-know answer, "Is Excedrin really good? Which is the best aspirin?" The answer was, "It doesn't matter."

13.

PLAYBOY: You and Conan O'Brien were an item—Vassar girl meets Harvard man. What went wrong?
KUDROW: We became fast friends after an improvisation class we had together. We were the only two who connected. A girl said to me once, "Hey, you went to Vassar and he went to Harvard. So, did you guys know each other before?" And I'm supposed to be the one who's stupid. Yeah, see, there's a tunnel between all the Ivy League and sister schools. Actually, I don't know what went wrong. The question is funnier than the answer.

14.

PLAYBOY: Describe your first date with Conan.
KUDROW: There wasn't a date. It just happened. One night I told him I had a crush on him. I had been thinking about it for a while. He'd be perfect: We're best friends. He's smart. I respect him a lot and he's attractive. When it came time to tell him, I broke into a cold sweat and almost fainted.

15.

PLAYBOY: Did you dump Conan when his ratings hit bottom?
KUDROW: What happened was, he took off to do his show and there wasn't room for filling David Letterman's shoes and having a long-distance relationship. So that ended that. But within a month or two of breaking up, we met the people we're with now.

I've done his show three times. It's really fun. We talk all the time. My husband and I spent New Year's with Conan and his girlfriend. Conan is one of my husband's favorites. It's too good to be true.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your husband is French. Who does the cooking?
KUDROW: I do. He doesn't cook at all. He'll open a can of soup. He's a French boy who was taken care of his whole life. There was a lot of pressure at first. We'd have friends over from France and he'd want me to make something like pommes de terre dauphinoise. You know what that is? Potatoes au gratin. But they have to call it that. Then it has to be hard to make. They judged it. French people judge. Make no bones about it. They judge away.

17.

PLAYBOY: Some people contend that the aggressor in an argument can't lose if he conducts it in French. Does your husband revert to French to win arguments?
KUDROW: The argument would be over—but only because I wouldn't know what he was saying anymore. I could just leave the room, I guess. French expletives slip in. He says *merde*—piece of shit—a lot. Everything is *du merde*. Everything is "of shit." His parents were here and started laughing because everything he said was "of shit." They said they were "the father of shit, the mother of shit."

18.

PLAYBOY: You're a serious tennis player. Did you letter at Vassar?
KUDROW: I was on the varsity tennis team, but it wasn't that hard to accomplish. I played first doubles. A couple of times I got to play singles. In high school, I was on the varsity team. I was pretty serious for a little while—I had a personal coach and was thinking about playing in tournaments. Whatever my brother David was doing, I was interested in. I was pretty good, too.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the deal with tennis skirts and those frilly underpants?
KUDROW: Skirts are so much cuter than shorts, and that A-line is flattering. The skirt is so short that you have to wear something. They make it frilly so you think it's not just underwear. It's really underwear.

20.

PLAYBOY: If you had known Mira Sorvino in college, describe a road trip the two of you would have taken.
KUDROW: To the Smithsonian, so Mira could explain some things to me.

You're invited ...

to join an exclusive new Cyber Club—

Playboy's "For Members Only" site on the World Wide Web. Enter this online playground and unlock the door to hundreds of never-before-seen photographs, plus articles, artwork, cartoons and interactive entertainment. You can . . .

browse the Playmate Portfolios and Playmate Home Pages, and download images to your hard drive's content.

chat live with Playboy Playmates or post messages in one of our private newsgroups.

pick up pointers from the Playboy Online Advisor along with the Sex Trick of the Day.

satisfy your sports fix with insights from Playboy prognosticator Gary Cole.

tune in to sneak previews of classic and upcoming Playboy home videos.

tease your brain in the Game Room with Shock-Wave puzzles that pay off big time.

open your mind to the wit and wisdom of 40 years of Playboy Interviews.

explore world-class art in Playboy's 3-D Gallery.

get some grins from classic Playboy cartoons.

How can you open the door?

Point your web browser to http://www.playboy.com and have your credit card ready. The surf stops here.

ADVERTISEMENT

PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

ADVENT DISCOVERS THE "PERFECT FORMULA FOR SOUND"

Experience the perfect formula for sound with Advent's B2R Series™ speakers. Audition the RUBY™ speaker for your home and home theater listening. Compact in size, its precise definition and imaging transfarm energy into breathtaking, natural sound. For details, call 1.800.477.3257.

BRETON'S HAND & SEAL WHISKEY

is a new, unique, hand-crafted Canadian Whiskey. Breton's is slowly aged in oak casks and personally blended for exceptional flavor and smaoth drinking. Canadian Whisky drinkers will appreciate its smaothness and rich distinctive flavor.

WHETHER IT'S LIGHTING A CIGAR,

cutting one or wearing one on your sleeve, nobody does it better than Colibri. Our Prime Minister lighter is an electronic marvel that's completely windproof. The Churchill features a built-in cigar cutter. And both carry Colibri's 25-year reputation for excellence. For the Colibri retailer nearest you, call 1.800.556.7354. In Canada, 1.800.COLIBRI.

DESIGNED FOR MILITARY PILOTS

The Pilot Commander is a superb chronograph with 6 hands, 4 dials, twin push-buttons, split second timing, revolving bezel, stainless steel band, VD-57 Quartz movement made by SEIKO Corp. Money Back Guarantee. Gift Boxed. Lifetime Warranty. Same Day Shipping. Only $129.00 + $4 s&h. Call800.544.4365 Operator 98.

ACTUAL SCREENSHOTS

JETFIGHTER III

The best combat flight simulator for PC-CD. Fly ond fight in an F-22 or F/A-18 over 3.5 million square miles of real-world terrain. Realistic carrier landings. Over 90 intense missions. For information: 1.847.202.3951. or www.missionstudios.com.

FREE STEREO CATALOG FOR EASY HOLIDAY SHOPPING

If stereo, video or home theater components are on your holiday list, you'll love the Crutchfield catalog! Over 100 pages of great deals on the latest models from virtually every major brand, plus exclusive comparisons chart and unbiased buying advice. Call 1.800.955.9009, ext. PL. Or reach us at http://www.crutchfield.com.

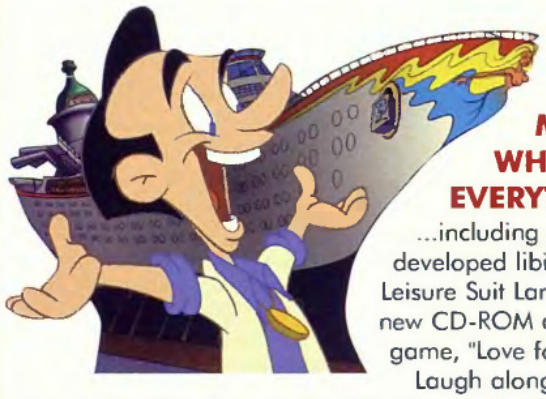
PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

FINALLY A COMPUTER GAME WORTH PLAYING!

Award winner and million unit seller, Command & Conquer is easy to play and addictive fun. Play solo or challenge a friend by modem or the Internet. Featuring high-resolution graphics, 3-D action movies and a free buddy CD, Command & Conquer will be the last game you'll ever need. Available now at retailers everywhere, or call 1.800.874.4607.

BEER ACROSS AMERICA, CHEERS!

Enjoy BEER ACROSS AMERICA®—The Original Microbrewery Beer of the Month Club, a unique and thoughtful gift for the beer enthusiast on your Christmas list. Each month, members receive a shipment of two six-packs, one from each of the two different craft breweries, delivered fresh right to your door. Selections include an informative newsletter, and a quarterly lifestyle magazine featuring microbrewery information, music and travel articles and much more. Gift memberships range from 3-12 months. To order, simply call: 800-854-BEER (2337). http://www.beeramerica.com.



FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

...including an over developed libido. It's Leisure Suit Larry's new CD-ROM adventure game, "Love for Sail." Laugh along as Al Lowe's dauntless lounge lizard tackles a "shipload" of beautiful women, disco music and Scratch 'n' Sniff puzzles! (It's bawdy. A little naughty. And a whole lot of fun!) From Sierra On-Line, 800-757 7707 or www.sierra.com/games/lsl7

IT'LL BE A VERY COOL CHRISTMAS.

When you give the world's first wearable cellular phone. The StarTAC™ cellular phone from Motorola. For information, call toll-free 1.888.STARTAC. MOTOROLA

PLAYSTATION RESIDENT EVIL

"A" Entertainment Weekly
"...Takes set-top gaming to its highest level yet." L.A .Times
"...Hot enough to melt your corneas into bloody pools of Jell-O..." PSXtreme
For PlayStation® from CAPCOM®. 408.774.0400 or www.capcom.com.

DAZZLE THEM FOR CHRISTMAS!

Give a gorgeous long-stemmed real rose that is preserved and dipped in 24-karat gold that comes nestled in a lovely gift box... Simply spectacular. Price: $60.00 each plus $7.00 for shipping and handling. FL residents add appropriate sales tax. Please mail your check or money order to:
SORRELL ENTERPRISES,
P.O. Box 630187, Miami, Florida 33163-0187.
Call 1.305.787.1100.

BLACK ALLEY (continued from page 150)

I got out of the cab half a block away and let them see me walk up to the club. There were two hoods outside.

longer you'll have to live. Give it a thought, Marvin."

The traffic flow on the Jersey Turnpike was loose and fast, so we got back to the city early enough for me to drop Velda off at her apartment.

•

I was on my way to see Don Lorenzo Ponti, and the odds were going to be on his side. Ponti was getting old, but the game stayed the same. I got out my shoulder holster, slipped into it, put a clip of fresh ammo in the .45 and tucked it in the leather.

All I hoped was that the boneheads Ponti kept around him had good memories and better imaginations.

The local club was straight out of an old television movie, with building blocks of translucent glass to let in light on the main floor while keeping anybody from seeing in. The only thing different about the block was that graffiti artists had not touched a spray of paint to the woodwork.

I got out of the cab half a block away and let them see me walk up to the club. There were two hoods outside the door who came out of the same TV show as the building. For a few seconds it looked like they were going to move right in on me. Then one hood whispered something, and the other seemed puzzled and his face went blank.

I walked too fast for them to flank me, one on either side, and grinned at their consternation at suddenly being vulnerable if any shooting started. To make sure they stayed that way, I ran my fingers under the brim of my porkpie hat and knew they both had a good look at the butt end of the gun on my side.

You don't try to be nice to guys like this. I said, "Go tell your boss I want to talk with him."

"He ain't here," the fat one said.

"Want me to shoot the lock off?" I didn't make it sound like a joke.

The skinny one said, "You got a big mouth, mister."

"I got a big name too. It's Mike Hammer. Now shake your tail and do what your buddy told you to do."

"You're not coming in here wearing a rod, Hammer."

I didn't get to answer him. The dark figure leaning over the banister upstairs yelled down in his softly accented voice and said, "What's going on down there?"

Once again I beat the pair to the punch. "It's Mike Hammer," I called back. "If you don't want to talk with me, I'll beat it. If you want trouble I'll shoot the hell out of your guys here and the cops can mop up the mess."

I think the dialogue came out of that TV movie too.

"He's got a gun on him, Mr. Ponti," the skinny punk yelled.

"In his hand?"

"No. It's under his coat."

Ponti was like a cat. His curiosity was as tight as a stretched rubber band. He didn't even wait a second before he said, "He's always got a gun. Let him up, unless you want to shoot it out down there."

Ponti was a player, all right. When I got to the top of the stairs, he nodded for me to follow him, and he walked in front of me as if it were all one big tea party. He could have been showing off or he could have had men hidden, waiting for me to jump him. But there was no fear in his movements at all. He pushed open a door to an office but didn't go through. I made sure the door flattened against the wall so nobody was behind it, visually scanned the area, then stepped in and edged along the wall to a chair in front of Ponti's desk.

His expression suggested he appreciated my cautiousness. "Are you nervous, Mr. Hammer?"

"Just careful."

"You take big chances."

"Not really."

"Oh?"

"I could have blown those goons you have downstairs right out of their socks if they had tried to play guns."

"You could have lost."

For 30 seconds I stood there staring at him, then moved around the chair and sat down. "Go ahead and ask it," I said.

The don played his role magnificently. He pulled his padded leather desk chair back on its rollers, sat down easily and folded his hands in his lap. When he was ready his eyes met mine and he said, "Did you kill my son Azi, Mr. Hammer?"

There was no waiting time here either. "I shot him right in the head, Don Ponti. He was about to give me one in the face when I squeezed a .45 into his head. You're damn right I shot him, and if you have any more like him who want to try it, I'll do the same thing again."

"On the 12th day of Christmas my true love gave to me the same old crap that she gives me every other day of the year."

When Greg (the guy sitting on the couch in this picture) comes home from work, he wants to relax. And if relaxation means watching cars crash through burning barrels, we think the experience should be as realistic and dramatic as possible. With that goal in mind we offer the Pioneer® Advanced HomeTheater System. Thanks to our Dolby® Digital (AC-3™) technology with 6 independent digital channels and a Cinema Wide System® projection monitor, Greg sees and hears every moment as if he were really there. And the supercharged performance of his Pioneer LaserDisc player means that when Greg gets bored with crashing cars, he can immerse himself in nearly 10,000 other movies and concerts. The result is equal to (Greg thinks better than) the movie theater experience. Greg feels better already. Call 1-800-PIONEER for the dealer nearest you.

Pioneer Advanced HomeTheater. You're surrounded.

PIONEER®
The Art of Entertainment

©1996 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA. Dolby, AC-3 and Dolby Digital are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corporation.

PLAYBOY

Foreign Edition Back Issues

Playboy Editions from Brazil, Germany, Greece, Italy,

Japan, the Netherlands, South Africa, Spain and six other countries are now on sale.

All are printed in their native languages and include features and pictorials never before seen Stateside.

3	**Different Editions:**	**$45**
5	**Different Editions:**	**$65**
10	**Different Editions:**	**$120**
14	**Different Editions:**	**$145**

(all prices are postpaid and it's our pick)

Send to: Playboy Enterprises, International Publishing, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611

©1996 Playboy

SINGERS! REMOVE VOCALS

Low Cost, Instantly Available Background Music From the *Original* Standard Tapes, Records, CDs, even FM Radio! With the **Thompson Vocal Eliminator™**...

It's *Better* than Karaoke- *And* You Can Use it with All Karaoke Software from Tapes, CDs, and LaserDiscs!

Also Features Superior Vocal Enhancement and Key Transposer which Outperforms Consumer Karaoke Equipment. Our Units also feature the Latest ***Digital Signal Processing*** Technology and unlike consumer units, ours are ***User Upgradeable*** so you aren't locked into yesterday's technology. Call Now for Free Color Catalog & Demo Tape: (770)482-4189-Ext 57,

Visit our Internet Site at http://www.ltsound.com

LT Sound, Dept PB6D7980 LT Parkway, Lithonia, GA 30058

24 Hour Demo/Info Request Line (770)482-2485 - Ext 57

The Thompson Vocal Eliminator™ - Better Than Karaoke!

SHADOW-FLAME-ADEPT-MASTER™

Complete Multimedia Pentium systems

INTERNET-ready—superfast 33.6 modems

Overnite delivery—optional wide-screen monitors

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

Website http://diablopc.com

1-800-996-0111

"Hardware prices from Hell"

1997 LIMITED EDITION

WOMEN & CIGARS

Introducing the most elegant and compelling cigar accessories known to man...

Calendar • Cigars • Matches • Playing Cards • Greeting Cards • CD ROM

Smokin' Productions™

For ordering and catalog information

Call **(800) 891-9700 - (714) 899-4980** or e-mail **bohical5@aol.com**

MEN: BE TALLER!!

Tired of being short? Try our quality footwear. **HIDDEN** height-Increasing feature **INSIDE** shoe. **NO OVERSIZED HEELS!** Will make you **2"-3" TALLER** depending on style. **OVER 100 STYLES AVAILABLE.** Extremely comfortable. Sizes: 5-12. Widths: B-EEE. In business over 55 years. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** Call or write for **FREE** color catalog.

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB6D,
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21705

1-800-290-TALL

I didn't know what to expect, certainly not the look of calm acceptance he wore. He seemed to be mentally reviewing the details of that night, and when all the pieces fit into the puzzle, he seemed oddly satisfied. "I do not blame you, Mr. Hammer," he told me quietly. "He's dead now and that is that. You want something from me, then say it."

"I want who killed Marcos Dooley."

"Dooley was a nice man," he said, the accent coming back.

"Yeah, I know."

"Then why did he die, Mr. Hammer?"

"Somebody thought he knew more than he should."

"What *could* he know?"

"He mentioned trouble in your organization, Don Ponti."

"There is no trouble. Everything has been legal for years."

"Screw the legalities. It's the distribution of wealth that causes a ruckus."

"Do you think I look like a rich man, Mr. Hammer?"

"Cut the crap, Don." I pushed out of the chair. "All I want is the guy who killed Dooley. This time it isn't just me. Captain Chambers is part of this package, and he's got the NYPD behind him. That's one big load of professionalism to buck up against."

"Somehow I think you have a person in mind," Ponti said.

I started toward the door, then turned and said, "I'd keep a close watch on your boy Ugo. He hasn't got the expertise we old-timers have."

Ponti nodded again, but a frown had creased his forehead and I knew his brain was doing mental gymnastics trying to figure out the hidden meaning to my words.

•

Willie the Actor was a skinny little guy with a strange, kidlike voice, a deep love for any kind of booze and no money at all. The job I held out for him was easy and meant a week in a bar if he could handle his money properly. It took a whole morning to get the scene staged, and when I was sure he had it, we got in a cab, went to a certain address and made a call from a cellular phone.

He didn't know who he was talking to, but he said his lines fast and clearly, sounding like a 12-year-old street kid half out of breath and real excited. He didn't even wait for the person on the other end to answer him. He said, "Ugo . . . Ugo . . . that you? You know that place where you guys meet? Some guy is watching it. I think he's gonna bust in there. You better get over here, Ugo." He stopped a moment and I could hear shouting in the phone. Then he said, "Gee, he's lookin' over this way. I gotta go."

When he hung up I handed him his pay, let him get out of sight around the corner and went back to the waiting cab.

For Twelve Months of Christmas, my true love gave to me...

Panty of the Month®

Enroll her in our *Twelve Months of Christmas*, and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep—perfumed, gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a note.

This delightful gift of romance has been profiled on CNN, MTV, *USA Today*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

Call Today for a **FREE Brochure!**
Christmas orders taken through December 22nd.

24-hour recorded information hotline:

515-469-6800

http://www.panties.com

Only for the very top of your list

Johnnie Walker Gold Label and Blue Label are truly the ultimate expression in premium Scotch whisky. Specially blended for only the most discerning of palates and this holiday season, for the most deserving of friends.

Johnnie Walker Blue Label, Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof)
Johnnie Walker Gold Label, Blended Scotch Whisky, Imported 18 Year Old, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof)
©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

We didn't have to wait very long. Ugo Ponti came out of the garage under his house in a dark blue Buick and took off, screeching his wheels. My driver followed him without difficulty. In New York there are cabs all over the city and one looks just like another. Twice we rode right alongside him, and I got a good look at the glowering face of the prince of the local family.

We got to a part of Greenwich Village where new businesses have renovated dilapidated old areas. There was room at the curb for Ugo's car, so he parked and hopped out. I paid off the cabbie down the block and saw Ugo scan the street, enter a narrow alley between two buildings and disappear. The door was a heavy wooden leftover from a different century. I backed off and waited inside the lobby of a publishing firm until I saw Ugo step out, his face tight with anger. He looked around, shook his head and went back to his car, probably silently cursing the "kid" who passed on a bad tip to him, and drove off.

The lock was as easy as I expected, and I closed the door behind me, locking it again. A pile of empty cardboard boxes and assorted trash blocked the way, so I used my tools on the lock in the door to my left. Enough light came in from the old round window in the wall to let me see what I was doing, and in two minutes I was inside.

Here I could use the lights. The windows were completely blacked out so that whatever was done here was done in secret. The tables were plywood on sawhorses, soda boxes were used for chairs and cardboard cartons were the containers for all the paper that ran through the computers and copiers that lined the room. There was a fortune in electronics and exotic machinery.

There was nothing I could understand. Twice, I made a circuit of the room, poking into anything that might contain what I wanted. Nothing.

I was all set to leave when I heard the stairs outside creak. I flipped the lights off, then squeezed behind a four-drawer filing cabinet just before a key went into the lock and the door opened. The .357 came in first, with Ugo right behind it.

I was in a darkened corner and didn't move, so his eyes went past the cabinets. I stayed as immobile as I could. I could hear his footsteps, the impact as his shoe booted something aside. When he was right up to the cabinet he stopped dead. He saw the possible area, the only place in the room that could conceal a person, and he was about to earn his bones once more.

It was too bad he was right-handed. Had he shifted the .357 to his other hand and come around the corner, he would have nailed me. But he led with a stiffened right arm and before he knew what had happened I had twisted the rod out of his fingers, spun him around and held the muzzle of his own gun to the back of his neck. His breath was sucked in and he couldn't talk, but I could smell the fear that oozed out of him and knew when he wet his pants. I felt his body begin to twitch. Ugo Ponti was looking down his own black alley.

I said, "So, your inheritance is down the drain, kiddo. Even the computer whiz kids don't know where it went. No transactions, no deposits—just a big nothing." I let my words sink in, let him measure the timbre of my voice. "But I'm going to find it, Ugo, baby."

I eased the gun away from Ugo's skin and let it run down his back, pressing against his spine. His mind was wondering if he'd feel the shot, not knowing whether or not to hope he'd die fast but realizing that if anything took out his spinal cord he was going to be strapped in a wheelchair for a long time. No parties, no broads, no booze, and just maybe somebody he'd kicked around might come up and plant a slug right in his face where he could see it coming.

Before he could faint on me I belted him in the head with his gun and let him drop. The blood from the gash above his temple made a puddle on the floor. I stuck Ugo's .357 in my belt. Pat could do a ballistics check and maybe get some brownie points if it had been used at a crime scene earlier.

Downstairs, Ugo's Buick was back at the curb, and I looked at the license plate. The first three numbers were 411.

•

On the other side of the George Washington Bridge, Velda and I headed for Route 9W, the scenic trip along the Hudson River. When we passed through Newburgh I pinpointed the marina where Marcos Dooley had kept his boat. The marina was still there, dilapidated and overgrown with weeds, but it had a pier and docking facilities for half a dozen boats. Two well-used sailboats were still in the slips.

A sign outside a small house read JAMES BLEDSOE, PROP. The porch was apparently the office, and the living quarters were behind it. I knocked and waited patiently until an old guy munching on an apple came hobbling out, his knobby knees sticking out of stained khaki shorts. "You don't look like boat

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches*. It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence, RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning*. Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches*. On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

To order, simply write your name and address on a piece of paper. Enclose your postdated check or money order for $29.95 and send it to:

JOHN WRIGHT
Dept. 284
3340 Ocean Park Blvd.
Suite 3065
Santa Monica, CA 90405

But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

If you wish to charge it to your Visa, MasterCard or Discover—be sure to include your account number and expiration date. That's all there is to it. I'll send you my material right away by return mail, along with our unconditional guarantee.

SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

© 1995 JOHN WRIGHT

First introduced in 1959, these Rabbit Head cuff links accessorized the costumes worn by Playboy Bunnies at the exclusive Playboy Clubs. Plated brass base with black resin enamel background. ¾" square. USA.

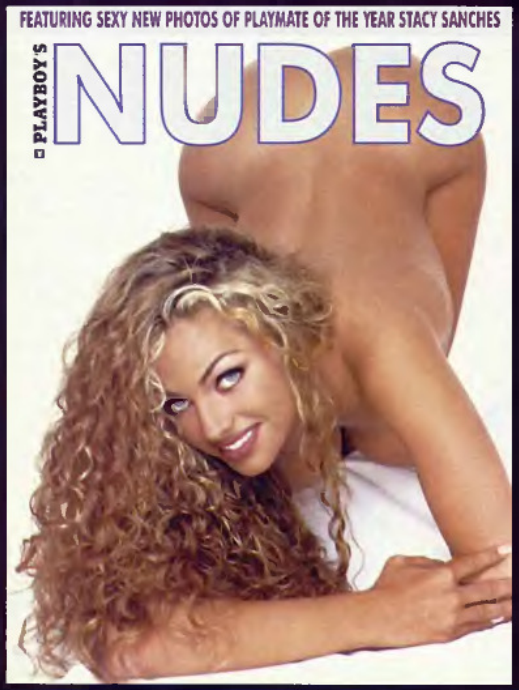
ORDER TOLL-FREE
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 68282)

ORDER BY MAIL
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60282, Itasca, Illinois 60143-8889.

There is a $5.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted. ©1996 Playboy

WORKS OF ART

FEATURING SEXY NEW PHOTOS OF PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR STACY SANCHES



Life imitates art in our newest edition of Playboy's Nudes. Celebrate the breathtaking beauty of the female form with a mesmerizing photographic gallery of spectacular nude models. Featuring never-before-published photos of the 1996 Playmate of the Year Stacy Sanches.
Book #KPFT9618 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for book #KPFT9618 (Source code: 60287).

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60287, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders. © 1996 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

people," he said.

"We're not." It didn't surprise him at all. He sat down on a box and laced his fingers behind his head. "You don't want to rent a boat, do you?"

"Not today."

"Didn't think so."

"Mr. Bledsoe, did you know Marcos Dooley?"

His eyes brightened and he took his hands down, leaning on his knees. "Sure did. We had a lot of good times together. Haven't seen him for a few years."

"He's dead, Mr. Bledsoe."

"Damn," he said, frowning. "What happened?"

"He was murdered, but that's kind of an old story now. I understand he had a boat here."

"It's still here," he said. "She's all dried out and needs a lot of work on her, but if you got a few months and some money, it can be done."

"I'd just like to see it."

"Pretty dirty out there."

"That's OK."

And he was right. The old barn held three antique boats with open seams, glass falling out of the frames and rust stains leaking from all the exposed metal parts. Chocks held Dooley's boat upright, streamers of cobwebs and layers of dust making it look like the *Flying Dutchman*. The hatch cover was off and candy wrappers were scattered around.

"Kids," Bledsoe explained. "They come in and play. I can't keep them out."

I pointed to a ladder that ran up the side. "Mind if I look around?"

"Be my guest."

The ladder was handmade but sturdy enough. I went up slowly, threw a leg over the rail and got on the deck, brushing the cobwebs out of my face. The kids had broken into the small cabin and pulled out anything that would come loose. Light fixtures had been smashed, and dried turds made a mess in the ceramic head. The wheel in the cabin was intact, but behind it were only holes where instruments had been screwed into the mahogany. Old Dooley would have turned green if he could see his boat now.

I shook my head in disgust and looked over the mahogany dashboard where the kids had scratched their names. I had almost turned away when I saw something. Not a scrawl or a scratch, but eight numbers carefully inscribed with an awl so they couldn't be rubbed out.

They were the same eight numbers as on Dooley's urn, his serial number. Damn, those weren't ID digits, they were latitude and longitude markers.

I climbed down, brushed myself off and told Bledsoe there wasn't much we could do but we'd let him know.

When we got to Albany I stopped at a survey outfit.

The guy was young and friendly, glad to see somebody from the Big Apple.

Term Paper Blues?

Our 26th Year!

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE

Catalog of 20,000 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

TOLL FREE HOT LINE **1-800-351-0222**

or (310) 477-8226 Mon. - Fri. 9am - 5pm (Pacific time)

Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 280-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 20,000 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Endnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

21589 - HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. Analyzes conflicting theories & argues that IQ is not only inherited, but also created by environment, social and contextual forces. 16 citations, 5 sources, 10 pages.

21940 - DRUG USE & ADOLESCENT SUICIDE. Incidence, connections, abuse, at-risk teenagers, family dysfunction, self-esteem, past & future research. 22 citations, 15 sources, 6 pages.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of professional writers, each writing in their fields of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

Visit our Web Site at http://www.research-assistance.com

RA since 1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206-KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____

Adam & Eve

1997-1998 COLOR CALENDAR

24 MONTHS OF SEXY SEDUCTIVE WOMEN

NOW ONLY **$6.95**

$9.95 VALUE!

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

ADAM & EVE
DEPT. PB18B
P.O. BOX 900
CARRBORO, NC 27510

VISA, MC, AMEX TOLL FREE 24 HOURS **1-800-274-0333**

LOCATE ANYONE IN THE USA

Lost contact with friends or relatives? Have you ever said "I wonder what ever happened to...?"

FREE CONSULTATION

Call Info-Data toll free
1-800-750-2101

realpages.com/infodata
Results most often in 24 Hours
Prices start at $79.95
V/MC/DIS/CHECK BY PHONE

When I showed him the numbers he looked up something in a book, then waved us to a wall map. "That wasn't hard," he said.

"You know the place?"

"Sure. Everybody does. There was an old bootlegger ran an operation out there during Prohibition. Not much left up there now. The big house rotted out a long time ago and some old caretaker lives in an outbuilding. Once in a while he cuts some choice slate out of there. You looking to buy the place?"

"It's possible."

Driving there wasn't that simple. After four wrong turns we found the narrow, single-lane dirt road that twisted and turned through the trees toward the rise of the Catskills that marked the area.

We went around a turn and there were no more trees, just a big, empty field on the edge of an overpowering mountainside with three old buildings nestling in the shadows. Small mounds of gray slag dotted the acreage, insolently decorated with purple thistles. The single roadway branched out in five different directions, all but one in total disrepair, so I stayed on the passable road. It brought us to a weather-worn building that had been patched and repatched but still looked livable. There was a brick chimney running up the side, and a shimmer of heat distortion against the clouds, so I knew someone was there.

Rather than take a chance on stirring some irritable old mountaineer waving a shotgun, I beeped the horn and waited. The screen door with paint so thick you couldn't see through it whipped open and the mountaineer was there, all right, old, but not at all irritable. "Y'all step down and come right in," he yelled. His voice was crackly but happy. "Saw you comin' a mile away and put on coffee."

Velda slid out and introduced herself. "You sure a looker," the old man said. "I'm just Slateman. Got a real name, but nobody calls me that." He took my hand too, shook it and squinted up at me.

"What we want to do is see the old bootleg operation."

"Better get your cameras then."

For a minute I felt stupid, but Velda winked at me and went back to the car. She came back with a small 35mm Minolta with a flash attachment. Slateman got an oversize flashlight with a strap that slung over one shoulder, and he led us through the house to the back door.

We followed a path to a ridge of bushes, then around them to where the ground soared up like an overturned teacup and melted into the mountain behind it. When Slateman pointed, we saw the cleft in the side of the hill. He pulled a rack of bushes aside and there was an opening a man on horseback could go through. "Used to have a big, wooden barn door here," Slateman explained. "Couldn't see it, of course. Always kept it

INTRODUCTORY SALE! 60% SAVINGS

75 CONDOMS BY MAIL

ONLY $9.95

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including **Gold Circle Coins, Saxon Gold, Trojan, Lifestyles, Prime,** plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the ***Super 75 Collection*** (a full $29.95 value if purchased individually) for ONLY $9.95. That's a savings of over 60%! Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only $5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

Money-Back Guarantee: You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

VISA & MasterCard orders Call Toll Free
1-800-274-0333
24 Hours A Day / 7 Days A Week

Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To:
Adam & Eve, Dept. PB187, P.O.Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

☐ ***YES! Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee.***

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	_____	$9.95	_____
#6623	38 Condom Collection	_____	$5.95	_____
	Postage & Handling			FREE
	Rush Service add $2			_____
	TOTAL			_____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip ____

PLAYBOY

This striking wntch with Swiss quartz movement features the Rnhbit Hend Design. Stainless steel wristbnnd and case bnck. Second hand and dnte. Water resIstant.
KH5284 $80.00

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Americaa Express or Discover. Most orders shipped withia 48 hours. (Source code: 60281)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card aad be sure to iaclude your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payoble to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, EO. Box 809, Dept. 60281, Itosca, Illiaois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residnots lnclude 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per watch. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted. ©1996 Playboy

Classic
PLAYBOY WATCH
$80.00
Watch shown actual size

The Critics' Choice Video Catalog

More Videos Ready to Ship to Your Door than any Other Catalog in America!

The Critics' Choice Video Catalog stocks every John Wayne film available on video, plus over 10,000 more movies in every category, including Action, Sexy Drama, Late Night, Sci-Fi, Cult Video and hundreds more. We also offer the latest Hollywood Hits, including Independence Day, Goldeneye and Braveheart. Every catalog features price reductions on over 250 movies!

For a FREE 1-year subscription
Send your name and address to:
Critics' Choice Video
P. O. Box 749
Dept. 60293
Itasca, IL 60143-0749

For a FREE catalog call 630-736-0088

covered with real growth. A truck could go in and out easy."

He led the way, flicking on his torch, and we stayed close behind. It was a great natural cave, cool and dry. The dirt under our feet was packed. The cave was so big that we could see only one wall to our left.

Velda's voice had a quaver to it. "Any bats?"

"No bats," Slateman reassured her. "Some caves have 'em, but this one don't. Can't figure it out."

We walked until we reached the perimeter of the space and followed the curve of the walls around it. Even after all these years you could tell what had been there. Old tools and the remains of a truck seat were like artifacts in an antique shop. At the back side we had to circle around a heap of boulders Slateman said had come down from the wall and overhead years ago. He flashed the light above us to make sure we were still safe. Velda kept popping pictures until she ran out of film, but by then we had completed the tour and were back at the entrance.

"Too bad Prohibition went out of style," I remarked.

Slateman chuckled, and Velda and I looked at each other. It was just a big, empty cave of dust and memories and a little old guy glad to have some city slickers visit him. Velda reloaded the camera and shot some footage around the property. We told Slateman so long, and started down the single-lane road.

•

We turned south on the main highway and stopped at the first diner we came to, went in and ordered up sausages and pancakes with plenty of real maple syrup and mugs of steaming coffee.

Halfway through the pancakes Velda said, "What did we miss, Mike?"

I shook my head in annoyance. "Dooley went through a lot of trouble to plant those numbers. He wanted me to find them and locate the spot. OK, I did both."

Velda sat there pensively a minute or so, idly tapping her teeth with a thumbnail. "Mike . . . Don Ponti is a pretty hotheaded guy, isn't he?"

"Yeah, when he was young."

"Then how come he's lying low? How come he hasn't sent anybody out to put a hit on you? You challenged Ugo, he knows your connection with Dooley—yet he lets you alone."

"Damn, Velda, you talk just like a street cop."

"I carry a gun, too. Now tell me, Mike."

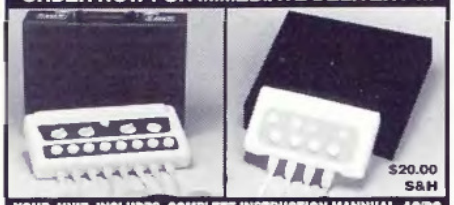
"He's waiting to see how far I get."

When we got back to the thruway, I pulled into the left lane and turned onto the ramp heading north. Velda's head jerked around, surprised. "Where are you going, Mike?"

NO TIME TO WORK OUT???
TONE-A-MATIC IS THE SOLUTION !!!

- Our HIGH TECH System will Tone & Firm your muscles without hours of strenuous exercise!!!!
- Trim away love handles and inches from your waistlines.
- Firm your Buttocks & Thighs
- NEVER DO SITUPS AGAIN !!! Flatten your stomach.
- Recommended for back pain, muscle injury & to releive stress.
- Medically proven, Safe & Effective
- Use *while reading & watching TV in the privacy of your own home or office!!!*
- *5 Year Warranty, 30 day trial, less 15% replacement parts*

ORDER NOW FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY !!!



YOUR UNIT INCLUDES COMPLETE INSTRUCTION MANNUAL, AC/DC ADAPTOR & BATTERY CAPABILITY, FREE CARRYING CASE !!!

TM 1006 8 PAD UNIT $239	TMS 3000 12 PAD UNIT $329
TM 1012 16 PAD UNIT $439	TM 1016 20 PAD UNIT $549

(905) 238-3154 • 1-800-565-8663 • FAX: (905) 238-5708
OR SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
TONE-A-MATIC™ INTERNATIONAL INC.
USA: 1051 CLINTON STREET, BUFFALO, N.Y. 14206
CANADA: 3415 DIXIE RD, SUITE 204, MISS., ONT. L4Y 2B1
WWW.EMSTONEMATIC.COM

Discover what you're missing!

Whether your game is pool or darts, don't miss our FREE bigger-than-ever Mueller Sporting Goods catalog. In it you'll find one of the largest and finest selections of billiard and dart supplies, gifts, custom cues and cases...all at low wholesale prices. You can shop and save right in the comfort of your own home. 24 hours a day!

Send for, or call:
1-800-627-8888
Mueller Sporting Goods
Department 7
4825 South 16th
Lincoln, NE 68512

The "Ribbeting" Door Greeter

GIANT REALISTIC ELECTRONIC RADAR FROG™

Walk within 12 feet and set off a delightful "Ribbet-Ribbet" sound. Infrared computer chip and motion sensor. Quality manufactured for lasting indoor-outdoor durability and guaranteed satisfaction. Cheerful door, porch, lawn, garden, gift and home greeter, etc. Really cute!

$29.95 + $2.95 S-H = TOTAL $32.90
AA batteries included *Dept PBY*

1-800-684-1021

PHONE, CHECK, OR CHARGE — IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
S.A.M. ELECTRONICS
2701 W. Belmont Ave. Chicago, IL 60618

"Back to Slateman's place."

Velda said, "What's the matter?"

"Remember Slateman telling us he spotted the car a mile away?"

"So?"

"The bootlegger probably cut a see-through opening in the trees."

"What difference does that make?"

"I don't like gimmicks, kitten."

We hadn't gone an eighth of a mile when she held out her hand and said, "Stop!" I hit the brakes quickly, then, with the engine running, got out of the car and walked around the front of it. Velda had spotted it just in time. Running straight as an arrow up the side of the mountain was a path through the tree line. The brush had grown head-high, but the line of sight was perfect. Anybody up there could spot movement on the road below. A car driving past would never notice that strip of emptiness, and a beautiful ambush would be waiting for him above unless he had a prearranged signal set up.

Very slowly I drove past the opening. It would be movement that attracted the eyes, and at my pace nobody was going to notice. We passed the wreckage of an old chain-drive Mack truck, carefully followed the ruts in the road and finally came out on the edge of the estate.

We got to the door of Slateman's house and stopped. Nothing happened. The only sounds were those of the wind whistling through the trees. Over to the west was a rumble of faraway thunder.

I got out of the car and made Velda walk behind me. There was something left in the old wood and fieldstone that seemed to radiate trouble.

The door was latched, the fire was out and the place was deserted. There were no dirty dishes, the garbage can was empty and everything seemed to be in place. There was just a feeling of aloneness that shouldn't have been there.

Velda had taken it in too. She said, "He must have gone to town, Mike. He didn't leave the stove going."

"That's a long walk, kid. Come on, let's go see the cave."

Slateman had left his heavy-duty torch on the table. I took it and gave Velda the one out of the car.

Finding the entrance was easy this time. Velda balked a moment until I said, "No bats, remember?"

She took a deep breath and walked in behind me. We followed the wall, stepping over the junk on the floor, kicking away things that made small tinkling sounds and avoiding the broken remnants of whiskey bottles that had been sampled, drained and dropped by workers getting a few perks for their labors.

Three quarters of the way around we came to the place I had wanted to see again. It was the rubble from the roof that had come crashing down many years ago and had been pushed out of the way against the back wall. I ran the

CIGAR LOVERS!!

Join our ever growing family of over 4000 International Cigar Club Members. Receive 4 - 5 premium handrolled cigars from around the world every month, along with our informative newsletter - all for only $11.95 per month (+S&H). Members also receive special discounts on all cigar accesories!!

JOIN THE INTERNATIONAL CIGAR CLUB NOW!
1-800-729-9717

Great Gift Idea!
The Original Firefighters Calendar

The 1997 fifteen-month "Face The Fire" Calendar has twenty-six sensuous girls in delightful lingerie and sizzling swimwear together with magnificent fire equipment and action adventure rescue scenes taken at the nations top museums and fire rescue companies.

1997 "Face The Fire" Calendar
FC-97 $13.95 + $3.00 S/H
PB Special-
Face The Fire 50 Photo/Trivia Card Collector Set for $5.00
a $15.00 retail value.
FC-97 + cards $18.95 + $3.00 S/H

FACE THE FIRE P.O. Box 111225 Pittsburgh, PA 15238
1-800-628-8795 or 412-782-5801 mc/visa
Canadian/foreign orders add 6.00 mc/visa only.

own or give a $200-value **SOLOTU** Classic Guitar for

$49.94 + S&H

credit cards, check, M.O.

professional quality 40" full size
✓nylon strings ✓thousands sold to schools & universities
✓*holiday gift* for all: rescue a couch potato, keep seniors busy ✓satisfaction guaranteed

(800)49-STRUM
toll free *(800)497-8786*
Clanel Inc, Beverly Hills 90211

SIGNED COLLECTOR CALENDAR/POSTER

(24"x36") Only **$9.99** ea. plus $3.99 S&H.
VISA/MC orders or to receive a FREE catalog call
Toll-Free **1-800-462-8143** Ext. 69 or send check
or money order to: **Pentimento Entertainment**
1270 Exposition Blvd., P.O. Box 641874
Los Angeles, CA 90064
Not available in stores. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

New Help for a Common Sexual Problem

Medical experts have long recognized the problem of premature ejaculation – and its impact on women. Now a government panel has concluded that a remarkable medication actually helps men prolong sexual pleasure.

It's in new **Mandelay**®. This amazing maximum strength formula helps prolong sexual excitement, helps put you in control and is safe, effective and easy to use.

Enjoy longer lasting pleasure.

In just seconds **Mandelay**® can help you and your partner experience greater togetherness and more complete satisfaction.

Call 1-800-547-4265 for more info plus coupons.

If you want your love-making to last longer, ask for **Mandelay**® at your favorite drug counter. Discover how new **Mandelay**® can improve your sex life. **Mandelay**® Climax Control Gel is greaseless, odorless and non-toxic. Use only as directed.

light up at the ceiling and saw some scars in the stone, then lowered it to cover the angled pile to my left. Dirt and dust were thick on everything. I reached down, picked up a handful and let it sift through my fingers.

Odd, I thought. The dust wasn't dusty. It had an abrasiveness like fine sand.

Velda's light hit me right in the eyes. When she realized it was blinding me, she turned it down to the ground and said, "What are you looking for, Mike?"

I was just about to answer her when another voice said, "Yeah, Mike, tell her what you're looking for."

There was the faintest metallic click and I knew the hammer had gone back on a gun.

Velda sucked in her breath with an audible gasp.

The voice was young and hard, the kind that had death right behind it and wouldn't wait long at all to spring into a killing frenzy.

I said, "It's about time you got here, Ugo."

My tone slowed him down an instant. Ugo Ponti wasn't a fast thinker.

"And why do you suppose that, Hammer?"

"You were chasing us."

"Sure I was. I'm not so dumb."

My legs were starting to cramp up, but I had to keep him talking. "And now you're in a big, empty cave, Ugo."

"Yeah, but I got you and your woman here and you know where the stuff is."

"You don't see it, do you? What makes you think I can get to it?"

"Don't give me that crap, Hammer. Your buddy Dooley told you."

Velda's light was still pointing at the floor. Both of us were in the glow of our own torches and Ugo was in total darkness. Any movement either one of us made would lay us out. There was no telling by that click whether he had a small arm or a shotgun, but if it was a shotgun he could get us both with the first blast.

Without asking, I uncrouched from the floor very slowly, my mind racing, trying to line up the best odds.

Ugo said, "That's right, Mike. Nice and easy. Now, once more, what were you looking for?"

Now if Velda would only get the drift of my thoughts. It had to happen all at once and happen right or we were both dead. There was no way I could flash a sign to her, so she had to work on reflexes and that state of mind that exists between partners who have been together so long they can act in total unison.

I said, "I'm not looking, Ugo. I already found it."

And as I kicked off the torch on the ground, she flipped her switch and we both hit the dirt. Ugo pumped four shotgun rounds in our direction before he knew he hadn't hit either of us. But by then I had my .45 out, the safety off and

PLAYBOY ONLINE

The world's best-selling men's magazine is now the hottest hub in the digital world.

Just a click and you get:

- Sexy images of the world's most beautiful women.
- Fascinating excerpts and photos from current and classic issues of *Playboy*.
- The buzz on Playboy TV and video here and abroad.
- Cool stuff to buy for material guys and girls.

Check out why we get more than 5 million hits a day at

http://www.playboy.com

Playboy. A hit. As always.

Bear Necessities

Secure habitat is what's necessary for this bear. Whether it's cranes in California, prairie grass in Illinois, or jaguars in Belize, The Nature Conservancy protects the lands and waters that rare species need to survive. • Will you join us?

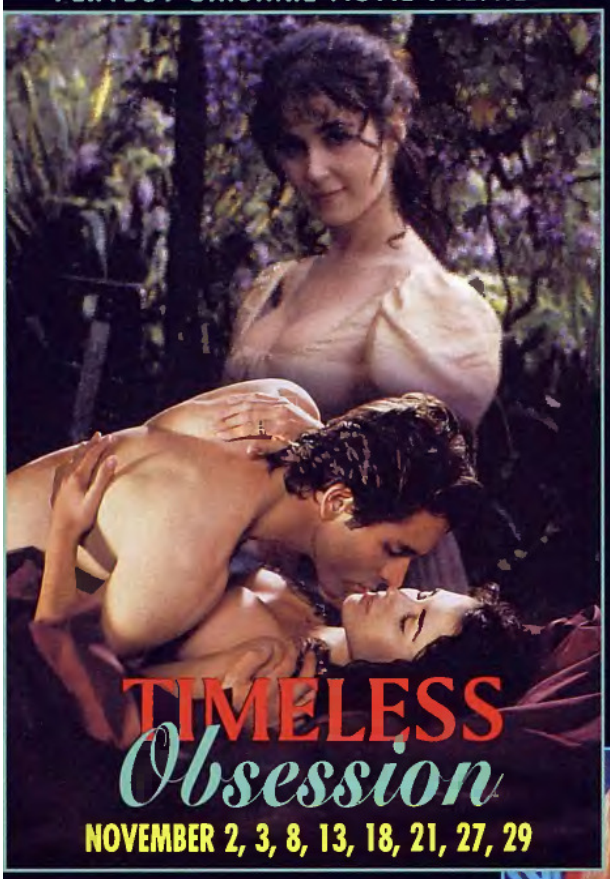
Call us at **1-800-628-6860**.

Bear in mind, it's toll-free.

The Nature Conservancy®

Grizzly Bear
Photograph ©1994 Susan Middleton & David Liittschwager from the book and exhibit *WITNESS: Endangered Species of North America*

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE



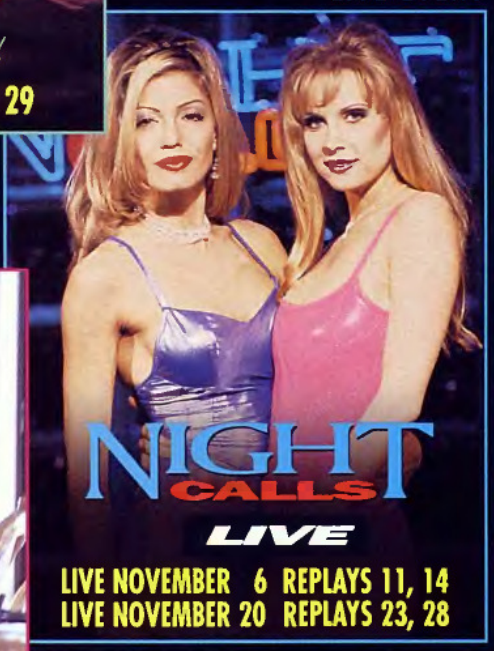
NOVEMBER 2, 3, 8, 13, 18, 21, 27, 29

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Ulrika Ericsson
Miss November

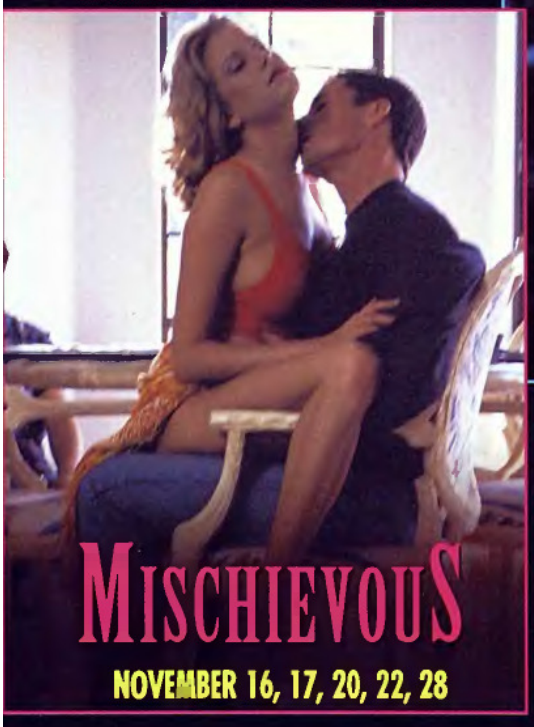
Victoria Silvstedt
Miss December

LIVE EVENT



LIVE NOVEMBER 6 REPLAYS 11, 14
LIVE NOVEMBER 20 REPLAYS 23, 28

ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE



NOVEMBER 16, 17, 20, 22, 28

ADULT MOVIES

more than you ever imagined...

There's a lot to be thankful for in November on Playboy TV! This month's movies include the exclusive world TV premiere of *Timeless Obsession*, about a couple who transcend time to consummate their burning desire! Then enjoy *Mischievous*, a riveting tale of erotic dares, mounting danger and deadly stakes! And there's always plenty of sizzling premieres such as *Interview With A Milkman* and *Jenteal Loves Rocco*. On the first and third Wednesday of the month, feast your eyes on *Night Calls*' tantalizing on-air hostesses Juli Ashton and Doria as they writhe and wriggle to your phoned-in fantasies! It's a hot buffet of sensuous entertainment that will leave you hungry for more, available all day, every day on Playboy TV!

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV, PrimoStar or AlphaStar dealer.

© 1996 Playboy

erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYBOY
Best of
PAMELA ANDERSON
COLLECTOR CARD SET

$89.95
Item# KB4848

Set includes:

- **100 Cards** (photos on both sides)
- 10 Gold Foil "Pam at the Beach" Cards
- 5 embossed "Fun in the Sun" Cards
- 5 Checklist Cards
- A 3" x 5" "Jumbo" embossed card not available in the foil packs
- A customer binder and slipcase with clear protective sheets to keep cards in perfect collector condition.

LIMITED TO 3,000 SETS!

Captivating photography from Pamela Anderson's first Playboy pictorial to her most recent Playboy appearances, now on limited-edition collector cards. Many pictures have never been published before. **A total of 200 photos! Cards feature nudity.**

ORDER TOLL-FREE
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60275)

ORDER BY MAIL
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60275, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1996 Playboy

ROMANTICS
BY PLAYBOY
THE
CENTERFOLD COLLECTION

$32.00
Item #KK3411

Sheer black fishnet body stocking fits like a second skin. She can wear it under a miniskirt and jacket for a night out—or on its own when you're both staying in. Lace halter collar and low scoop back. Convenient snap crotch. 100% nylon. USA. One size.

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60283)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60283, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1996 Playboy

the hammer back, and I aimed right where I had last seen the muzzle flash and let the deafening roar of the old Colt automatic thunder in the cave. The single bullet smashed into something that clattered but didn't kill, and when I flashed the torch light on, it caught Ugo scrabbling in the dirt for the mangled shotgun my slug had smashed into useless junk. When he saw what it was like, he let out a wild scream and raised the shotgun like a shield. I triggered the .45 again and the slug smashed into the metal breach of his weapon, which crashed into his chin. He went down with his eyes bugging out and his breathing hoarse with pain.

I walked up to the slob and let the torch wash him over. Blood ran from the cut on his chin, and his body made a few involuntary jerks before realization came into his eyes. He didn't know what was coming next, but the hatred that oozed from his pupils was filled with a violent venom that nothing could diminish. His eyes finally dropped to the gun in my hand, and when I started to raise it, his lips drew back with the fierceness of his crazy desire to kill me one way or another while knowing that once I had him looking down that .45, it would be the last thing he would see.

•

The dogs found Slateman. His body had been dumped in an old stone-lined cistern not far from the main house. The weathered wooden cover had been dragged back over the hole and loose dirt and rocks had been piled on top of it. There was a huge contusion on the side of his head and blood matted his hair. His body was hung up on an old oil drum that floated down there too.

It was a good, safe place to hide a body if nobody was going to look for it. And it would be much better if the body were dead.

Slateman hadn't reached that point. The club that Ugo had laid on him had almost but not quite killed him. There was hairline fracturing of his skull, but the prognosis was good. He could still live out his years.

There wouldn't be much use for a commercial outfit to go in and demolish the old buildings. The power of big government went to work and ripped everything apart looking for clues to those billions of dollars. Any standing structure was flattened, every rock pried loose and inspected, the grounds were raked clean and gone over with metal detectors, and for all that work, all they got was a trash pile of rusted cans, old chains from Mack trucks and debris.

A fortune was spent looking for a fortune they didn't find.

But did they ever try. A nice word, *try*. It meant they failed. I hadn't.

1997 VIDEO PLAYMATE CALENDAR

Playboy Brings You 12 Reasons to Celebrate 1997

PLAYBOY

$19.98 Video #KT1811V

The beginning of a new year isn't the only reason to celebrate—it's also time for the 1997 edition of the ever-popular Video Playmate Calendar! Begin the festivities with 12 Playmates in sensual escapades you'll enjoy all yeor long. Featuring Karin Taylor, Shouna Sond, Holly Witt, Rachel Jeán Marteen, Gillian Bonner, Kona Carmack, Donna Perry, Heidi Mork, Stocy Sanches (1996 Playmate of the Year), Victoria Fuller, Alicia Rickter and Samantha Torres. Full nudity. Approx. 55 min.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60342)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60342, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Also available at your local music and video stores

©1996 PLAYBOY

HUNTERS' HARVEST

(continued from page 106)

In contrast to Bush's limp dead duck, what an iconic, marketable image the man-killer would present.

necks, for instance. Persons who object to the harvesting of wild turkeys are similarly shortsighted, refusing to see that the turkey, while seemingly harmless and in some quarters considered a beautiful and exotic bird with the singular heft and gawky grace of the peacock, has the capacity like any species to overbreed. If left unchecked, in a few years there could be millions of wild turkeys swarming over New Jersey expressways, into malls and onto private property. To consider the droppings alone is to recoil in disgust.

New Jersey, one of our most densely populated and "civilized" states—a bellwether for the nation?

Such hunting—harvesting—rituals are beneficial to the commonwealth, then. Yet more important, they are beneficial to the hunter, an individual, usually male, of strong atavistic passions and needs. For hunting, as we know, is not just a crude, cruel, anachronistic display of adolescent aggression but a deeply mystical, even sacred, rite that unites 20th century man with his distant carnivore ancestors.

But such forms of hunting, while temporarily exciting and diverting, are finally inadequate. How often we hear the more manly hunter lament that the slaughter of harmless game such as deer, squirrels, turkeys, geese and fish is not truly satisfying. One wants something more, somehow; the primitive blood lust of the hunter craves fulfillment and may wither away if unexpressed. Or erupt into domestic violence. My proposal would change all this.

Many have complained of stupefying traffic congestion on the state's highways, especially the New Jersey Turnpike at rush hours and Route 1 in the vicinity of Princeton. The threat to New Jersey's fabled civility from an excess of human beings is very real, not to be lightly dismissed as ecologically induced paranoia. Clearly, the human population problem is a far more immediate and terrifying one than even that of the deer and wild turkey.

(Human beings, too, are frequent carriers of ticks, including the notorious Lyme disease–bearing deer tick. This escalates the natural danger humans pose to one another, particularly in hot, humid weather.)

Accordingly, I submit the following proposal: Let's select a comparatively rural, scenic county (Hunterdon, for instance) to play host to a widely publicized Hunters' Open Week—or Hunters' Harvest Week—each autumn, during which qualified, licensed hunters could, for a fee, legally hunt one another in a public display of camaraderie, courage and mystical "love of sport." Weapons would be limited to rifles, shotguns and bows and arrows; excluded, at least initially, would be automatic weapons, handmade bombs, airborne toxins, booby traps and other paramilitary paraphernalia. What a rush of collective male adrenaline would be wafted on the autumn breeze! What a quickening of the communal pulse! Here would be a watershed in our American saga: For once, civilian hunters would be trailing, wounding and killing not the usual confused, uncomprehending "wild" beasts *but their own cunning and worthy kind.*

What a celebration of the American frontier! Of the individual and his God-given right to bear arms!

I predict that the Hunters' Open would soon rival Atlantic City in its boon to the local economy. Hunters from every state, as well as foreign countries, would clamor to participate. State politicians from the governor downward, presidential candidates and freelance consciences such as Pat Buchanan would hurry to have their photographs taken having bagged a human trophy or two. In contrast to the limp dead duck with which George Bush was proudly photographed in a waning year of his presidency, what an iconic, marketable image the man-killer would present! Here would be a brilliant synthesis of American passions for sport, red-blooded masculinity and political acumen.

Of 20,000 hunters licensed to hunt one another, perhaps 2000 would emerge in various stages of well-being. Or perhaps only 200 would emerge, or two. Or one. (And what international celebrity would accrue to that one!) More important, consider the societal benefits of such a hunt:

—soaring business in the sale of sports equipment, camouflage gear, bulletproof vests, rations, etc.

—soaring business in the medical trade (ambulances, hospitals, surgeons' bills, etc.)

—soaring business in the death trade (funerals, burials, cremations, sales of cemetery plots, plastic geraniums and begonias, etc.)

—soaring business in the tourist trade (motels, restaurants, souvenirs, etc.)

—decline in population

—general rise of population IQ

I await the inevitable sentimental-liberal objection to my proposal but am at a loss to anticipate what it could be.

"Would you mind keeping the ho, ho, hos down in there?"

Drambuie Liqueur, 40% Alc./Vol., Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1994

DRAMBUIE
Liqueur
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
SINCE 1745
DRAMBUIE
Liqueur
This Ancient and delicate Liqueur was prepared in Sha
when the Recipe was first brought to Scotland in t
BEFORE YDU CELEBRATE, DESIGNATE.
To send a gift of Drambuie, where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.

Made with fine aged Scotch, delicate herbs and a touch of heather honey.

The Attraction of Drambuie.

Sure you know about love. But what do you know about diamonds?

When the diamond you are considering is graded and certified by I.G.I. you can be assured of the quality and value of your most precious selection. Always ask your jeweler for the I.G.I. certificate of quality before you buy.

INTERNATIONAL GEMOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Independent Gemologists & Appraisers of Gemstones and Fine Jewelry.

579 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017 E Mail: igi@interport.net
Call toll-free 1 888 BUY I.G.I.'S for Diamond Information Video Kit

New York *"Insist on IGI Before You Buy"* *Antwerp*

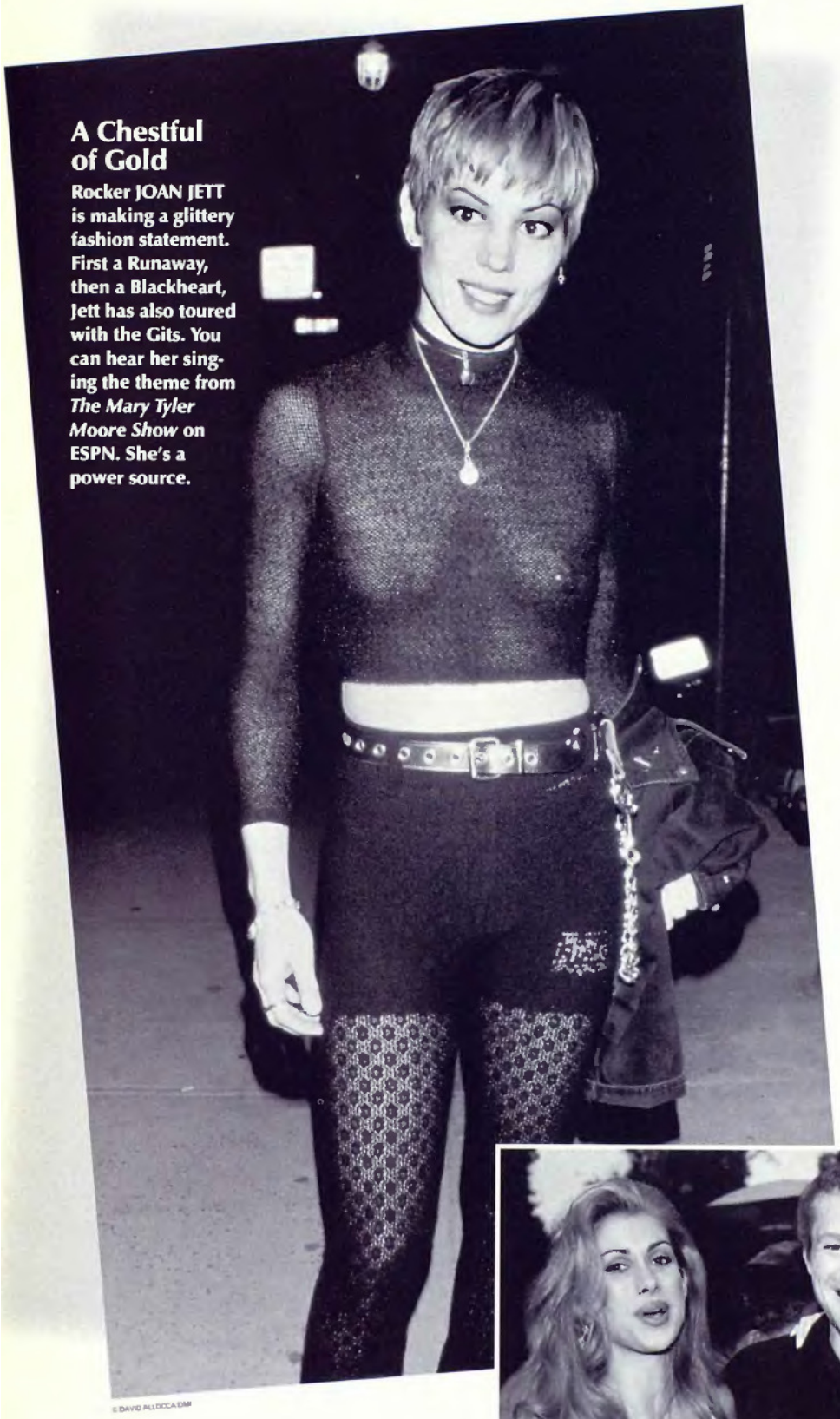
NIGHT WATCH

Sporty chronographs are perfect for clocking the ponies at the track, reef diving off Bimini or checking laps in the Ferrari. But when it's time for dinner and candlelight, slip on the Armani suit and put on a dress watch. There's a sophisticated subtlety in not having too many bells and whistles on your wrist. And trade the heavy metal band that resembles a bike chain for a leather strap. Some of our favorite dress watches are pictured here. Three are priced in the hundreds, while the fourth, Jaeger-LeCoultre's Reverso Classique, goes over the top. For $7350 you get a handsome watch with an 18-kt. white gold face that flips to a monogrammable "personal canvas." Buckle it—or one of the others—on and the remainder of the evening will go like clockwork.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Below, left to right: Roven Dino's gold-plated Adamas model features a sweep second subdial, a sapphire crystal and a modest price ($260). Designer Robert Lee Morris and the Swiss Watch Co. have collaborated on a sterling silver timepiece that Morris likens to "a lunar landscape, spare and mysterious" ($650). Franchi Menotti's Italian-made Torraccio is a handcrafted mechanical wristwatch with a date window ($625). Jaeger-LeCoultre's 18-kt. white gold Reverso Classique is two-faced—one side tells time, the other is a case-back for personalizing ($7350).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 206.



A Chestful of Gold

Rocker JOAN JETT is making a glittery fashion statement. First a Runaway, then a Blackheart, Jett has also toured with the Gits. You can hear her singing the theme from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* on ESPN. She's a power source.

Holding Pattern

Look for Shari Eckert in the movie *Hot Rod High*. You've already seen her in *Wayne's World 2* and on TV in *Beverly Hills 90210*. Life's a bowl of Shari.

Smoking in the Boys' Room

Actor DAVID KEITH is right in the middle of a party to launch the Playboy cigar by Don Diego. By his side are April 1991 Playmate CHRISTINA LEARDINI (left) and 1996 Playmate of the Year STACY SANCHES. Keith stars in the ABC-TV police drama *High Incident*, but in this shot, the action has a softer touch.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

The Pause That Refreshes

Arizona's THE REFRESHMENTS are on the charts with their major-label debut CD, *Fizzy Fuzzy Big & Buzzy*. Discovered at a Ticketmaster showcase, they created a buzz at South by Southwest. And Mercury Records had them headlining a fall tour. Serve them up.

A Special Delivery

AMANDA LYNN owns a poster and calendar company and has appeared on *Baywatch*. She took time out to greet the holidays. We'll buy that.

WERNER POLLEHNER

Everything Is A-OK

KEVIN COSTNER is up again after a successful return to comedy in *Tin Cup*. Next, *The Postman*, a postapocalyptic movie in which Costner's character continues to deliver the mail. Then an HBO miniseries. Welcome back.

ROLA NPA/RETNA

© TIM JAMES

Monique's Unique

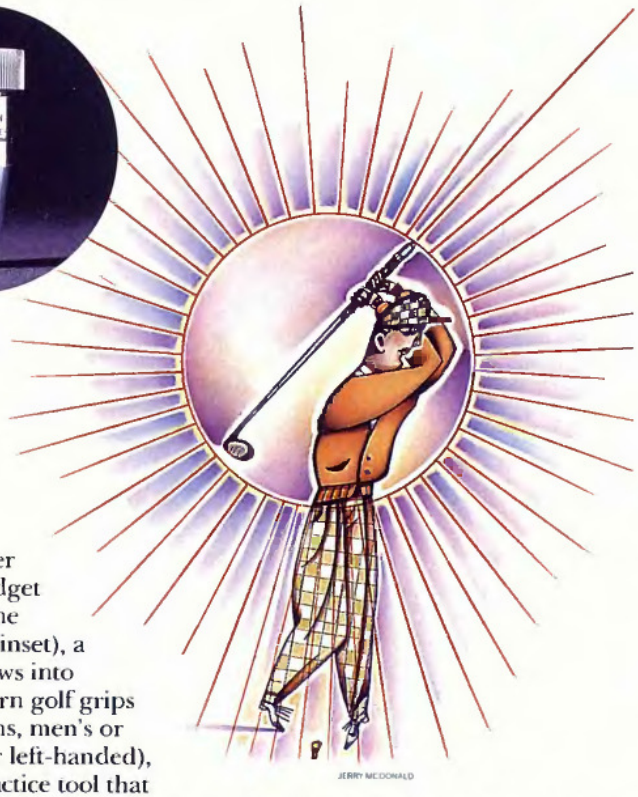
MONIQUE RIVERA's résumé includes the cover of *Lowrider* magazine, an appearance on *Baywatch*, music videos for Travis Tritt and Dolly Parton, a lingerie catalog and a feature role on Spanish-language TV. We're impressed.

LINDBERGH'S TOP TEN

This is the decade of the supermodel, and one of the movers and shakers of that subculture is German photographer Peter Lindbergh. His shots of supermodels have appeared in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and the 1996 Pirelli calendar, among other publications. Lindbergh has collected his best black-and-white photos (plus one terrific four-color shot) in *Ten Women by Peter Lindbergh*, a 120-page, $35 hardcover with chapters devoted to Naomi Campbell (pictured here), Cindy Crawford, Kate Moss, Claudia Schiffer, Christy Turlington, Linda Evangelista, Kristen McMenamy, Amber Valletta, Tatjana Patitz and Helena Christensen. The introduction was written by designer Karl Lagerfeld and there are comments by Lindbergh on each of the models. To obtain a book, call 800-352-0305.

TIE ONE ON

Nadine Prowler's men's scarves are elegant—and they stay in place. Prowler's secret is simple: You wrap one end around your neck and tuck it through a hole in the other end. Voilà!—no more dangling or blowing in the wind. The silk-and-cashmere scarf with velvet backing shown here is $120. A silk-and-cashmere houndstooth style with wool backing goes for the same price. Call Prowler at 312-986-8625 to order.

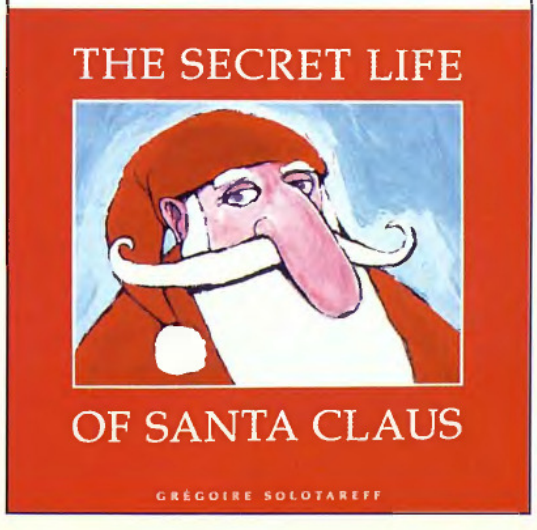


SWINGERS' CLUB

If your golf swing doesn't rip through the air with power and authority like Tiger Woods', this gadget could help. Plane Sight (pictured inset), a device that screws into nearly all modern golf grips (woods and irons, men's or ladies', right- or left-handed), is a hot new practice tool that can be used two or three minutes daily indoors wherever there's room to swing a club. A laser beam shows your entire swing path on the floor and walls, which helps put golfers on the correct plane—the key to building a winning swing. You may not go pro like Tiger did, but it's a start. The price is $200. Call 800-626-8924 to order.

THE CLAUS THAT REFRESHES

Did you know that when Santa takes a steam bath, his elves get scared and run away? Or that occasionally Santa gets sad and no one knows why? It's all in *The Secret Life of Santa Claus*, an A-to-Z hardcover by Parisian artist Grégoire Solotareff that's short on words but long on illustrations (125). Priced at $17.95, it's a great stocking stuffer. Check with Chronicle Books at 800-722-6657 to get a copy.



POURING PICASSO

In 1912 Picasso included a bottle of the French aperitif Pernod in two oil-on-canvas paintings: *Bottle of Pernod and Glass* and *Poster Landscape*. Now these images, along with a facsimile of the artist's signature, have been silk-screened onto a limited edition of 9000 bottles of Pernod. For about $20, you can own a Picasso of sorts and enjoy the anise-flavored drink that Parisians have been savoring (taken neat, on the rocks or mixed with water) for 150 years.

NEON NOEL

When it comes to buying and decorating a Christmas tree, Neonitics, Inc. has an alternative to getting snow down your neck and pine needles on your rug. Its framed 33″ x 25″ *Christmas Morning* print is fitted with 100 blinking lights—you just hang it up, plug it in and have yourself a merry little Christmas. Price: $200 postpaid; call 800-348-6366. If you're a man for all seasons, Neonitics offers a neon poster of Pamela Anderson Lee for $250 postpaid that'll look great on your wall year-round. Plug her in.

SMILBY LEGS

For more than 30 years, Francis Wilford-Smith, under the pen name Smilby, has regularly produced cartoons for PLAYBOY. Now he has moved to fine art and created a sexy series of watercolors titled *Legs*, on sale at the Louis K. Meisel Gallery, 141 Prince Street in Manhattan, through January 18 (closed Christmas through New Year's). Eighteen 30″ x 20″ *Legs* originals will be available for $2800 each, along with Smilby cartoons priced from $1000 to $2500.

SANTA'S LITTLE LAPDESK

What's a seven-letter word that's at the top of every crossword connoisseur's wish list? L-A-P-D-E-S-K. This model by Creative Manufacturing, Inc. features a crossword-patterned pillow on one side and a smooth writing surface on the other. Best of all, the writing surface flips up to reveal a compartment for a pencil, a sharpener, a dictionary and, of course, puzzles. At 12″ by 16″, it's perfectly portable—Santa could even use it in his sleigh. Price: $30, from 800-LAP-DESK.

PLAYING SOLDIER

Christmas and toy soldiers go together like mistletoe and holly. This year, the serious soldier collector will appreciate Bryerton's Military Miniatures' 12″ x 12″ diorama of the French cavalry attempting to break the square of the 69th Regiment at Waterloo in 1815. C. Viner, the creator, hand-paints each piece in authentic detail. The price: $749, plus shipping. Call 312-666-2800 to order, and when you do, ask for Bryerton's $5 catalog of other soldiers.

NEXT MONTH: HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PLAYMATE REVIEW

CON DOCTOR

ST.-TROPEZ

LOST NUDES

THE RETURN OF JAMES BOND—IN A NEW ADVENTURE, THE INTREPID 007 JETS TO THE BIG APPLE TO TRACK THE KILLER OF HIS OWN ILLEGITIMATE SON. THRILLS AND SUSPENSE FROM BOND WRITER **RAYMOND BENSON**

THE NUDE MARILYN—INCLUDING NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS BY **TOM KELLEY** AND **BERT STERN** FROM THE BEST MONROE SHOOTINGS. PLUS A SPECIAL FOLDOUT—TEXT BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

DEEPAK CHOPRA ON SEX AND THE SPIRIT—THE BEST-SELLING WRITER AND GURU DESCRIBES THE DIVINITY OF AN ORGASM AND THE SECRETS OF INTIMACY, AND HE TELLS A GREAT MARTIAN SEX JOKE—A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE

WHOOPI GOLDBERG—EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE OSCAR HOST LETS IT ALL HANG OUT, FROM BILLY'S AND ROBIN'S GENITALS TO HER BATTLE FOR POWER IN HOLLYWOOD—AN OUTRAGEOUS INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

A SEX BESTIARY—A UNIQUE NATURE STUDY WITH SUCH BEGUILING CREATURES AS THE ONE-NIGHT STAND, THE BLIND DATE AND THE SPANISH FLY. **GEORGE PLIMPTON** CATALOGS THEIR HABITS FOR ARTIST **ARNOLD ROTH**

MAFIA MOLE—THE FBI'S TOP SNOOP IN THE MOB WAS ALSO A VICIOUS HOOD. WHY DIDN'T THE FBI REIN IN ITS THUG?—ARTICLE BY **BOB DRURY**

LEGALIZE DRUGS?—AN IMPORTANT DEBATE AMONG THE LIKES OF JOYCELYN ELDERS, WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY AND THOMAS SZASZ

THE PORT OF ST.-TROPEZ—IT'S A RECIPE FOR LUST: THE RIVIERA, A YACHT AND WOMEN WHO LIVE TO SPOIL. NOBODY WRITES A POTBOILER LIKE **HAROLD ROBBINS**

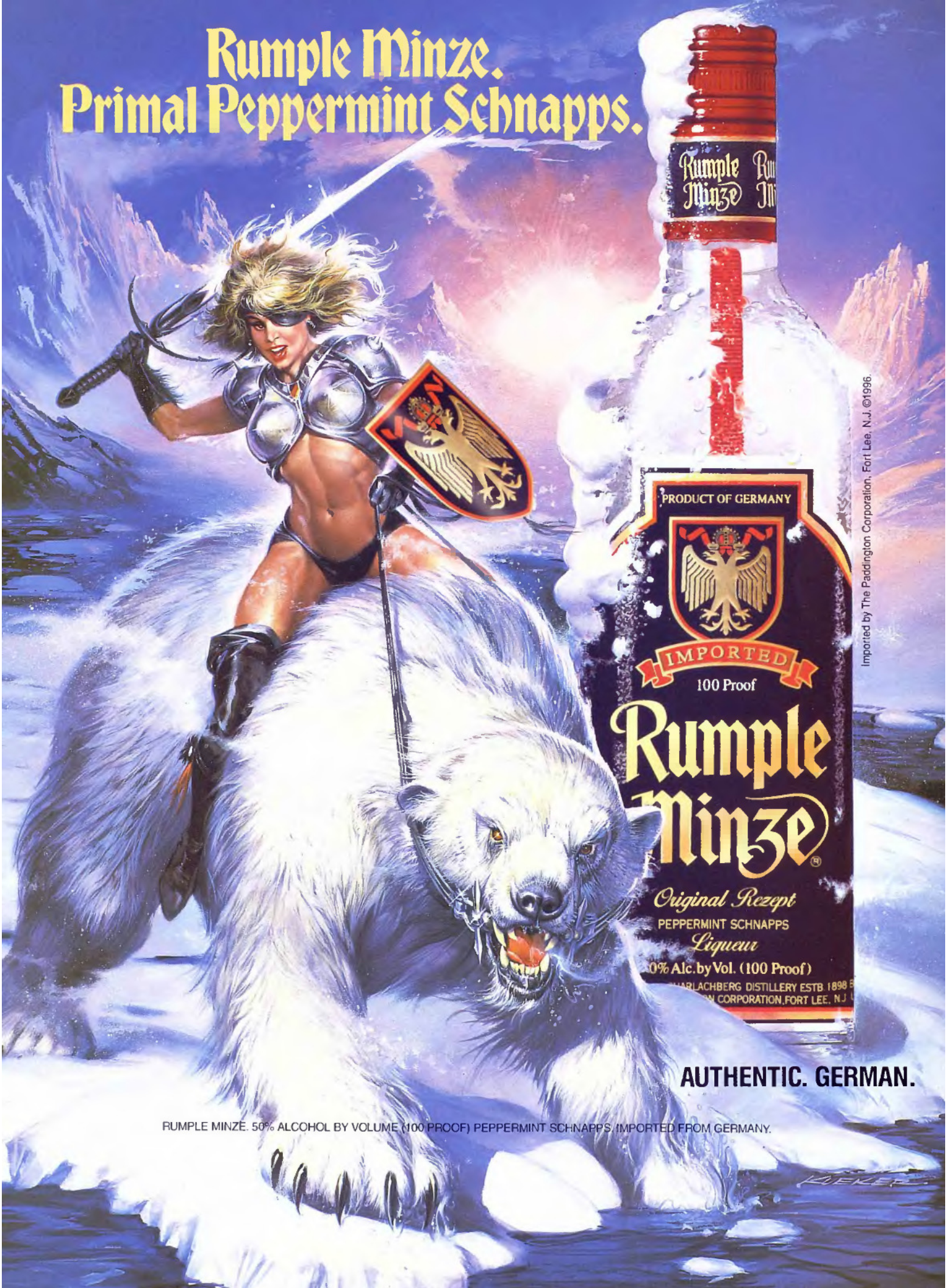
CON DOCTOR—MCCLARTY HAS PUT THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITIES AND DRUGS BEHIND HIM, AND HE'S FEELING GOOD. FUNNY HOW WRONG A FEELING CAN BE. FICTION BY **JAY MCINERNEY**

BILL MAHER OF *POLITICALLY INCORRECT* CALLS A SPADE A SPADE AND EXPLAINS WHAT POLITICIANS ARE MADE OF AND WHY

THE YEAR IN SEX—OLYMPIC CHEESECAKE, THE ROYALS AND RODMAN, CINDY NUDE—OH, WHAT A YEAR IT WAS

PLUS: GREAT TUXEDO OPTIONS, 20Q WITH *BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD*'S **MIKE JUDGE,** ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA AND A FABULOUS **PLAYMATE REVIEW**

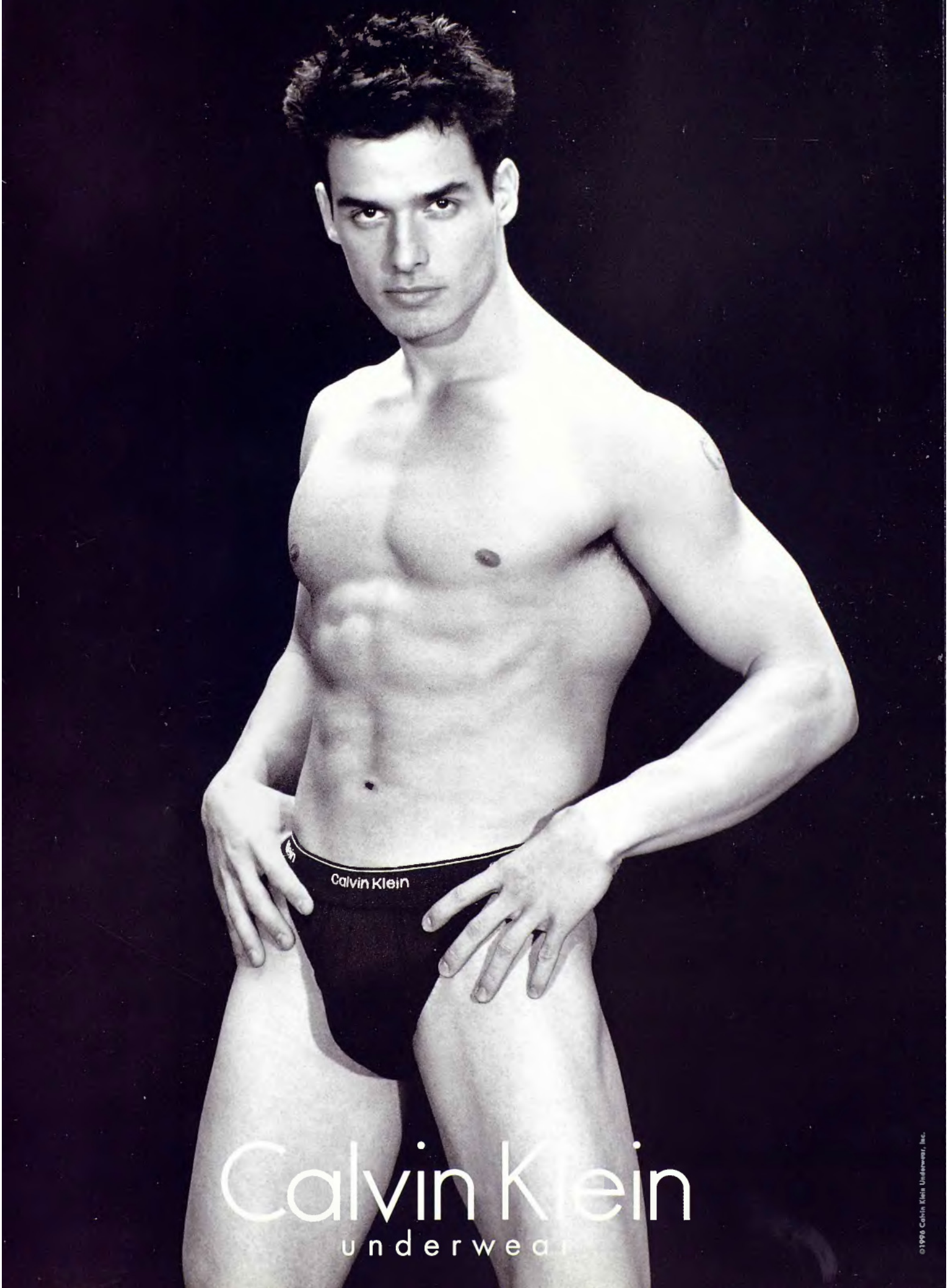
Rumple Minze.
Primal Peppermint Schnapps.



Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J. ©1996.

AUTHENTIC. GERMAN.

RUMPLE MINZE. 50% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (100 PROOF) PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY.


Calvin Klein
Calvin Klein
underwear
©1996 Calvin Klein Underwear, Inc.